

4

December, 1909

Sun. 12

Mon. 13

Tues. 14

Wed. 15

Thurs. 16

Fri. 17

Sat. 18

Dr. Adair's trip
abroad in 1911
on pages 42 to 49
this volume -

11

Index

Page

To Sterilize Luggage	8
{ Fine Paper in Astorian & letter by Dr Adair	9
"No test about the measure	9
Dr Owens Adair fights case.	10
Heroic measure	10
Bingham's abstract & guarantee bill	10
Pioneer talk from Clatsop	11
Owen-Adair bill passed	11
Dr Adair's Pioneer address	12
"40 years ago"	14-15-16
Clatsopian - vigorous talk	17
Address to Portland Medical Ass'n.	18
Address to Senate	19-20-21
Letter from J. P. Waller	22
Letter from A. B. Hammond	23
Letter from Elizabeth Lord	24
" Walter J. Reed	25
" from Bankers thanks for book	26-27
" Yakima Herald-	29
" Mrs Coburn	28
" C. W. Fulton	31
" S. Hamilton & Herman	32-33
" Dr. Adair & Prof. Groot-	34-35-36
Letter, Dr. Adair to	38-39
Clippings & portrait of Dr. Adair	
Dr Adair en-route East & to Europe	42
Dr Adair in Venice	43
Dr Adair from Naples	44
Dr Adair at Milan	45
Dr Adair at Berlin	47
Paris as seen by Dr. Adair	48-49
Letter from O. P. S. Plummer	54-55
Fred. Lockley's description of his Grand View June 9, 1914 -	59

A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
M
M.
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

The Rural New-Yorker says that the blossoms of the Japan plums are rather liable to be frosted, owing to earliness of bloom. Red June, Burbank and Abundance are the best three. Red June reaches market very early, and may be picked while still green, coloring afterwards sufficiently to sell. Abundance is said to be rather less satisfactory for shipping to a distant market than either of the others. The Japans seem to be subject to fruit rot, and require thorough spraying to prevent this; they also require thinning, if large size is desired.

The best method of propagating the peach, plum and cherry is by budding, and it will soon be time to do it. The season for budding peaches is from the middle or last of July to the first or middle of September. The first thing to do is to cut your buds, which should be taken from a vigorous shoot of this season's growth. The wood from which the buds are taken should be ripe; this can be told by the limb having the terminal bud well developed. Make a drawing cut, beginning half an inch below the bud, going just deep enough to keep below the bark, and cut off a thin slice of wood beneath the bud. Make a cut across a quarter of an inch above the bud, thus severing it from the shoot, it is now ready for insertion into the stock. The stock should not be over three-quarters of an inch in diameter. To prepare the

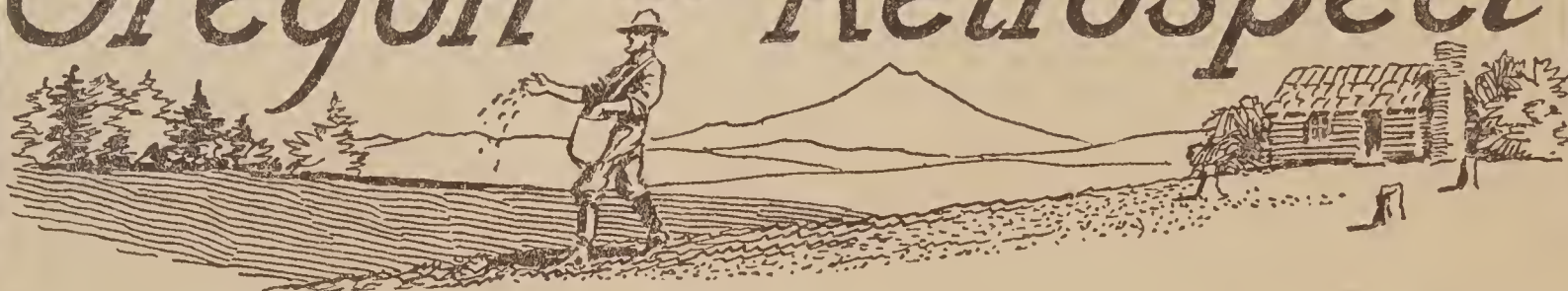


stock for the bud make a T-shaped incision just through the bark, as shown on the left of drawing. A skillful budder will lift the edges of the bark of the perpendicular cut with the knife as he makes the cross cut, and insert the bud at once. Some persons use the thumb-nail for this purpose and others a quill, shaped like a blunt toothpick. If the point of the bud is once entered and

the bark is in the right condition, it can be easily pushed down to the position shown in the center of the illustration. The budded stock must now be tied, as shown on the right, with basswood string or candle wick, tight enough to hold the bud firmly to the stock. As soon as the bud takes, which will be in ten or fourteen days, the bandage should be removed. The bud lies dormant until spring, when the stock should be cut back to within two inches of the bud, and when the shoot from the bud is a few inches high, this stump may be cut down close to the shoot. The correct time is when the edges of the bark will lift readily from the wood. The whole operation is quite easy and simple, and we hope our FARM JOURNAL boys will try their hands at it.

A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
M
M.
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

Oregon in Retrospect



ONE OF THE FIRST SCHOOLS IN ASTORIA, SHOWING THE QUAIN, OLD-FASHIONED BUILDING AND THE UNIQUE DRESS OF THE DAY.

SEVENTEENTH ARTICLE.

SCHOOLS in the pioneer days of 1859-60 were considerably different from what the schools are now. So were school children and so were their clothes, their customs and habits.

Among other relics of pioneer days on exhibition at the headquarters of the Oregon Historical Society is a picture of an early Astoria school, which shows a big class standing in front of

the quaint old school building. The picture shows the unique forms of dress both of girls and boys and men.

The school in that day was known as "The Astoria Public School." James G. Deardorff was the teacher.

Shown in the picture reproduced herewith are many people who later won prominent places in Oregon history. Some of these people still are living, but the majority are dead.

Following are the names of the persons shown in the picture: J. G. Dear-

dorf, Miss Emma Brown, Miss Mary A. Brown, Miss Mary Stephens, Miss Rubey Willard, Miss Lizzie Ross, Miss Helen Adams, Miss Emeline Coffinberry, Miss Rosetta Nowlen, Miss Susanna Crellin, Miss Bethena Crellin, Miss Sophia Beweling, Miss Sarah Newlen, Miss Hester Taylor, Miss Lizzie Lattie, William Ross, Leonard Crosby, Edward Taylor, Frank Taylor, Horace Brown, John Trenchard, Miss Aurella Stephens, Miss Sarah Ferrel, Alfred Crosby, Eben Parker, Henry Cie, Henry

Shaw, Thomas Beweling, John Logan, William Metzger, Curtis Trenchard, Daniel Welch, James Ferrel, Frank Stephens, George Hill, George Flavel, Nellie Miller, Mary Husuler, Hsie Rogers, Eliza Beweling, Mary Taylor, Kate Taylor, Minnie Rogers, John Welch, Miss Julia Johnson, Albert Ross, Nealley Olney, Noyes Welch, Cyrus Shively, William Adams, Caines Adams, Mike Logan, John Campbell, Noyes Wirt, Joseph Shively, William Adair, Samuel Adair.

C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
M
M^c
M.
N
O
P
Q
R
S
T
U
V
W
Y
Z

more extensive improvement there.

Invitations are out for the wedding, at the First Congregational Church on July 24th, of Colonel John Adair, of Astoria, and Mrs. B. A. Owens, one of Portland's best known physicians.

Twelve members of the First Congregational

MRS. DR. B. A. OWENS' LECTURE.

The entertainment of the W. C. T. U. last evening for the benefit of the reading room was attended by a larger crowd than was anticipated, as standing room was at par till a large number of extra seats could be brought in. The singing of Mr. McDonald of Portland was excellent, but the principal feature of the evening was the lecture on "Heredity" of that talented lady, Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens of Portland. The whole fabric of argument and illustration was so neatly and delicately interwoven that it would be impossible to give a synopsis of the lecture, and we are sorry that we have not space to publish it in full. The speaker fully established that heredity is a law of nature, and that the bad, as well as the good, is transmitted from the parents to the offspring, in both the physical and mental faculties. Mrs. Owens is a lady of rare natural talents and of vigorous mental faculties, and has taken the advantage of a regular and special course of medical training at the medical college of Ann Arbor, and, added to this, several years of successful practice—hence much was expected from her lecture last night, and none were disappointed. Thanks to the W. C. T. U. for securing so popular a lecturer.

We hope this is only the beginning of a series of able lectures, a rare means of cultivation, which will render the reading room popular at once, and be of incalculable benefit to its patrons. One sentence which the speaker uttered last evening should be placed among those excellent mottoes on the walls of the reading room, and that sentence is, "With the mind as with the body—to cease to strive is to begin to die."—*Salem Statesman*.

Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens Adair, a lady of culture and refinement, holding a diploma from one of the first colleges of medicine in the land, and enjoying a very large and lucrative practice in Portland, Or., is visiting this city with her husband, the genial Colonel, son of the pioneer General Adair, of Astoria, and intends to see the improvements we have made in and about the city. We extend to the Colonel and his wife the freedom of our sanctum and of our library.

V
W
Y
Z

JOLLY LETTER FROM DR. B. OWENS ADAIR

DESCRIBES JOURNEY TO EMPIRE CITY AND OREGON'S COMING MONTE CARLO

"Warrenton, Or., Nov. 13, 1908.

"Editor Astorian:—You asked me for a report of my trip to the Empire City. Here are a few brief notes: I left Portland at 8:45 p. m., reached Drain 2:30. Took the four-horse stage at 5:30 a. m.

"A traveling man began, at once, to tell me what a fearful trip was ahead of us. I laughed at the very idea. 'Well,' said he, 'you will see the worst road you ever saw in your life.' 'Oh, nonsense,' I replied, 'you don't know what you are talking about. My mother went over this road when she was 87 and lived over it. You just wait till February or March and then you might have something to worry about. I really expect to make this a pleasure trip,' and to me it was.

"Everybody was accommodating and the hotel accommodations were excellent. The Southern Pacific has staked out most of its right of way from Drain to Scotsburg and has done a great deal of substantial work in the way of bridging, tunneling, grading, etc. There are thousands of ties and bridge timbers piled along the road for future use.

"We reached Elkton at 11 a. m., for dinner (16 miles).

"Changed horses and were soon off for Scotsburg, 20 miles away, where we arrived at 5:30. We drove on the only street of that old, dirty, sleepy town, to the new clean hotel at the boat landing. The hotel had been a saloon, but when the town went dry it changed its name and occupation. It now feeds the inner man with good well-cooked food, instead of dealing out 'hell and damnation.' The barroom is used for an office and reception room. Everything seemed to have been left just as it had been, except that which had been intended to quench the thirst, but in reality to increase it. Even the saloonkeeper himself was now our polite and accommodating landlord.

"After a most delicious supper of creamed chicken and other good things we boarded the steamer Eva for a 20-mile ride down the Umpqua to Gardner. The land on which Gardner is built was, in 1855, owned by A. C. Gibbs, later Governor of Oregon. It had but one house at that time. He was succeeded by J. C. Cooper, who owned the steamer Columbia which ran between Scotsburg and Portland, requiring two

resort of the northwest. It is whispered that it is to be the second Monte Carlo of the world. Mr. Simpson is the son of the millionaire mill and lumber man. He is a fine handsome young man. It was he who built up North Bend. And he has bought a strip of land along the coast, south of Empire, which contains hundreds of acres. He has cleared a wide strip along the county road for an electric line. He has planked three miles where his road leaves the county road. It is claimed that he has spent several hundred thousand dollars on this project. He has cleared and ploughed some 20 or 30 acres of ground which is to be laid out in an artistic garden after some English pattern.

"He has built a fine large house fronting both to and from the ocean; a large barn where he keeps his driving harness and five race horses. A fine electric plant run by water power, which lights the house, barn and grounds. He is also building a race-track. The house is built on a high cliff of solid rock not more than 25 or 30 feet from the brink. This is certainly a spot of beauty and grandeur, such as I never saw before. I was reminded as I stood on the brink of that wonderful abyss, listening to the roar of those mighty billows as they came rushing on and on only to beat themselves into froth and fury against that solid perpendicular wall, of those poor crazed victims who, after losing their all, had rushed out and jumped over the cliff at Monte Carlo. There could be no better place than this for the last leap. The body would be ground into atoms, as are the shells of the deep, which are being cast upon the sands, and are now being utilized for beautifying the driveways and pathways around and through the grounds.

"I prophesy that if this young man gets his hands upon his father's millions he will make himself famous as the originator of one of the greatest resorts of the world.

"DR. B. OWENS-ADAIR."

PIONEER CITIZENESS RETURNS TO HOME OF HER YOUTH HERE

Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair Again at Sunnymead Farm Near Warrenton— Absent Seven Years.

The local world of Astoria will find pleasure in the announcement that Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair, with her husband, Col. John Adair, is again comfortably installed at the family home on Sunnymead farm, after an absence of seven years in North Yakima, Washington, where she practiced her profession with constant success and made worlds of friends.

Dr. Adair will remain at Sunnymead for some little time, until weather conditions become a bit propitious, when she will leave for California, where she will remain until she has finished the chosen task of her later years, that of writing a book, biographical and historical in character and as wide as the state in scope, and including much of her life in this city and county, all closely interwoven with the lives of other prominent pioneer families of this section. The following excerpts from the Yakima press will best serve to tell those who know and admire this sturdy and accomplished lady of her experiences there and of all she accomplished professionally and socially:

The Yakima Herald in a recent issue, says:

"After over thirty years spent in the practice of medicine, Dr. Owen-Adair announces her intention of retiring and hereafter taking a well-earned rest. Dr. Adair is the only woman physician in the city, and she has built up a large practice during the six or seven years she has resided in Yakima. She will spend the remainder of her years on her Sunnymead farm of several hundred acres near the mouth of the Columbia river, where every boat that enters the river and every pound of freight that goes by rail to the ocean must pass her doors. Mrs. Adair believes she has gained a rest from the activities of her profession, and she knows of no more attractive place to recuperate than the old farm. The doctor still holds considerable Yakima realty, which she believes gilt edged as an investment. The best wishes of a host of warm friends here will go with her."

And the Daily Republic speaks no less kindly when it says:

"Dr. Owens-Adair has informed the Republic that she will close her office and retire from business here Oct. 10th. Dr. Adair has been in active practice for over 30 years, having been the first woman graduate in medicine in both Oregon and Washington. She has practiced in both states since the early '70's. It is the doctor's intention to devote the remainder of her life to literary work, and she hopes to have her first book for the press by early next spring when she will return to her home in Clatsop County, Oregon. The doctor will remain with her son, Dr. Hitt, till the morning of the 14th. After a visit of a month with Col. Adair and their son John at their ranch, she will

New Books

And Their Publishers

"Dr. Owens-Adair, Some of Her Life Experiences." It will be gratifying to the many friends of Dr. Owens-Adair to know that her book, to whose publication they have been looking forward so anxiously, has been given to the public. It will be no surprise to learn that it is replete with broad experience and homely philosophy, and that it is written with the fine literary skill which was expected from the author.

Dr. Owens-Adair came from sturdy pioneer stock; her parents were among that courageous host who took up the westward march from Kentucky, resting in Missouri, and then pressing on, ever and ever westward to the Pacific. Born in Missouri, Dr. Owens-Adair reached Oregon in an emigrant wagon in 1843 with her parents, who settled on Clatsop plains, and from that day to this she has taken part, and been a central figure in the making of Oregon history.

The first hundred pages of the book are devoted to a close personal history of the events of the author's life, in reading which one is forced to return to the old axiom that "truth is stranger than fiction." There is enough joy and sorrow, romance and tragedy there to supply the most prolific fiction writer for a lifetime. Married when a child, and with a baby in her arms at 18 years of age, she returned to her father's home for protection and support. It was a loving home, but the spirit of the new dispensation was upon this noble woman, and she took up the struggles of life as soon as her broken health permitted. At this time she could scarcely

read and write, and leaving her little boy to her good mother's care during the day, she started to school in company with her younger brothers and sisters. She says: "At the end of my first four months' term I had finished the third reader."

Slowly from this time she forged ahead, getting enough education to take a tiny school, and what was more stimulating, the first taste of independence that comes with being a wage-earner. The whole story of her life, as she battles with adverse circumstances, and conquers, is a tale of heroic courage and womanly devotion, that should be a lesson and an inspiration to those women of today who feel life's burdens weighing upon them.

By the time Dr. Owens-Adair's son was old enough to become a small wage-earner she had made ready to go east to procure a medical education. This meant almost social ostracism at that time, and when some years later she returned to her beloved Oregon, the first women in the state with a medical diploma, she had no well organized wo-



Dr. Owens-Adair: Some of Her Life Experiences. Illustrated. Mann & Beach and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland.

As a woman, physician, public speaker and writer, Dr. Owens-Adair has had a career so noteworthy and useful to her day and generation that her autobiography has all the charm of a novel. For her life has been an unusual one; the experiences which fate has dealt out to her have surely fallen to the lot of few women.

Although Dr. Owens-Adair was born in

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

the year 1840, in Van Buren County, Missouri, she must be considered as a daughter of Oregon, for her father and mother crossed the plains with her in the first emigrant wagons of 1843, and settled in Clatsop County, Oregon, near the mouth of the Columbia River. She goes on to say:

My grandmother Owens was of German descent, a rather small, but executive woman, who took charge of and ably administered the affairs of the plantation during my grandfather's absence—which was most of the time. She was precisely the kind of woman President Roosevelt most admires—a woman of energy, industry and capability in managing her home affairs, and the mother of 12 children, all of whom grew to maturity, married and went on giving vigorous sons and daughters to this young and growing republic.

Think of a girl being married at about 14 years old! Yet this is what happened to Dr. Owens-Adair. She was twice married. In speaking of her domestic affairs she does so with courage and sterling fidelity, and it is instructive to note the wise fortitude and calmness with which she met tribulations. Would that we could all do so, and thereby follow the example of this honored Oregon pioneer in rising superior to the petty ills of daily life. Beginning with household work in her father's house, the future physician became a farmer's wife, and was successively a school teacher, a milliner, and a physician. After her path was through tears, anguish and abuse, but the dauntless spirit of the woman kept on. In preparing such a helpful book, Dr. Owens-Adair desired to assist in the preservation of the early history of Oregon and to show how pioneer women labored and struggled to gain an entrance into the various avenues of industry and to make it respectable to earn her honest bread by the side of her brother, man. This promise has been fulfilled to the letter.

Dr. Owens-Adair's reminiscences of early Portland—where she made her home for a number of years—are most interesting, and the same remark applies to Astoria. Her book, of 537 pages, is also valuable for its sketches and portraits of Oregon pioneers whose lives have been entwined with the best interests of the Pacific Coast.

This is emphatically a book worth reading. There isn't a dull page anywhere.

Suzanne, by Lilyan Shaffner. Illustrated. \$1.50. The Monarch Book Co., Chicago.

Based on the socialistic movement and embracing several other live issues of the day, as reflected in Chicago society, this novel is original in conception, and daring in construction.

The leading character, a minister of the gospel, loses his fashionable congregation through his altruistic desire to serve the people. The woman in the story walks in complex paths, and the conclusions reached are more than ordinarily interesting.

Mrs. A. L. Pike and Dr. Owens-Adair, of Portland, are in Empire City visiting their aged mother who is near 83 years of age, and is now with her granddaughter, Mrs. E. Hansen. Dr. Adair retired last Fall from active practice, intending to devote the remainder of her life to literary work. Her first book is now in press. It will contain many events of early pioneer life, together with a short story of her own life and sketches of the lives of many prominent pioneer people of Oregon.

Advance copies of a new book "Some of Her Life Experiences" together with a number of historical sketches and biographies surrounding the early history of Oregon and Astoria in particular, by Dr. Owens-Adair, have been received and in a few days will be placed on sale in the various book stores. The work which comprises a volume of about 500 pages is the result of years of compilation

Astoria Daily Budget, Tuesday

and authentic research. The early life's history of the author and various tales of the struggle by the pioneer men and women who first blazed the trail of civilization in this great state. This book will be of inestimable interest to those who wish to familiarize themselves with the early history of the west and Dr. Owens-Adair is complimented for its timely pro-

Dr. Owens-Adair's New Book.

Many of the people of the Yakima valley will remember Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair, for several years a practitioner in this city. About a year ago she retired to the old home place in Clatsop county, Oregon, where with her husband she has since lived in retirement. She has used her spare moments in writing a book—her first publication—which she has entitled "Dr. Owens-Adair, Some of Her Life Experiences." It has just come from the hands of the printer in neat form. The book, as the title indicates, is made up of reminiscences of her life from the time she first became an observer to the present, and is written in an excellent and entertaining manner. While she unfolds many of the joys and sorrows strewn along life's pathway, she also has much relating to Oregon history, which she, with other sturdy women, has been instrumental in making.

Married at an early age, she was forced to return to her father's home for support, but with the indomitable spirit of the times she determined to become self-supporting, and by burning the midnight oil soon acquired sufficient education to teach school. She kept up her studies, together with her teaching, until she had saved sufficient funds to take a course in medicine at an eastern college. After graduating with honors she returned to Oregon to practice, and after recuperating her finances again went east for a post-graduate course and a tour of Europe. Since then her life has been devoted to the practice of her beloved profession.

The narrative is very interesting in style and diction and the facts are given without any view to self-praise or egotism. The book would be pleasing to anyone, and especially so to those who have ever met Mrs. Owens-Adair. She is the mother of Dr. G. J. Hill of this city, who also enters somewhat into the life of her story.

Tribute to the Memory of the Late Mrs. Sarah Damron Owens



Mrs. Sarah Damron Owens.

The following beautiful poem was lately written by Mrs. Inez E. Parker, wife of W. W. Parker, a life-long and devoted friend of the late, lamented Mrs. Sarah Damron Owens. It was sent to Dr. B. Owens Adair, as the highest and best tribute possible under the sad circumstances; and it is needless to say, is most deeply prized by the recipient. The aged authoress and her friend, the doctor, have grown up together and have cherished one of those imperishable friendships that mark so many of the pioneer lives of this grand old State, and which aid so materially in perpetuating the records of that splendid fraternity.

Mother, beloved! Thy long life-labor over
The way-worn feet are still!
The tireless, never-idle hands are folded
That wrought thy generous will!

Strong soul! Whose total, grand, of brave endeavor
Filled near a century's span!
Staunchly thou trod'st the path of duty, finching never
Before the face of man!

Not Death himself could claim thee, tho' thy mortal dwelling
Must, at his touch, decay!
Now in that land of beauty, beyond all telling,
That land of deathless day.

Forever free from all that vexed and fettered
And barred thee here below;
Among His shining hosts, He has assigned thee
Some great, glad work, I know!

talist.

MRS. OWENS DIES AT EMPIRE CITY

Mrs. Sarah Damron Owens, the mother of Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair and grandmother of Mrs. Charles W. Fulton, died yesterday afternoon at Empire City at the age of 91 years. Mrs. Owens was born in Pike county, Kentucky, January 8, 1818. With her husband, Thomas Owens, she crossed the plains in 1843. She was the mother of 11 children and is survived also by 17 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

The immediate cause of her death was dropsy, from which she had suffered for many years and which finally attacked the heart. She made her home with her granddaughter, Mrs. Ida McCulloch Hanson.

She is survived by her five daughters, Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair, Mrs. H. Abraham, Mrs. L. A. Pike, Mrs. L. Olsen and Mrs. W. S. Potter.

She will be buried at Empire City, Coos county.

Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair was painfully shocked yesterday morning to receive a telegram from her son, Dr. G. J. Hill, of North Yakima, W. T., announcing the sudden death on the 28th inst. of his wife, Mrs. Anna Hill. The deceased, an idolized wife and mother, had spent a pleasant summer with Mrs. Adair, in this city, and had but recently returned. The body will arrive in Portland this afternoon, where the funeral services will be held. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death."

OBITUARY.

Departed this life January 23, 1873, at Piety Hill, California, Thomas Owens, who was born in Tazwell county, Virginia, January 12th 1808. In the year 1843 he emigrated to Oregon, when this now prosperous state was a wilderness inhabited only by the "wild man of the forest." He first settled near Astoria where he remained until the year 1853, when, in the fall he moved to Douglas county, and settled near Roseburg, and made this his home for sixteen years. His health failing, and hoping a change would be beneficial, he sought the more congenial clime of California. But alas! age and disease wore upon him. His sufferings were long and severe, and death, to him, was a messenger of rest and relief. He bid farewell to family and friends, and went home to await their coming. He leaves a wife and nine children and twelve grand-children to mourn his loss.

Father, dear father we mourn thee here.
But in heaven we feel that thou'lt be near.

PROMINENT WOMAN

DIES

Jan 16
1908

MRS. THOMAS OWENS, GRAND-MOTHER OF MESDAMES C. W. AND G. C. FULTON EXPIRES—CROSSED THE CONTINENT IN 1843.

The Astorian was in receipt, last night, of authentic information of the death, at Empire City, Ore., yesterday morning at 3 a. m., of Mrs. Thos. Owens, an old pioneer of Oregon known from boundary to boundary. Dr. Owens Adair, while a guest of Mrs. S. F. Munson, at Warrenton, received a telegram announcing the death of her mother, Mrs. Thos. Owens, and left on the 6:10 train en route to Empire City, last night.

Mrs. Owens was the mother of Dr. Owens Adair, and grandmother of Mrs. C. W. Fulton and Mrs. G. C. Fulton, of this city, and was one of the pioneers of Clatsop county. She was born in Kentucky, January 6, 1818. At the age of 16 she married Thos. Owens, who was then Sheriff of Pike county, Kentucky. In 1843 she and her husband crossed the continent and came to Clatsop Plains. Ten years later they removed to Roseburg, Ore., where they remained until 1867, and then removed to Trinity county, California, locating at which was known as Piety Hill. Shortly afterward, after burying her husband and son, she returned to Oregon, keeping a home of her own, but at times living with her children. For several years she has been living at Empire City in the quiet of old age.

Thus passes away one of the founders of our great northwestern empire. One who by passing through the tribulations and hardships of a trip across this broad continent, and the trials of pioneer life, has made it possible for us to enjoy life in growing cities where stood the trackless forests.

During the latter years of her life Mrs. Owens, as stated above, has visited her descendants and was always a welcome guest, her appearance being looked forward to with pleasure, which makes

the verse of the first song she learned, when but seven years old appear appropriate:

"You often times have looked for me
And often times seen me come.
But now I must depart from you
To my eternal home."

ENDS TOMORROW AT 10 A. M.

On Monday evening, the 15th inst., on written notice, a meeting was held at the court house for the purpose of organizing a library and reading room association. The meeting was called to order by W. F. Owens, who briefly explained its object, after which J. C. Fullerton was called to the chair, and E. G. Hursh, Esq., chosen Secretary. A motion for a committee of three was proposed by the chair to nominate a Board of Trustees, and other committees to enable the association to commence operations at an early day. D. S. K. Buick, W. F. Owens and A. C. Jones nominating committee made the following report, which was adopted: For Board of Trustees, Asher Mark, W. F. Owens, J. C. Fullerton, W. F. Benjamin and J. W. Hampton. Committee to select books, papers and magazines, etc., J. R. N. Bell, Mrs. Smick, Mrs. Fullerton, Prof. Horner and Geo. W. Kimball. Committee on Finance, Mrs. Smick, Mrs. A. C. Jones, E. G. Hursh, W. F. Owens and Mr. Hurd. Treasurer, S. C. Flint. Committee on Constitution and By-laws, J. C. Fullerton, L. F. Lane and Rev. W. A. Smick. The Committee also suggested that the title of the organization be the "Roseburg Library Association." Membership to consist of three classes. First Class—Life members, to consist of persons subscribing \$25 00. Second Class—Annual, \$1 50. Third Class—Monthly, 25 cents. Those subscribing any sum over \$1 50 shall be entitled to membership at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per year for the amount so subscribed. The annual and monthly dues have been placed low so as to bring the privileges of the Library within the reach of all our citizens, and the Committee trust that all will avail themselves thereof. It was also the expressed sense of the meeting that the Trustees would at their earliest convenience incorporate the association and do all other things necessary to give stability and permanence to the Roseburg Library Association. Rev. Mr. Smick, Rev. Mr. Miller and Mr. Buick being called for, responded in brief remarks in favor of the object of the meeting. A subscription list was circulated in the meeting by Mrs. Smick and Mrs. A. C. Jones, who announced that something over \$200 had been subscribed. Future meetings of the subscribers will be held at such time and place as the Trustees may determine. On motion meeting adjourned.

E. G. HURSH, Secretary.

Day by day, and year by year, the ranks of the splendid pioneer group of Oregon are thinning; all too soon we shall be called upon to mark the passing of the last noble soul who may justly claim the honor and prerogative of having founded this great commonwealth and given forth the heirs that are to perpetuate it. The death of Mrs. Sarah Damron Owens, at Empire City, on Thursday last, accentuates the nearness of this sad phase of our history, her four score years and ten, of life, pointing plainly to the unconsidered flight of time, time that consumes, absorbs, obliterates, and takes from all men that which they cherish most.

No limit may be put upon the tenderness wherewith we shall deal with the few who remain of this great cluster of stalwart parents of our statehood; and if we have fallen short, ever, in the measure of our tribute and consideration for them, we may find surcease from reproach in the fuller honor we shall pay to those still surviving.

The late Mrs. Owens was of the "Mothers in Israel" of old Clatsop and left an unfading impress of her noble character upon the community, her children, and her children's children, being yet with us to share the benefice of her gracious career and her fine strong womanhood. Five children, eleven grandchildren and seventeen great grandchildren survive her and possess the inherent right to tread the paths of honor she marked out and to urge the course upon those who look to them for guidance.

The study of such characters as hers makes doubly manifest to us all the priceless quality of our heritage. By the light of their faith and patience, courage and success, we may better gauge the real value of our work and worth and warrant as their accredited successors in the illimitable tasks of civilized life.

OREGON PIONEER OF 1843

Death at Empire City of Mrs. Sarah

D. Owens, Aged 94.

Sarah Damron Owens, grandmother of Mrs. Charles W. Fulton, died at Empire City, Coos County, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Her death, which occurred at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Ida McColloch Hanson, was due to dropsy of the heart, from which she had been a sufferer for a number of years. She was 94 years 8 days old, having been born in Pike County, Kentucky, January 8, 1818. She crossed the plains with her husband, Thomas Owens, in 1843.

Mrs. Owens was the mother of 11 children and leaves 17 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren, besides five daughters, as follows: Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens, Adair; Mrs. H. Abraham, Mrs. W. S. Potter, Mrs. L. Olsen and Mrs. L. A. Pike. The interment will be at Empire City.

RICHARDS OWENS.—In this city, September 25, 1886, Hon. W. F. Owens, beloved husband of Mrs. Nanie Owens; aged 41 years, 7 months and 3 days.

THE FUNERAL.

The attendance at Mr. Owens' funeral Thursday was unprecedentedly large. The services were short, but very impressive, conducted by the clergy of the city, Revs. J. R. Bell, W. A. Smick and J. W. Miller.—Owing to the condition of the remains, the services were held at the residence and out doors. At 10:45 the cortege headed by the Junior Band, playing a solemn dirge, moved up Oak street to Jackson; thence on its way to the Masonic Cemetery. Mr. Owens being a member of the A. O. U. W. that order was largely represented by members with the insignia of the order and emblems of mourning; and under whose auspices he was given sepulture. It was one of the saddest and most sorrowful funerals we have ever witnessed. The closing services were rendered by the Junior Band playing that superlatively touching air, Sweet By and By, in a manner that drew tears from nearly all who heard it.

Obituary.

It is with feelings of sorrow and sadness we chronicle the tragic death of Hon. W. F. Owens of this city; and the fact of his taking his own life makes this duty superlatively painful. Mr. Owens was reared from boyhood to manhood in this county, and for the last few years he was a citizen of this city. He was highly respected by all classes; as he was a man of generous impulses, affable and courteous in his intercourse with all with whom he had either business or social relations. He had many and warm friends; and few enemies.

For natural ability he stood high among his friends and neighbors; was a man of much influence which was always found on the side of right principles. He was regarded by all as a leading man in the community. He was of strong convictions and determined purposes and followed up his convictions with persistent efforts, having great confidence in his ability to accomplish whatever he undertook.

That he was ambitious and desired the good opinion of his neighbors and sought to advance himself in temporal affairs and social position was no discredit to him. In fact any man void of such incentives is a mere cipher in society, and carries with him but little influence for good.

His views of state polity were of a decided character and he advocated them with vigor and marked ability, that his opponents both acknowledged and feared. He was active, diligent and persevering in all enterprises he undertook. While he was liberal in his views, he was of so ardent a nature that he could not brook opposition by a tame submission to his adversaries, but continued to press his views forward with an ability that commanded the admiration, even, of his opponents. We have known Mr. Owens for many years, and during all that time our relations were of the most friendly nature, and though differing with him as to the correctness of his views in many things, we never questioned his sincerity or doubted his honesty.

Mr. Owens has been in business here for several years as a produce dealer, in the course of which, it appears he became deeply involved in debt, greater, perhaps, than he was aware of; and when those

men, a few of his creditors

Pa. Ave., Wash. D.C.,
Jan. 31st, 1907.

My dear Mr. Brewster:-

The suggestion of your letter about the
possibility of a new edition of the

book is very interesting and I have been thinking
about it very much lately. It seems to me that it is
worth while to consider.

While I realize the value of a new edition of the
book, I am not sure that it is necessary at this
time. The book is still very popular and I have
received many letters from people who have
used it. I am sure that it will continue to be
valuable for many years to come. I am sure that
it will be a great help to many people.

I am sure that you will understand my position
and that you will be satisfied with my answer.

I am sure that you will be satisfied with my
answer and that you will be satisfied with my
answer.

I am sure that you will be satisfied with my
answer and that you will be satisfied with my
answer.

But it will be going home, "and what will it be so of it";
it, an utterable thing to be forever with those that are gone.

Having lived a great deal I have learned that the loss of
any mother will be deeply felt by many people. I have seen and
heard, but I have not lived and I am not in a position to
to enjoy the grief in that heavenly institution where I am,
neither will I be able to do so in a way that will be of any
use to me.

Comforting you to the death all mine will, with
feelings of deepest sympathy, I remain,
Yours most sincerely,

J W Y. M. Mason

Appendix, I opened the following beautiful lines:

There is no death; on earth you
wake one the earth with silent tears;
We know our heart never to be away
and then we will that word.
We leave our hearts all day long,
we leave our hearts, constant flowers,
your hearted into being that we
Alone in mortal beauty.

The Great Failure and Tragic End of W. F. Owens.

Thursday night of last week was a sleepless night to several of our business men. Several of Mr. Owens' creditors having failed to make satisfactory settlement with him, determined to attach what property of his they could find and the necessary legal papers were prepared and early Friday morning were served by the sheriff.

Geo. Weaver, T. W. Hall & Co., of Chicago, and Balfour, Guthrie & Co. of Portland were the parties making the attachments for claims ranging from \$3,000 to \$27,000.

All day our city was in feverish excitement over the event of the morning consequent upon serving of legal papers on Mr. Owens. By evening matters cooled down a little but on Saturday, as soon as the business men began to gather upon the streets the excitement began to increase again.

J. C. Fullerton is attorney for Mr. Weaver, one of the party making attachments and about 8 o'clock Saturday morning, as he was passing Mr. Owens' place of business, observed parties in the act of removing some shingles and ordered the party in charge to not allow the removal till it was known that they were not covered by the attachment. Mr. Kezerty, the party claiming the shingles was also forbidden to take them away. This led to some sharp words but Mr. Fullerton left and got several rods away from the building when Mr. Owens, who was approaching from his house, requested Mr. Fullerton to come back, which he did, and during the conversation, which was not the most courteous perhaps, Mr. Owens drew a revolver from his hip pocket, but did not present it at Mr. Fullerton, and it is said by a bystander that Mr. Owens said he had a notion to kill him or words to that effect. No violence however was offered further than stated above and Mr. Fullerton left and went up town. We narrate this episode in the affair as given by Mr. Fullerton, corroborated by others, for the reason it has been exaggerated beyond the facts in the case; and we add that Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Owens met on the street twice subsequent to the incident above given and no further trouble occurred between them.

The liabilities of Mr. Owens thus far made known are as follows:

Simpson, Church & Co.,	\$10,000
Balfour & Co.,	27,000
Allen & Lewis,	5,000
T. W. Hall & Co.,	8,000
Heck Bros.,	4,500
Christie & Wise,	5,000
Boston Wool Co.,	23,000
S. Hamilton,	8,000
Mitchell & Lewis,	700
Humphry & Flint, bankers, secured,	13,000
Geo. Weaver,	3,000
To farmers about the county aggregating about,	25,000
Total,	\$132,000

The amount of assets at this writing cannot be ascertained, but thought to be but a very small portion of his liabilities.

Mr. Owens was on the street not more than twenty minutes before he committed the fearful act of self destruction. He went into his house, gave a package to his daughter Effie, with instructions to take care of it, saying he would go and lie down. He passed into his bed room, took off his boots and coat, and in less time than we can narrate the facts, put a Smith & Wesson revolver to his head on the left side and sent a ball crashing through his brains, from the effects of which he died instantly. What peculiar or particular acts antecedent either remotely or immediately induced the rash act, we will not attempt to say. That it was done as a culmination of the condition of his business transactions there seems to be no doubt; and here we drop the curtain on this the most exciting drama that has ever occurred in our city and we trust that it will never be repeated here or elsewhere.

VERDICT OF JURY ON CORONER'S INQUEST.

After hearing the evidence the Jury summoned on the inquest on the body of W. F. Owens September 25, 1886, find the following verdict: That the deceased came to his death by a pistol shot from his own hands, with suicide intent.

J. J. CAWFIELD,
JNO. A. EGGEES,
H. S. FRENCH,
S. D. CARLE,

PERSONAL MENTION.

—J. T. Cooper, of Wilbur was in the city Tuesday.

—Judge Willis went to Oakland Thursday morning.

—Miss Jessie Bass of Salem is visiting friends in Roseburg.

—Mr. W. A. Buick of Lake View is visiting relatives here.

—Mrs. Hotelkiss went to Oakland Thursday morning on business.

—Hon. A. F. Brown of Oakland gave our city a flying visit last Friday.

—Mrs. Smith of Mt. Idaho Idaho Territory is visiting Mrs. Hadley.

—Judge Willis and daughter returned from Portland Friday evening.

—Miss Myra Abraham of Portland came up Friday to visit friends here.

There will be song service at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday night.

—Rev. E. A. McCalister, of Eugene was a guest at the McClallen House Friday.

The failure of Mrs. Reese to lecture here Thursday night was on account of sickness.

—Hon. J. Shepe came up from Oakland on Thursday night's train, returning Saturday.

—James McCulloch draws the lines over the Coos Bay, route this week, Mr. Laird retiring.

James Moore announces himself a candidate for marshal. See card which appears this week.

Thanks to our Myrtle Creek correspondent for items this week, pleased to hear from you again.

—S. F. Flood, of the Prohibition Star, came up Monday to attend the funeral of Mr. Owens.

—Mr. Flem Hill of Wilbur gave us a friendly call Friday last. Come again friend Hill.

—Dr. Hoover we are glad to state is convalescing—The Dr. has been poorly for some time.

—Miss Mamie Jones formerly a typist in this office, now of the Prohibition Star, is visiting her parents here.

—Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Abraham, of Portland, came up on last Monday night to attend Mr. Owens funeral.

—Mrs. W. F. Benjamin and grand daughter went to Drain, Thursday to visit her daughter Mrs. F. W. Benson.

—Dr. S. Whittimore is now stopping at Myrtle Creek. The Dr. has many warm and ardent friends in this city.

—Hon. Wm. Manning of Canyonville came to our city, overland, last Friday, as serene as a May morning, but was too busy to call on us.

—Mr. James Laird raised and exhibited at the Coos County Fair some mammoth onions this year, three of which weighed five pounds.

—J. W. Muller returned from the mining district south, end of the county Wednesday evening. Mr. M. will please write up for the PLAINDEALER the condition of the mines.

7

SOUTHERN OREGON COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE
DEALERS IN

PINE LUMBER

EMPIRE CITY, OREGON. Jan' 22' 08.

Dr Owens Adair.

Warrenton, Oregon.

Madam: -

As strangers, trust you will permit us to offer our
condolence in the loss of your Mother, and at the same time we
would express the hope that your grief may find solace in the
assurance that her last moments were made happy by the untiring
ministrations of her dear friends, her kindred, by whom she was
surrounded, and we would add as most fitting, a special word of
praise as the just due of Mr Hansen, who was unremitting in his
zeal, and care and in his superintendence of the work attending
the last sad rites to the dear deceased, winning thereby the
encomium of his neighbors, and in our knowledge of the situation
we have thus taken upon ourselves the pleasant duty of imparting
this fact, and trust it may be accepted in the spirit intended
And to also express the hope that the " Grim Reaper " , as is now
threatened, may not early, again visit the house-hold of our mutual
friend, Mr Hansen, whose wife is, even at this writing critically ill

Very respectfully,

Yours.

Lee Webster, and wife.

Mr

Care Southern Company.

TO STERILIZE THE INSANE

**Dr. Owens=Adair Would Revolutionize Treatment
of Certain Cases==Former North Yakima
Woman Has Four Champions.**

WILL FORCE THE BILL

**DR. OWENS ADAIR TO SECURE
PASSAGE OF MEASURE.**

**Secures Signature of All North Yakima
Physicians, Who Heartily
Endorse Her Ideas.**

Dr. Owens Adair, the well known physician, who arrived in the city early Monday afternoon to visit her son, Dr. G. J. Hill, is responsible for a bill which has been introduced in the Oregon legislature, and which will be introduced in the Washington legislature. The bill relates to the sterilization of degenerates, insane, feeble-minded and certain classes of criminals, and promises to revolutionize the methods used in the treatment of insane cases. Dr. Adair left North Yakima about two years ago. For several years she practiced medicine in this city with great success, and she still retains large realty interests here.

That Dr. Adair is a specialist with wide knowledge of this class of cases and that her word in these matters is considered as expert authority is demonstrated by the fact that she has four champions of her bill in the Oregon legislature.

The bill is the most radical preventive legislation ever considered in the west. It provides for sterilization of all those convicted of statutory crimes, of criminal degenerates, of incurably insane and similar cases.

A remarkably strong sentiment in support of the bill has been discovered in the house, especially among the Portland members, who have been connected with the boys and girls' aid society, Florence Crittenden home and juvenile court work.

"It should be impossible for seven generations of feeble-minded to descend, as has been the case in Oregon in one family," said one member who will support the bill.

"No idiot or maniac should perpetuate his strain," said another.

"The vicious degenerate could be made almost an absent factor by enforcement of such a law," said a third, "and every physician knows such a measure should be enacted and enforced," said the fourth man who will back the bill.

Mrs. Dr. Owens Adair gave out the following in an interview with the Herald: "If the right hand offend thee, cut it off." I believe we should go to the very root of this

great evil and cut it off wherever it may or can be found. I have little faith in the ultimate success of this pruning process. For the weakling and vicious are neither prunable nor teachable. They are a menace to the vitals of our nation, and should be regulated and controlled by the strong hand of the law. Love does not always go where it would be sent or most desired. It may come like the gentle cooing of the dove or the soft, sweet dewdrops in the balmy morn. Or, it may take the form of a violent passion and swoop down like a whirlwind of destruction, having no thought save its own selfish gratification. But love, however or wherever it is found, is, as a rule, deaf to reason or entreaty. Therefore I hold that marriage and procreation cannot be regulated or controlled by certificates of health and fitness from physicians or scientists.

"Yet, as the sins of the parents are visited upon the children beyond the third and fourth generations, it becomes our duty to rid ourselves of this curse of insanity and kindred evils. Are we not staggering under enforced taxation for the support of our weaklings, our monstrosities, our insane and our criminals? A large portion of this class could be rendered self-supporting by the simple operation of rendering each and every one sterile, which would prove blessing to them and protect our commonwealth from further propagation of their kind. If we could have a law declaring that every rapist and defiler of youth and virtue should be rendered sterile, what think you would be the effect. I believe it would be far more effectual than the penitentiary, the hangman's rope or the torch of the south. It is a well known fact that any animal when rendered sterile loses much of its vicious nature, and soon becomes docile, useful and contented. This law will hold equally as true in the human race.

What objection can there be to this humane law? To my mind there can be but two: First, sentiment; second, what I would call false ideas of "personal rights."

"I may not be able to accomplish all I would like at this session of the legislatures of the states of Oregon and Washington in relation to the 'sterilizing bill,'" said Dr. Owens Adair Monday to a Herald reporter, "but you can rest assured that I will be on hand two years hence if I am still in the land of the living, and with a force favoring its passage that will be felt."

The doctor has been very busy since coming to North Yakima to visit, in securing the endorsement of the local medical fraternity to the measure which she has already had introduced in the Oregon legislature, and a similar bill which she will seek to have brought up at Olympia by Senator Reed. She has secured the signature of all the doctors here with the exception of two, and also had the endorsement of several of the leading physicians of Seattle. The bill as proposed is as follows:

A bill for an act providing for the sterilization of feeble-minded, epileptic and insane persons, and prisoners in the penitentiary.

Be it enacted by the people of the state of Washington:

Section 1.—That all feeble-minded, epileptic and insane persons, committed to any state institution, shall be sterilized, and all convicts sentenced to life imprisonment, or who have previously served term of imprisonment in any penitentiary, shall be sterilized, except so far as in the judgment of the physicians in charge of such institutions should be excepted.

Section 2.—It shall be the duty of the physician in charge of the various state institutions to execute the provisions of this act.

"This matter is being brought up in this form," said Dr. Adair, "in order that men and women may think over this, one of the most serious questions before the American people. The idea is pronounced by a few as 'terrible' and 'human,' but if those who oppose the measure will stop and do a little reasoning and put themselves, I believe they will arrive at the same conclusion that hundreds of the leading physicians of the land have, and that is that sterilization will solve the problem of perpetuating the insane and crim-

FIRST OF A SERIES OF FINE PAPERS

The Morning Astorian is presenting this morning the first of a series of fine papers written by Dr. B. Owens-Adair, of this county, on the subject of her proposed legislation in behalf of human sterilization and the mitigation of all physical and mental and moral perversion, and the criminal tendency generally, in human society. There will be a number of these during the winter and they will be of exceeding interest and even concern to this people and to those in a constantly growing field that must eventually become world-wide.

The plea set up by Clatsop's most excellent citizeness and clever professional representative sounds on its initial utterance to the unexpected ear harsh and radical, an extremity even; but the more it is considered in the light of the need for some efficacious remedy for the ills of "the flesh and the devil", the more it recommends itself to the intelligent and humane principle in man and woman, and will, if cultivated, and reduced to its simplest and best expedience of application and method, become one of the cardinal rules of a better, freer, and nobler existence. The communication reads as follows:

"To the Editor—Two years ago I called upon the Legislature of Oregon to enact a law to prevent a further propagation of criminal idiots and insane through sterilization. A few years ago the community would have been shocked by the mere mention of such a process, but we are rapidly growing broader and wiser. Even the common people are being educated up to a reasoning standpoint through our public schools one of the strong arms of our nation which is reaching out and taking in all that is in reach that will benefit the young.

"The rapid increase of insanity and vicious elements is simply appalling; the penitentiaries, insane asylums, reform schools and homes for all kinds of defections has not only become a burden to our commonwealth but a menace as well and if allowed to proceed, where will it end? This is a pitiful calamity, one which every thinking man and woman understands and for which a remedy must be found. I realize that this is a delicate subject to handle and for that reason it has not heretofore been brought before the public, but it must be handled without gloves, from a scientific point, which is only common sense extended. I have no fears but it will stand upon its own merits, only let in the light of reason and the clouds of prejudice and ignorance will disappear.

"This remedy will bring untold blessings to the unfortunates themselves both in health and disposition. The only loss to them would be the power of reproducing their kind which should not be allowed. We all know the effect of sterilization on the lower animals, they soon cease to be vicious and become quite pliable and affectionate. You may object to this comparison but comparative anatomy teaches us the truth of this assertion. It is well known that the law of transmutation is a radical law both in animal and human life.

"It is true that it may skip one or even two generations but in time will gather force and assert its power for good or evil. So well is law understood that the majority of the murders committed are defended upon the plea of hereditary insanity. If we had a law requiring the sterilization of every criminal who made insanity a plea for defense the insanity dodge would not be so frequent. Look at our own recent tragedy, a vicious and vindictive man deliberately walks into an office and shook down a good Christian man in the bloom of his usefulness, bringing sorrow to his young wife and baby. Had the murderer been well born he never could have committed such a foul deed. And now like Chester Thompson, the boy fiend of Seattle, he may be freed and allowed to go forth to transmit his vicious blood to unborn children which will multiply and increase with the growth of the child until something happens to bring the fiend demon to the surface and then the explosion takes place and the fearful shock is felt. No amount of training or education can completely eradicate such hereditary traits.

"Therefore, I say that every child has a right to be well born, and no vicious person should be allowed to propagate his kind by contaminating the blood of the helpless unborn child. Let us put a stop to the further building of penitentiaries, insane asylums, reform schools and homes for the defectives. These are the sins that the Bible tells us are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. Shall we permit these sins to be transmitted? Now I call upon you, our Legislators, you whom the public have elected to enact good wholesome laws for the preservation and protection of our state. I beg that you take this home to your hearts and then cast your vote for your homes and the homes of your neighbors. Then Oregon will give you thanks and the unborn in time you will rise and call you blessed. Set the example and other states will follow.

"DR. OWENS-ADAIR."

NO JEST ABOUT THIS MEASURE.

Dr. Owens-Adair Again Defends Her Plan of Sterilization.

WARRENTON, Or., Dec. 17.—(To the Editor.)—I beg space to reply to R. W. Traver who took me to task and sagely advised a 16th amendment to the constitution, which shall prohibit the manufacture and sale of both tobacco and whisky. Personally I should approve of such a law, as I abhor whisky and detest tobacco. I have used my feeble efforts against both all my life, but the curse is still with us. As there are about 95 per cent of all men who use tobacco in some form, and a large per cent who use alcoholic stimulants, and women are not allowed to vote, I don't just see where the "16th amendment" is coming in. Don't try to sidetrack me on that old threadbare theory, but you go right along and get your "16th amendment" and I'll say amen if I'm living.

A long time ago, about a quarter of a century, I was an active member of the third House at Salem, and that honorable body gave us a good law, not "a fool law," requiring all the public schools to teach the effects of alcohol, tobacco, opium and other narcotics on the human system. This was a great step in the right direction and yet only a drop in the bucket. To make an assertion is easy but to prove it is not so easy. That the best blood without proper care and training will degenerate, while the so-called "serfdom" with such care will excel, requires proof through scientific research. I don't believe that alcohol and tobacco produce insanity. Thousands and tens of thousands of bright intelligent men have used both through their long lives and never showed the least symptoms of insanity. But had there been a trace of insanity in their blood, then those narcotics would have lighted the torch and the explosion would have been felt.

You seem to think Finch's crime was due to drink and Chester Thompson's to cigarettes, yet Thompson, Thaw and thousands of others have escaped the hangman's rope through the plea of hereditary insanity. I am not taking exception to the jury's decision, but to all such unfortunates I hold that sterilization should be the remedy. And I believe that the profession would bear me out in this, for every informed physician knows the intimate relation between the brain and the organs of reproduction. And by the aid of this remedy the uncontrollable irritation of the nervous system in many cases would be relieved and the brain would assert its normal functions.

I am conscious of the fact that there are many who smile and even sneer at this measure. Only a week ago a relative said to me: "A woman of your standing should not be mixed up in such a

subject." Twenty-five years ago such a rebuke would have brought a deluge of tears and rendered me nervous and sick, but not so now, for I am following out what I believe will be a great blessing to suffering humanity. I say will, because I believe it will come. My convictions have been obtained through hard trials and long research. Two years ago while talking with Representatives Farwell, Chapin, Beals and Newell, the four young men who were brave enough to champion this bill, I said to the Secretary of State who was standing by: "You approve of this measure, do you not, Mr. Dunbar?"

"Yes I do. Any one who has lived among these institutions as I have for the last few years could not do other."

And now, my friend, I would advise you to study up along these lines. Perhaps a good place to apply your theory on proper care and training would be at the boys' and girls' aid societies and the reform schools, go into those charitable homes for the demented, the helpless and the vicious, where great minds have been and are devoting their lives for the betterment of those classes. And still they increase instead of diminishing. Go there and apply yourself and perhaps you may find a remedy better than sterilization.

DR. OWENS-ADAIR.

Replies to Attack and Gives List of Doctors Indorsing Her Bill.

"December 16, 1903.—Insanity grows three times as fast in proportion as the increase in population in the United States." Now, Eleanor Baldwin, what remedy have you to offer for this state of affairs? Just take your pencil and compute this ratio and then tell us where it will land us 50 years hence if this malady is not checked. Now give us your plan and show us how and why it should succeed. I am always open to conviction and require only proof to acknowledge my mistakes. I would gently suggest, my lady, that you go to the farm and there learn what this simple and benign remedy is doing and has done for the wild, the vicious and uncontrollable animals for centuries. Then go to the fountainhead of the medical science and learn there how thousands of helpless mothers who, with a taint of insanity in their blood, have been snatched from that terrible condition (insanity), far worse than death, by this safe and harmless process. Then give us facts and not theories. We want the truth, for the truth will stand and hurts no one. And I will repeat again that every well-informed physician knows the intimate relation of the brain with the reproductive organs, and they are and will support this bill, which is meant to be a remedy, but not a "cure all." I append my proposed bill with the editorial introduction by a man with a clear head and executive ability.

Text of Dr. Owens-Adair's bill for the sterilization of humanity:

Fired on Northern Pacific.

HEROIC MEASURE TO BE
PRESENTED SOON

TEXT OF DR. OWENS-ADAIR'S
BILL FOR THE STERILIZA-
TION OF HUMANITY.

“An act providing for the sterilization of criminals, epileptics, insane, and all feeble-minded persons.

◆ "Section 1. That criminals, ◆
◆ epileptics, insane, and all feeble- ◆
◆ minded persons committed to ◆

any State institution of the State of Oregon, shall be sterilized, except such as in the judgment of a legally appointed board of examiners whose duty it shall be to pass upon each and every case, are exempted.

“Section 2. It shall then be the duty of the physicians in charge of the various State institutions to execute the provisions of this act.”

Senate Bill No. 68 for the prevention of procreation in confirmed criminals, insane persons, idiots, imbeciles and rapists passed the senate Monday by a vote of two to one. This is a measure long neglected but strictly in the interest of humanity.

It is not a question affecting only the unfortunates mentioned in the act but the object is to reduce the number of criminals, insane, etc. Morally, every child has a right to be well born and any measure looking to this end is justifiable and right.

Bingham's	Abstract	Title
	Guarantee Bill Is Safely	
	Filed.	

SALEM, Or., Feb. 25.—Of the three bills which met their fate at the point of the Governor's veto pen this morning one was Senate bill 68, which was the pet measure and hobby of Dr. Owens-Adair, of Warrenton, and which provided for the compulsory sterilization of confirmed criminals, insane persons, idiots, imbeciles and others.

To date Governor Chamberlain has vetoed 52 measures enacted by the last Legislature, breaking his record for any previous session, and that of any other Chief Executive of this state. He still has on his desk for disposal this afternoon and evening four bills, two of which are House bills and two Senate bills.

Of the House bills still pending the Governor's approval or disapproval, one is No. 65, by Buchanan, prohibiting the wearing of the uniform of the United States Army, a similar bill to which has already been filed with the Secretary of State, and the other is No. 96, amending section 7 of chapter 261, of the laws of 1907, relating to the duties of prosecuting attorneys. Senate bill 90, still pending action, was introduced by Senator Albee, and provides for the establishment of a fiscal agency for Oregon in the city of New York, while Senate bill 138, by Smith, of Umatilla, provides for the creation and organization of new counties and the government of the same.

Senate bill 68, providing for the sterilization of convicts and insane wards of the state and vetoed by the Governor this morning, provides for the appointment of two skilled surgeons of recognized ability who shall, in conjunction with the chief physicians of the institutions, examine the mental and physical condition of such inmates, as are recommended by the institutional physicians and board of managers as eligible for the operation. Governor Chamberlain thinks

(Continued from First Page.)

this would give the institutional authorities too much power, which might subject the provisions of the act to too great abuse and discrimination, and in passing upon the bill he says:

"It will be observed from a reading of the act that incurable insane and criminals are so confused and confounded with each other that it is difficult to judge whether criminals are to be sterilized because they are in fact mentally unsound or because they are criminals who are serving a third term in the penitentiary upon conviction of a felony. The bill is not drawn to meet the conditions of institutional life in Oregon, because the penitentiary is not governed by a board of managers, but by the Governor of the state, with the assistance of a superintendent and wardens, while the asylum is under the direct supervision of a board of trustees, a superintendent and a corps of assistants. A bill departing so radically from established methods in Oregon ought to be skillfully framed and remove any ground for misunderstanding or misconstruction of its terms.

"Besides these objections, I am not
entirely satisfied that all of the ~~above~~
~~are the best in all the~~ ss

other Section Second floor. Purchase of men's Spring
Vests, all \$3.00 and \$3.50
100 vests for this sale, only
Sizes 34 to 42. Wonderful
at your wants supplied now

33.50 Val. \$1.39

Men's Vests

ALLO SPILLI

PIONEER TALK FROM CLATSOP

WARRENTON'S CHEERFUL
AND PHILOSOPHIC VETER-
AN, DR. B. OWENS ADAIR,
HAS A WORD WITH HER OLD
FRIENDS AT THE PIONEER
RE-UNION.

The following is the text of the
spirited address made by Dr. B.
Owens Adair of this county, before
the Oregon Pioneer Association, and
it is sure to be read with very definite
interest by her home-friends and
colleagues:

"I have the honor of making my
best bow to one of Oregon's native
and most worthy sons, Colonel Mil-
ler, your president, and to you, my
pioneer friends. I greet you with a
heart full of appreciation, knowing
well your true value and worth. Who,
better than myself can understand
and appreciate your toils, your
struggles and your successes in mak-
ing this one of the greatest States in
our Union.

"I have been asked to give you a
rambling talk of a few minutes' dura-
tion. I will choose for my text 'Sixty
years ago.' What has come to us
since 60 years ago? Looking back-
ward ~~from this hour~~ it seems, but
yesterday. But looking forward from
then till now, it has been a full age.
The road has been long, rugged, and
circuitous. The changes from then
until now can never be fully under-
stood or appreciated by the youth of
this age. Sixty years ago when we
came here, we found a wilderness in
all its virgin beauty and wildness,
with only the red man, with his toma-
hawk, his bow and arrow, and the
wild beasts that roamed the forests
at their own sweet will, to give us
welcome. Then we looked forward
to a yearly mail that must come
around the 'Horn' in the old wooden
bottoms, or across the plains with
the emigrant train. But were we
unhappy then? Not a bit of it. We
found plenty of work for our hands
to do. The devil had no need to find
employment for us. There were no
trusts in those days; no grafts or
grafters; no labor unions; we had
neither locks or bolts; we had no use
for penitentiaries nor insane asylums.
The latch string was always found
on the outside and a heart full of the past. Let us live our lives over
welcome within. But since 60 years and over again in memory and in

ago all this has been changed. We
will say for the better. Our yearly
mail has been multiplied by more
than 360 times. The old pack train
of jaded horses and mules, and the
old emigrant wagon propelled by the
faithful oxen and sometimes by the
precious cow that was called upon
to do double duty; not only to fur-
nish milk for our children, but to
work in the yoke as well. All these
have been supplanted by the iron
horse that comes speeding across
the continent, snorting smoke and
fire from its nostrils. He comes lad-
ened, not only with precious human
beings, but with the wealth of our
own and other nations as well. But
far in advance comes the speedier
telegraphic dispatches. From nation
to nation, from continent to conti-
nent, the messages fly on wings of
lightning. Oh, what a wonderful
discovery; what a wonderful power is
electricity. Only about 25 years ago
the telephone was invented. In 1879
I went to New York and there, on
a street corner was a telephone on
exhibition. For 25 cents you could
talk with the man at the other end
of the line, 'away down town', four
or five blocks away. The people
were lined up like going to a circus,
waiting their turn. I fell in line and
abided my time. And never shall I
forget the sensation that voice pro-
duced upon me. It was so strange,
so unnatural; I could not understand
one word he said; and it seemed to
me that I was listening to a voice
from some unknown world.

"And from this imperfect machine
has come the graphophone, mega-
phone and other phones together
with that wonder of all wonders, the
wireless telegraph. Oh! stop! stop!
and think of it for one moment. There
in mid ocean is a great ship in dis-
tress; hundreds of lives are in peril;
out goes that noiseless call for help.
'Help, help us help!' Back, back,
flashes the message of love, cheer;
rescue is on the way. Oh, this is an
age of inventions, discoveries and of
wonders; one great event crowding
upon another in such rapid succes-
sion that we cease to wonder. And
all this, all this since 60 years ago;
who can tell what 60 years hence
may bring? I prophecy that in 60
years we will be holding communica-
tion with our neighbors the planets.
The only sad part about it, is that
we pioneers cannot hope to live 60
years more. But while we do live,
let us be happy and enjoy the fruits
and flowers of our labors, and while
we are keeping up with the times,
doubt not. Oh don't let us forget
the past. Let us live our lives over
welcome within. But since 60 years and over again in memory and in

ng down every incide
ance, for that is histor
ave made the early history
state. Don't let it die with yo
reserve it and hand it down to po
terity and you will receive the hono
to which you are so justly done."

OWEN-ADAIR'S BILL IS PASSED

SENATE GIVES TWO TO ONE VOTE
FOR MEASURE OF PORTLAND
PHYSICIAN.

MUNICIPAL STERILIZATION.

There is an able professional wo-
man in Clatsop county, honored and
respected in all circles, who has ad-
vanced the intensely practical idea
of sterilization of the incapables and
perverts of humanity for the good of
the race. The innovation will, of
course, be very radical, but it will al-
so be very effective, and good effects
are what we are after these days.

Apropos of this organic and origi-
nal means to a given and appreci-
able, end, we people of Astoria might
be as courageous and sensible as thi

excellent woman physician, and pol-
itically sterilize this community and
its government. Go straight to the
root of our administrative blunders
and burdens, and oust the last man
responsible for them; make a clean
sweep of the incapables, (and of the
perverts, if any there be) and send
up a set of men known to be actuat-
ed by the straight and simple ideals
of business and fair-dealing. And do
this without any sentimental 'flub-
dub' or clinging to fool traditions
built up in favor of the delinquents
during the past 12 or 15 years.

To sterilize, means to render any-
thing that it bad, or hurtful or dan-
gerous, entirely barren of power or
faculty for further evil, hurt or haz-

courtroom where the side of
and English colonies crowded
French society and the America
of the most prominent members
hundreds of women, including son
De Castellane. During the afternoo
the custody of his mother, Margu
three children of the union placed
Count De Castellane, to have
brought by her former husband
today in the hearing of the ca
gan (Anna Gould), had her innu
PARIS, Dec. 2.—Princess De S
any
ver.
J.
re-
L.
red
an

For Custody of Children.
Whom he Said Was Wholly Un-
Character of Count De Castellane
Mercilessly Scored the Record an

17

FORTY YEARS AGO.

This is the subject which has been selected for me to discuss on this occasion. Forty years ago! What memories and what changes have come to us. To the young forty years seems far in the distance, an age. But looking backward the road seems short and not especially eventful. But time has wrought wonderful changes since forty years ago. To me forty years seems but yesterday, a step in the background. And yet I had been married, was a mother and a widow forty years ago. From the pack train the emigrant wagon and the old stage coach have come the iron horse, the freight cars, the palace cars, the bicycles, the automobiles, the flying and talking machines, the telegraphs, the telephones and the wireless messengers. And by and through these various discoveries and inventions, especially that subtle and most powerful agent electricity, we are being rushed hither and thither, over and under hills and valleys, rivers and mountains and around the world. And all this since forty years ago.

This is an age of progress, inventions and discoveries we cannot realize, neither can we foretell what wonders even a year may bring forth. We are just now investigating and photographing the south pole of our neighbor Mars. Who can tell but within forty years we may be exchanging compliments with her inhabitants. Wonders seem never to cease, and yet how simple and commonplace all become when the light of intelligence shines in upon them. Each discovery leads up to another. And like the baby's first step it brings confidence and encouragement. And thus one event follows another in such quick succession that we have already

1.

reached a high speed in progression. We might be likened to the little busy, busy ant, whose habits are just now undergoing thorough investigation by scientists. It is claimed for these tiny little creatures that they possess wonderful intelligence and mechanical skill and that they have a most complete system of government which may yet be shown to rival our own. For centuries we have known and despised these little pests, never dreaming that they were worthy of notice, until the wreck of a great freight train proved to the contrary. It was then discovered that through their systematic and scientific process of house building they had literally honey-combed the railroad's trestle works. This discovery started out the scientists in all directions both at home and abroad to study the habits of the various ant nations. A New York woman has captured several colonies of ants and put them in artificial nests in her house and devotes her entire time in studying and watching their various movements. Many strange and startling facts have been discovered. One that greatly differs from our form of government is that the great army of workers, as well as the governing class, are composed of females. Only the queens preside over the destinies of the nations, while the kings keep out of the way of the workers who seem to have little respect for "mens' " rights. They have well trained regiments of soldiers as well as a strong police force. They have nurses for the young, and a great army of black slaves whom they have captured and whose duty it is to attend to a herd of cows from which they obtain food for their colonies. These and many other wonderful things are brought out by the investigations along

these lines. And thus one discovery after another is being crowded in until we cease to wonder at any thing.

I have been requested by our illustrious friend Mrs. Eva Emery Dye to tell you how I became Oregon's first pioneer woman physician from a regular school of medicine away back in those early days when it was worth a woman's reputation to attempt to break through the prescribed rules or the "unwritten laws" which held her back and retarded her every effort at progress. Those were days of struggle and hardship, tears and anguish. Many were the lacerations and wounds that would not heal, due to constant friction and irritation. Few succeeded while many fell by the way side. But time and persistent determination have crowned the efforts of the few which have brought blessings to the many. Today the doors of almost every avenue are open to women and they do not hesitate to avail themselves of every advantage. And by doing so, women benefits on equally with herself.

But why did I study medicine? Well there were many reasons, too many to attempt to relate in this short talk. I would not know just where to begin. But all things, however, must have their source, seeds from which to start and roots from which to grow. And I have already attempted to answer this and many other similar questions of pioneer life, in this book, "The First Child of My Brain"-- which I have dedicated to my mother.

A CLATSOPIAN TALKS IN VIGOROUS TERMS

SUBSTANCES OF ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DR. OWEN-ADAIR IN PORTLAND

The Astorian is pleased to be able to submit the text of Dr. Owens-Adair's recent address before the Oregon State Woman's Suffrage convention, in Portland, and to commend its careful perusal to every thinking man and woman in the country:

"I am not here to make an address, only a few minutes talk. It would be superfluous to tell you that I am in favor of equal suffrage for everybody, who knows me, knows that. To use an old homely expression, 'I have always been doubled and twisted and died in the wool.' I have never been much of a talker, but I have been a worker. A very radical and aggressive worker. I have always followed out my conscience, and have thereby many times shocked the sensitive nerves of my friends and the public as well.

"But the public is not so easily shocked as it was 40 years ago. I have lived a long time in Oregon. I think I was present at the birth of the new Northwest. I worked hand in hand with the editor through all those stormy, stormy times. But there are no more battles of scorn, abuse and derision to be fought. Tar and feathers, rotten eggs, together with such lovely epithets, 'Blue stockings, breeches and crowing hens' have been relegated to the past, never to return again.

"Today it is brains versus idleness and ignorance. We have nothing now to discourage us, nothing to make us cross and ugly. For the work now is a pleasure and not a deprivation. Just stop and measure the future by the past. Where will we be 40 years hence? This is an age of rapid progress. We are going ahead with leaps and bounds. Think of it. Women are found in almost every avenue of industry today. The trades and professions are open to her, and she is proving her ability in all directions. There are many ways to work a problem, and we will solve this voting problem. Unity and numbers always give strength, and bring success. We have both. The leaven of forty years ago has not only leavened these United States but the United Kingdom as well. All over the universe today women are rising up and taking hold with hands and brains, of everything that comes within their reach and they are demanding equal shares, equal pay and equal rights with men. I don't feel half so badly as I did 30 years ago because I am not allowed to vote, because I know the better class of men, men of brains and education are willing and anxious for women to vote. It is because the low

and ignorant that oppose us and they are unfortunately in the majority. But with the better element behind us, we will overcome the opposition. Where there is a will, there is a way, and we will find the way. I believe all the sorrows and struggles of our lives, are blessings in disguise, the struggles, the sorrows, the smoke and the fire through which the pioneer women have passed have given to women all the opportunities which women possess and enjoy today. Woman's work has ever been for the good of humanity.

"Four years ago a prominent club-woman startled and shocked her associates by declaring that there should be a law requiring physicians to destroy at birth all deformities. The Oregonian sent out reporters all over Portland to interview both men and women on the subject. I said to

friend, "Now is my chance for which I have waited 20 years." I sat down and wrote my views on that vital question and read my notes to her. She said, "Doctor, the Oregonian will not publish that. It's too broad."

"I believe the Oregonian will publish it, but if it does not, just remember it will not be many years till every great paper of this borderland will be willing to publish and discuss this vital subject. I am proud to say that the Oregonian did publish that letter. It introduced it with large, appropriate and attractive headlines. Now contrast the editor of the Oregonian with the doctor of 20 years ago, who accompanied me through our state asylum. After passing out of that pitiful and loathsome ward, I said, "Oh, doctor, where is this to end?" "It is hard to where, is this to end?" "It is hard to tell," he said. "Well, said I, if I had control here as you have, I would see to it that these poor, miserable creatures would have the only chance for their sanity." He looked at me with perfect amazement and said, "You would not recommend that, would you?" "I beg of you not to mention it to my wife for she would be shocked." "Oh, I am not going to talk of this to your wife, but I want to tell you right now, that I hope the time will come when I will be permitted to use my pen and my voice in this direction for the purification and preservation of our nation.

"Two years ago I called upon the Legislature through the columns of the Oregonian, to enact a law to prevent propagation, through steriliza-

tion of criminals, idiots, insane and all that class of defectiveness. From the prominence given my communication by the Oregonian the subject was taken up by the Washington press and also by Eastern papers. I went to the Legislature and succeeded in getting such a bill introduced in the House, which I consider a great step in advance, and now my co-workers, I ask your assistance, give me your council, go with me to Salem. Use your pens and study the subject. The press will stand behind us. The newspapers are the great educators of the people. The pen is mightier than the sword. The great allies, the weeklies and monthlies that are sent out by the tens of thousands are the creations of the best, and deepest thoughts of great minds that have been made great by constant thought and application."

18
Portland, Oregon, January 20, 1909.

Members of Multnomah Medical Association:

I Thank you for this privilege
I shall not take your
time by a drawn out speech, for I know that each and every one of
you understand that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of
cure. You ^{fully} understand the laws of transmission through propagation.
You are all conversant with the great increase of insanity and
crime today. You all know and feel the great burden of taxation
for the support of those objectionable classes, and now I come to
you with the hope and belief that you will indorse this bill, and
thereby assist me in this very disagreeable work. You know I have
been a member of the State Medical Association for more than a
quarter of a century, But as I have retired from active practice,
I feel that I have now time to devote to the work of humanity,
and I believe that the greatest good to future generations must
come through purifying the source of reproduction. And now I ask
you as members of our profession to assist me in this great work.
This is no laughing matter, (as I said to ^{some} our representatives on
last Monday who were to trying to make a jest. *at my expense*) "You are making
laws to protect the birds. Why not make laws to protect your
innocent children and your children's children." ~~And~~ *Here* is my
bill, which only ^{*include 38*} begins with the vilest elements. Every physician
in Clatsop County save one, a Finn, have signed this petition.

*And many other physicians both in
Oregon and Washington have given me
their names - please. I have received
many letters encouragement and of my
assistance &*

Members of the Senate, I thank you for this honor, and I hope I may be able in the short time allotted me to present a few of the many important measures of this bill, which as a law has been tested in Indiana, and has also given during its infant life of only two years, better results than has been expected or hoped for, and now, gentlemen, I believe, and I hope that you believe with me, that every child had a right to be well born and you know that means that their parents must be people of responsibility and intelligence, whose blood shall not be vitiated with disease and hereditary taint. I am here to-day to plead for the birthright--for the birthright of our future posterity, upon whom we must depend for the safety and perpetuation of this nation; and in order to purify and keep pure the great river of life, we must cut off the sewers, The contaminating dangerous sources, disease and ignorance. And let in the great God given purifier the light of knowledge. Believing that I am not as competent to present this subject as many who so successfully carried this bill into the Indiana legislature, I will present a few of their arguments for your consideration, which are taken from the proceedings of the American National Prison Association of 1907. When this law was enacted, there are many pages given to this subject. I can only give a sentence here and there, but I wish to say that the quotations come from men who ^{have} had long experience through their care of and having been connected with the various state institutions providing for these classes, and their opinion should carry weight as does the testimony of any expert before a jury. Dr. Sharp with his great knowledge of these classes says: "Idiots, imbeciles, and degenerates are prolific and each one is a unit of this nation and the nation is strong and pure and sane, or weak and

corrupt and insane, in proportion that the mental and physically healthy exceed the diseased; nor can any nation live if there is a reverse ratio. So we owe it not only to ourselves, but to the future of our nation to see that the defective do not multiply. And now I ask shall we permit this class to continue the pollution of our race? It is high time that we hearken to the cry "have pity on the unborn child," Thank God, Indiana has hearkened to the cry and has set an example. Let Oregon follow. Dr. Tharp says that out of 233 subjects, 217 were treated voluntarily, while sixteen only were treated by the authority of the law. General Gracia said ~~that~~ ^{these} 120 lepers give us more trouble than any other class and there are only ^{their} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~way~~ ^{way} for escaping is the ^{Judge} ~~one~~ ^{Judge} for copulation, and so have escaped every week. Dr. Whitham said before the passage of this act, he detected a law defining a confirmed criminal, which is any one convicted of a felony the third time, and I believe such should be sentenced to the prison for life. The institution near St. Wayne has over 1,000 feeble minded. Some over forty years old. Twenty per cent could be discharged as self supporting was is not for the fear of reproduction. Dr. Tharp says I want to bring out that this is simply a medical measure, and the 233 cases which I have operated on, I have not received one protest. A delegate said: "I think if we have the power to deprive a man of his liberty, we have equally as good a right to deprive him of his power of procreation. Judge Whittaker says: "The object of this law is to deter crime as well as to protect society by prohibiting procreation among the unfit. I have given the matter my most careful thought, and I have investigated every case operated on in the reformatory, and I want to testify to the great good it has done in my judgment. After the operation, the man gains in weight

67 1

sleeps well and he-is-yields better to treatment. The
Dr.
law give a ~~man~~ the right to cut off a man's hand, in order
to preserve his health. This operation restores his moral
condition, and I do not see any reason why sentiment should
play any part either in favor or against the law. Judge
Henry Freeman says: "It seems to me unfortunate that there
should be any confusion in the minds of the audience as to the
distinction between the measure itself and the propriety of the
act in question. The propriety of the thing is as clear to
my mind. It is said that it has deterred a deterrent effect
on those confined in the institution. The deterrent effect would
be still greater if inflicted upon them by the court.

It is claimed that this remedy has proved
a cure for that class known as masterbators. That they
gain complete control over their mentality within a few
weeks after receiving treatment. And now, gentlemen, I will
leave this in the hands of brighter minds than mine to
finish this discussion.

GEORGE S. GODARD
LIBRARIAN



CONNECTICUT
STATE LIBRARY

HARTFORD, June 4, 1907.

Hon. Walter W. Wood,

North Haven, Conn.

Dear Sir:

The receipt of letter dated May 14, 1907, just received
through your favor is returned to me as requested, in
thankful acknowledgment with thanks.

If at any time I can be of service to you please
advise me.

Yours very truly,

George S. Godard

State Librarian

Portland, Ore., Jan 1st, 1909.

MR Owens-Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.

Dear Madam:

I have been much interested in your movement for the passing of a law for sterilizing all our criminal and insane wards of the state, I consider your position both sane and humane. Four years as chaplain of the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, Ills, gave me an insight into the conditions that prevail among criminals both in and out of prison walls that confirmed me years ago of the righteousness of your contention. The conduct of criminals within the prison were of such a horrible nature that it would be a burning shame to place them upon white paper. But if anyone is curious to know what I am hinting at let them read Paul's first chapter to Romans.

What a boon your bill would be to the prison management. While as an additional argument I would suggest the deterrent influence such a law will have upon criminals of all classes. The fear of this law would make a stronger appeal to the criminal than any sentence that any court might inflict upon him. Even a sentence of death would be preferable to many a criminal than to be unsexed. If there is anything I can do to further your campaign command.

Yours very sincerely,

J. J. Walter, D. H. B.

ROCK OF AGES.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue.
Sang as little children sing,
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words as light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care.
Deeming not that each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
'Twas a woman sung them now;
Sang them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me—"
Lips growing aged sang the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.

Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have pressed,
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages cleft for me—"
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joy and sorrow hid.
Never more a storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billow's roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide.

Could the sightless, sunken eyes
Closed beneath the soft white hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

2252, Broadway, San Francisco, Cal.,

March 5th, 1907.

Dr. B. A. Owens Adair,

Astoria, Oregon,

My Dear Doctor.

I am in receipt of your book, entitled
Life-

"Dr. Owens Adair, and some of Her experiences," which I shall take
great pleasure in reading as soon as my wife gets through with it.

She considers that she has, in this case, prior rights over her
husband.

Mrs. Hammond and I arrived here yesterday from New York, after a
four months' absence, which accounts for my not acknowledging re-
ceipt of the book sooner. We will take great pleasure in reading
your work, and thank you very much for sending it to us.

I am glad to hear that you ~~are~~ writing a book. I have always felt
that if you would turn your talent for saying bright and witty things
in that direction, it would bring you both wealth and fame.

Mrs. Hammond ~~is~~ here, and joins me in warmest regards and best
wishes.

Sincerely Yours,

A. B. Hammond.

X

E.E.E.

Dr. Wm. Edair

My dear friend

My friend returned your book & am reading it & perfectly fascinated with it. I say it is wonderful that you can have gone through so many hard & trying experiences & after they seem to be over can write them all down in so clear & interesting a narrative. And the dear old ladies you have known, I feel that I too have known them when reading the beautiful thoughts you transcribe in giving sketches of their lives. It is a lovely thing to thus perpetuate their memories. These strong characters

WASHINGTON
OF 1907
MEMBER

WALTER J. REED
FIFTEENTH DISTRICT
NORTH YAKAMA

Feb'y 26 1907.

Sir

North Yakima Wash.

I received your letter yesterday afternoon and
it was introduced in the Senate today. I had to
then to conform with the Rules of the
Legislature of this State I return you
the reason that I send this back to you
the reason of the provisions that have signed this
the Bill is printed which will be in a
and you some copies to Astoria and
to be well at Yakima, it is so late
and not expect the Bill to pass in fact
any Bills on the Calendar that half
now can not be considered yet
be educated up to the necessity
that is certainly of great interest and
rising generations

I Am very sincerely
Walter J. Reed,

*W. C. Bentley, President
O. P. Johnson, Vice President
Frank H. Allen, Cashier
J. W. Sawyer, Trust Officer*

Astoria Savings Bank

CAPITAL PAID IN \$100,000.00
SURPLUS \$50,000.00

Astoria, Oregon

December 27, 1906.

Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens-Agair,

Astoria, Oregon.

Dear Dr.:— I wish to express to you my sincere thanks for your valued gift viz: "your early recollections and experiences." It is certainly a very interesting and charming book. I am now reading its contents and enjoy it very much. Thanking you again, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Frank H. Allen

With the Toast and Tea

LET US SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again,
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you .
It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

—Baltimore American.

The First National Bank of North Yakima

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

W. M. LADD, PRESIDENT
CHAS. CARPENTER, VICE PRES.
W. L. STEINWEG, CASHIER
A. B. CLINE, ASST. CASHIER

North Yakima, Washington DEC 19 1906

Dear Doctor

I want to acknowledge my pleasure in reading your book. Mr. Hill handed me a copy and I have read nearly one third of its contents, mostly aloud to Mr. Henry. Let you were a lion-boy all right.

I am prepared to battle against misfortune and poverty with the energy that overcome all obstacles. I know you will take much pleasure in reading the book, you write like you talk clearly and right to

the point. I have you again in sending me the book.
Sincerely, Yours I remain W. L. Henry

The report of the California superintendent of public instruction, given out last Saturday, shows that it will cost \$45.52 per pupil to educate the 351,145 boys and girls in the schools, kindergartens, elementary and high for the year ending June 20." It is lucky these figures are not in Oregon. Harvey Scott, of the Oregonian, would take several spasms. And educational expense that goes over 30 cents gives the Oregonian the St Vitus dance, says the Ashland Record.

BEATS MEN AT THE DOCTOR GAME

Dr. Mary Crawford Williamsburg House Physician: 35 Competitors.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

New York, Feb. 25.—After being first in a competitive examination of 35 physicians, all of whom were men, Dr. Mary Crawford, 29 years of age, was made house surgeon of the Williamsburg hospital today. She is believed to be the first woman ever to have held a similar position in a hospital of such size.

$$f(x) = \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{f^{(n)}(a)}{n!} (x-a)^n$$

DAILY · SUNDAY · WEEKLY ·

684 Maca or
Pillau or }

Dear Aunt Anne -

1000 ft.

I have just finished your book and found it - invaluable, interesting. The simple unornamented recitals of the deeds of you and Mary and Peter and the lives of other heroes in prison history, have been the greatest means of faith, and faith (see below).

Chaining amplifiers (and possibly,

Thanking you sincerely for the
pleasure the ~~best~~ ^{best} has given me
(and wishing you many happiness, to see
and prosper you & all

Kindly and affectionately
yours

Ch. Goodwin

Fine . . .
Commercial Work
Our Hobby.

BEST EQUIPPED
JOB OFFICE
IN THE COUNTY.

Not "How Cheap"
but
"How Good."

YAKIMA MORNING HERALD (Daily)

A LIVE NEWSPAPER IN •
A LIVE TOWN.....

THE YAKIMA HERALD (Weekly)

EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD AND
BETTER THAN EVER.....

Yakima Herald Publishing Co.

... PUBLISHERS ...

BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS



GEO. N. TUESLEY,
MANAGER

NEW HERALD BLDG
A ST BET 1ST & 2ND

Very truly yours,

GEO. N. Tuesley

United States Senate,
Committee on Claims.

Feb. 3^d 1877

My dear Dr. Blair,

I must beg your pardon for not having earlier acknowledged the receipt of the copy of your book, which you so kindly sent us. I wished first to read it and I have little time here for reading. I need not tell you that we were delighted to receive the copy and that we both have read it with very great interest.

I must really congratulate you on having written a most interesting, and, in some respects, a most valuable work. It shall

7

London, Jan. 23, 1850

My Dear Friend

Your volume and its contents both is received
and I am reading it, and I assure you it
is very interesting to me. Most of which I had
known of, so I had been almost an eye
witness; but your early history, I did not
have any knowledge of. I have
seen your style of writing and expression
very much indeed, I have seen already
in the paper. It is printed on fine paper and
in first class order. I thank you most
sincerely for this book, when all is read I
will write you again. I never shall for-
get you when you came to our house in
1847. In the fall of '50 and took care of my
house wife and family. Our babe there &
I shall be so pleased in showing the book to my
friends and all I meet. And I am sure that not
without great hope in the future. I shall be sure to
be sure to have a great consolation to me. Mrs. Garrison was a good
woman and always thought a great deal of you. She
was glad I could bring she could find out
and your nice and interesting history. Yes it
is wonderful, that a great number of dis-
tinguished men were in your early life
and your successes in them all. Well so
I am sure when you come to me to get
some books to read and study for you
to be successful in. I said yes and Richard
said I would. But I only mean, regret-
ting that I could not do more for you for
I am sure you are very well and

Sir, I am very glad to hear of your recovery of
health. I have been hearing that you had been
30 years ago, & which I am sure, the
rampy all well and good, and so, and so,
I am sure, so you know, in a word,
that I am and have a fine, healthy, and
associated with Mr. J. P. Smith, and I am
in a state of health well, and I am
very much as you would be
know the place. With kind regards
to you, I am, yours truly

S. J. Smith

My dear Sir,

I am very glad to hear of your recovery of health.

I am sure that you will find it very
pleasant to be back in the city, for you will
be able to see all the friends and
acquaintances that you have known for so long.
I am sure that you will find it very
pleasant to be back in the city, for you will
be able to see all the friends and
acquaintances that you have known for so long.

I am sure that you will find it very
pleasant to be back in the city, for you will
be able to see all the friends and
acquaintances that you have known for so long.

I am sure that you will find it very
pleasant to be back in the city, for you will
be able to see all the friends and
acquaintances that you have known for so long.

November 20, 1904

Dear Dr. Garrison

Sub. is 10 21/2

I have been since 1902, Dr. Grant said
"I mean in every way, Dr. Here is something that
will interest you. And he read the following
"Strategic to Insane", Wisconsin will attract
attention. By the Wisconsin effort to make
to enact a law for the Straligation of the
people, muddled and insane wards of the State.
The plan has found indorsement among
many Sociological Students, and is ap-
proved by the State Board of Control.

And I said that does interest me, and I want
to be there to help in getting that bill through
and I ~~also~~ ^{also} ~~will~~ ^{will} you that it is my intention
to work in favor of legislation along those
lines. ⁽³¹⁾ Three years ago when I found the
first opportunity to express my views on
that fatal subject, after waiting 20 years for
the chance, my friend Mr. Said in the
regional will not publish that article its
too broad. I believe the regional will pub-
lish it, but if its turn me down, I want you
to remember, that the time is now for
violent when all great papers will be willing
to publish full discussions on this subject
that article can be found on page 515 of
my book. The regional not only published
that article but introduced it into the
many discussions. Favors the use of the
regional recommends operation for defective
persons, distance for recovery of information to
themselves, Parents for information of next
generation. So say I believe of the regional
and the regional will be the columns, I
believe in the regional for school

By, murder, another time, I have seen a
change with a terrible effect. A
10 year old girl in a room was told to
and kept her dress for two days. Further, the
marriage only for the girl. Rev. Dr. Jones, pastor
of the church, to women at the Sunday school
class.

Working along these lines, he is a
sensitive, logical and careful. But he is
found this subject, demands more and
more treatment. In the light of the
the cut it off? I hope that is should be
the very heart of this great evil and not
it. I have seen it was a great. I have
little faith in the ultimate success of the
primary process. For the vicious and
the workings are within human mind
teachable. They are a mirror to the mind,
and education and should be regulated and
controlled by the teacher. I am a
strong believer in there it should be used
or most desired. It may come like the
gentle covering of the stone, or the soft
balmy dew drops in the early morning
or it may take the form of a violent
disturbance. I believe in the
to a more perfect gratification. But I
know as a teacher it is to be used
as a rule, is that to be used as a
there are 3 rules that I believe in
a girl's education. I believe in
traced the certificate of the girl's
and I believe in the study of the
the mind of the parents. I believe in the
children's education.

The cause of

It becomes our duty to red ourselves of
 Are we not
 covering under our feet any others
 for the support of our weaklings and
 transgressors, our insane and our
 criminals. A large portion of this class
 could be rendered self-sustaining by
 each and every
 and sterile, which would prove a
 blessing to them and protect our
 nation from a future im-
 migration of their kind. If we could
 have a law requiring that every
 convict or exile of youth and virtue
 should be rendered a free laborer
 think you would be the effort, I believe
 it would be more effective than the
 punishment of the hang man's rope
 & it is well known that any animal
 when rendered sterile, loses much of its
 vicious and ungovernable nature
 & becomes docile, useful and
 contented. This law will hold good
 in the human race as well. What
 objection could there be to such a
 human law. To my mind there
 can be but two objections. 1st Sentiment
 2nd That I would term false ideas of person
 & honor. And now I will arrive at conclusion
 I have it a member in our present leg-
 isature who is willing to perpetuate this
 by introducing a bill that will regulate
 and control this evil? Let Oregon State
 do it. It can be done by
 the legislature

MRS. DR. B. A. OWENS' LECTURE.

The entertainment of the W. C. T. U. last evening for the benefit of the reading room was attended by a larger crowd than was anticipated, as standing room was at par till a large number of extra seats could be brought in. The singing of Mr. McDonald of Portland was excellent, but the principal feature of the evening was the lecture on "Heredity" of that talented lady, Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens of Portland. The whole fabric of argument and illustration was so neatly and delicately interwoven that it would be impossible to give a synopsis of the lecture, and we are sorry that we have not space to publish it in full. The speaker fully established that heredity is a law of nature, and that the bad, as well as the good, is transmitted from the parents to the offspring, in both the physical and mental faculties. Mrs. Owens is a lady of rare natural talents and of vigorous mental faculties, and has taken the advantage of a regular and special course of medical training at the medical college of Ann Arbor, and, added to this, several years of successful practice—hence much was expected from her lecture last night, and none were disappointed. Thanks to the W. C. T. U. for securing so popular a lecturer.

We hope this is only the beginning of a series of able lectures, a rare means of cultivation, which will render the reading room popular at once, and be of incalculable benefit to its patrons. One sentence which the speaker uttered last evening should be placed among those excellent notices on the walls of the reading room, and that sentence is, "With the mind as with the body—to cease to strive is to begin to die."—*Salem Statesman.*

THE ADAIR-OWENS WEDDING.

Last night there were gathered at the First Congregational church many of Oregon's best pioneers and young people to witness the marriage ceremony of Colonel John Adair and Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens. The families of the bride and groom were well represented, there being present the mother of the bride, father and mother of the groom, with a goodly number of other relatives. Promptly at 9 o'clock the bridal party entered in the following order: The four ushers, Messrs. Hamilton Corbett, Hamilton Brooke, William Ott and James Goldsmith; Miss Maud E. Hobson, niece of the bride, upon the arm of Mr. W. B. Adair, brother of the groom; Miss Myra D. Abraham, niece of the bride, upon the arm of Mr. Jos. N. Teal; and the bride and groom. The bride was dressed in cream colored brocade silk, with long wattleau train, Queen Elizabeth collar, V shaped corsage, Spanish lace trimmings; ornaments, diamonds; hair ala Pompadour. The bridesmaids were dressed in cream colored nuns' veiling, with Spanish lace drapery; pearl ornaments.

As the party proceeded slowly up the aisle the organ, with Mr. E. S. Mayo at the keyboard, pealed out Mendelssohn's wedding march. The ceremony, by Rev. F. R. Marvin, was very impressive, the low music during the ceremony adding to the solemnity of the service. Later in the evening a reception was given at the residence of Mr. Hyman Abraham, No. 69 North Twelfth street, where a most pleasant evening was passed. Colonel and Mrs. Adair leave this morning for Astoria, where they will spend a day with the groom's father, General John Adair, and take the steamer State of California to-morrow morning for San Francisco. They will be absent about six weeks, and upon their return will take up residence in this city.

Good, Old-Fashioned Time—

Dr. B. Owens-Adair is never happy unless she is gathering her friends around her at her snug farm home at "Sunnymeade," and is always devising schemes to this end. Yesterday she had about 25 good friends out there for a real, old-fashioned wool-picking and the pleasures incident to the occasion were amplified by one of her generous chicken dinners to which were added all the charms of home fruits, home vegetables, home cream, and the spontan-

eous cheer the good doctor always supplies as a hostess. Just by way of diversion, however, she deserted her guests long enough to pay a professional visit to the home of one of her employes, where she introduced to the light of day, and to its happy parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Towns, a little girl baby. This is wholly typical of Dr. Adair and accounts largely for her supreme sway down in that part of old Clatsop.

Moneys Paid In—



B. A. Owens-Adair

Dr. B. Owens-Adair entertained a large number of her friends at a good old-fashion wool-picking, at her farm home at Sunnymeade last Wednesday. The doctor is an excellent hostess and her socials are always hugely enjoyed and anxiously looked forward to by her large circle of friends. A delicious dinner was served during the evening. Those present at their pleasant affairs were: Mrs. D. Kad Warren, Mrs. Harry Hobson, Mrs. Pin C. Warren, Mrs. J. W. Munson, Mrs. C. H. Parker, Mrs. C. W. White, Mrs. B. M. Rogers, Mrs. James Kin-dred, Mrs. S. T. Harrison, Mrs. H. G. Wood, Mrs. G. T. Moore, Mrs. G. W. Warren, Mrs. W. C. Barnhart, Mrs. C. H. Dean, Mrs. Audley Gragg, Mrs. Lon Wilson, Mrs. Yvon Heckard, Mrs. E. M. Smiley, Mrs. A. F. Lester, Mrs. Yvon Wilkenson, Miss Alice Bartlett, Miss C. C. Munson, Miss Inez Dean.

Granted The Rights—

Dr. B. Owens-Adair has granted the rights of way across her valuable lands to the proposed electric line to Seaside, and thus now nearly every one of the large land holders along the route has given the required 60-foot strip. On the part of Dr. Adair this action is taken to be especially generous, as her lands are very valuable. She grants a mile of the right of way. It is hoped that the work of securing the remaining rights of way, from the smaller property owners, will be a comparatively easy task. Many of them have already given. H. G. Van Dusen, who is actively engaged in the work, stated yesterday that the whole matter now looks very promising.

THE MOR

Off To Oregon City—

Dr. B. Owens-Adair departed last evening for Portland, from whence she will go this morning to Oregon City with her colleagues of the Oregon Woman's Press Club. The club is to be the guests of Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, the noted historical novelist of this State and one of the most accomplished women in it. The doctor will devote some of her time to negotiating a proper interest in her famous bill for the sterilization of human delinquents which will be introduced in the legislatures of Oregon and Washington this winter.

"Did you ever consider how prominent a part the figure 7 plays in the history of the world? I dare say you have not." The speaker was a well-known New York insurance man, and he was addressing a *World* reporter. "It is remarkable," he continued, "and if you will jot down what I tell you about the numeral I dare say you will find it very interesting. In the first place, when God made the world He rested on the 7th day. There are 7 days in a week; there are 7 letters in the name of Jehovah. We all know of the 7 fat and 7 lean kine; the 7 years of plenty and the seven years of famine; the 7 fruitful ears of corn and the 7 barren ears. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel, was cheated with Leah, and waited 7 years more for his reward. Laban, his father-in-law, followed Jacob for 7 days, and when Jacob died Joseph lamented 7 days. At the siege of Jericho 7 priests with 7 trumpets went around the city, and at the 7th blast the walls fell. Seven times ten Hebrew scholars translated the Old Testament into Greek for the Alexandrian library. When Peter asked, 'Lord, how many times must I forgive my brother; is it enough 7 times?' Jesus replied: 'I say unto you, not 7 but 70 times 7.'

"A just man falls 7 times and riseth up again," says the proverb. There are 7 attributes of the Almighty; 7 gifts of the Holy Ghost, 7 psalms of penance, 7 supplications in the Lord's Prayer; the Catholic Church has 7 sacraments; there were 7 wounds on Christ on the cross. In Revelations there are 7 angels with 7 chalices filled with divine wrath; also 7 lamps with 7 flames are there mentioned. Rome is built on 7 hills, as are also Constantinople, Nuremberg, Hamburg and Lisbon. We all know of the '7 sleepers,' the 7 youthful Christian martyrs, who escaped to a cave

near Ephesus, fell asleep and slumbered for two centuries.

"There are 7 wonders of the world, 7 wise men of Greece; Mohammed had 7 heavens in his paradise; during the 7 years' war under Frederick II., history mentions 7 very important battles; the war in Spain between the Carlists and Christians lasted 7 years, and the Franco-Prussian war lasted 7 months, and the Seventh Regiment was the first to distinguish itself; and here in New York the Seventh Regiment is the crack militia body. Ancient Thebes, also Athens, Bagdad and Morocco each had 7 gates; 7 cities claimed the honor of being Homer's birthplace; there were 7 steps to the tomb of Darius, the Persian king, and 7 steps to the throne of Solomon.

"The human head has 7 openings, the River Nile 7 mouths; there are 7 Canary Islands, 7 Iona Islands, 7 colors in the rainbow, 7 tones to a musical scale, 7 precious metals, 7 stars in the constellation of Pleiades; there are 7 cardinal virtues; the entrance to the celebrated dome at Cologne has 7 pillars set up on 7 pedestals, surmounted by 7 statues.

"That is all I can think of at present, but I think it will show that 7 is the most prominent of all the numerals."

WORN OUT AT AGE OF 11

Remarkable Case of Chicago Lad
Who Succumbs to Senile Decay.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—A dispatch to the Record-Herald from Minneapolis says: James Anderson, who died at the City Hospital here yesterday at the age of 11 years and 2 months, was, in the opinion of physicians, at least 60 years of age at the time of his death, so far as the condition of his vital organs determine the age of a man. When the child was 6 years old his hair began to turn gray, his eyesight began to fail and he walked with the deliberate care of a person well advanced in years. As a very young child he was exceptionally bright, but his mental faculties were gradually failing for the last two years, so he was little better than a person in his dotage during the last few years.

Heinze a Bank President.

Washington State Traveling Library

LOU GERTRUDE DIVEN
SUPERINTENDENT

Olympia, Wash., Feb. 1. 1913

My dear Mr. Gross-Adair,

"Some of her life's Experiences" received in this morning's mail - I thank you for the same. Did you contribute this volume to the Lib.-det. or to me personally? I shall not perforate the title page until I hear from you.

Whatever your wish is in regard to the volume will be carried out. I could not remember whether you wished it to be a det. contribution or for me.

I do not know what is being done in the legislation in which you are so deeply interested - I have had as many matters of my own to attend to in regard to legislation.

With very best wishes,
Sincerely yours, Lou G. Diven

Grand View, Ore,
June 23, 1914.

Dear Mr. Lockley:

After this long delay, I beg to acknowledge your most charming and characteristic "write-up" of myself. Also your courtesy in sending me the Journal. Owing to the carelessness of my housekeeper, I missed the date of 13th inst. On the 15th I received a letter from a member of the Applegate family referring to the write-up in the Journal and offering to sell me a book written by his uncle, in which my father was mentioned:

I have a dear friend with me,--Mrs. W.W.Parker,----we have been friends for over 45 years, and never had a difference; isn't that strange? I said to her: "You go through those papers; I cannot find it." She did and failed; I said; "Look at the dates". "Yes", she said, "The 13th is not here." I made a search and found it in the kitchen!

Just then I was called out to speak to one of the renters some distance away, and was gone some time. On returning, I was greeted with:

"You don't know what a feast is in store for ~~you~~!-you! or you would ~~have~~ have been home sooner! I have read many things about you, but none to compare with this. Sit right down and listen!"

She read: and we laughed and laughed! And we agreed that Fred Lockley was a second Pat Donan---that exquisite writer whose pen painted such lovely pictures, and clothed them in such an abundance of beautiful adjectives, yet not one seemed superfluous, but each an added charm.

This is a most prolific year for wild fruit. The other day I discovered, just back of the potato patch, the most beautiful wild blackberry patch my eyes ever lighted upon. I said to my household: "Don't pick a berry from that patch, till my son and his wife come next week; I want them to see what Grand View can produce."

And now, my friend, if you happen down this way, just remember the latch string is always out. Let me know ahead, and I will be at home, and be ready to drag you over many beautiful spots you have not seen; and will have an old fashioned cobbler with cream, for dessert..

Remember your worthy wife will always be included;

Very sincerely yours, with many thanks!

Dr. Owens-Adair.

EN ROUTE EAST AND TO EUROPE

FIRST LETTER FROM DR. B.
OWENS ADAIR.

Enjoyed Chicago And Washington
And Now On High Seas
Italy Bound.

Under date of April 24th, Dr. B. Owens Adair, of this city and county, writes the following cheerful letter from her present habitat, the Hotel Portland, at Washington, D. C., and which is here given for the benefit and kindly interest of her many friends who will have pleasure in following her movements in this country and Europe:

"I arose early this morning to send you a few words of greeting and to say that I am as well and happy as usual. Vera, (my niece) and I left North Yakima, Wn., on the 11th instant, at 12:15 o'clock a. m., by the North Coast Limited, and were accompanied to the station by about 35 friends, mostly young folks who had been making time fly with rag-time and other good times, all to keep the tears back, and amid three cheers for "Vera" and for "Dr. Adair," we rolled away with their happy farewells in our ears, all of which still linger with us most happily.

"Our first stop of importance was at the big "Windy City," Chicago, ten miles wide and 20 long, having at least one street that runs its entire length. The city is a great one in many ways, especially in wealth and fast living. Vegetation has hardly begun in this section yet; yet strawberries, mellons and all kinds of fruit are on sale. We were treated to all kinds of weather in Chicago, winds, rains, hail, thunder and lightning, interspersed with warm sunshine. But these were as mere trifles. It is easy to move around here; just run up a couple of flights of iron stairs, pay five cents, and you are then speeding, in a comfortable scat, (if any happen to be left for you) over, among and beyond the tops of gigantic buildings through a din that is deafening; but I noticed a lot of people who seemed to like it, and could sleep right through it.

"We left Chicago at 10:30 a. m., reaching Washington at 8:30 a. m., the next day, and went direct to the "Portland" because it had a homey sound to us. It is one of the show buildings in Washington, and was the home of U. S. Senator and Mrs. Charles W. Fulton while they were in Washington. We lost no time in securing seats on the sight-seeing auto, from which we absorbed a good deal of interest between 10 in the morning and 5 in the afternoon. From 6:30 p. m. we visited the Congressional Library which is said to be the finest of its kind in the world, and I hardly expect to find its equal in the old world, anyway.

"Today, from 9:30 a. m., to 3 in the afternoon, we visited the most important three buildings in the national capital, the auto quitting us at the doors, the guides taking us

through, the capitol, the treasury and the army-and-navy building. I wish I had the gift of description to tell of much that I saw in this wonderfully beautiful city, so different from any other cities I have even seen, and which we have left with regret, departing at 4 p. m., for New York.

"We reached the national metropolis at 9:50 in the evening and Cook's agent met us at the great Pennsylvania station, wearing a carnation in his button-hole and calling aloud for "Dr. Adair," having found us he took us at once to the "Imperial" (another gentle reminder of home) and tomorrow, at high noon, we will board the steamship for Gibraltar, and sail at 2 p. m. and we will say good by to friends and native land for a few short months, when no doubt I shall be only too glad to return to my home and my friends."

44

— 100 —

Daniel

refer to

clock, we

9. seem

DR OWENS YOUR

DR. OWEN S. YODER

DR. ADAIR WRITES FROM NAPLES

INTERESTING LETTER FROM OBSERVANT ASTORIENNE.

In Enjoying Her Tour to the Last
Limit and Tells Interestingly
Of It.

"As this is the last day on this grand steamship, as we are to reach Naples early tomorrow morning, I will report progress.

May 25th we left New York on time. For three days the weather was so perfect that we could scarcely feel the motion of this great floating palace, and I have been able to occupy my seat at the captain's table for my meals thus far. May 1st we came in sight of the Azores belonging to Portugal and thickly populated. We steamed so near this rock-bound shore that we could see their houses and little, but well cultivated farms; their houses were mostly of the same pattern, of one, two and three stories, long and narrow, and without ornaments, made of cement and white washed. Their principal product is grapes. Saw many old "Dutch" windmills. I was told that they were used for grinding their grain into bread stuff as well as pressing wine and drawing water. There were many little towns, seemingly about the same distance apart along the foot of the hills, which were most cultivated to the tops.

May 4th we got our first sight of the snow-capped Alps and the African and Spanish coasts. Soon the coast line cleared and we came in sight of a little Spanish town called Tarifa, a very ancient city, which was in very early days occupied by pirates who exacted toll or tariff from all vessels carrying cargoes of any kind and from this city which was the first to exact taxation comes the word tariff—so I was told. And on the right of the African shore is an immense rocky promontory, which Senor Garcia said was "Cuata", and belonged to Spain, behind which was a great penitentiary where the Spanish prisoners were sent. Soon we entered the bay of Gibraltar and anchored between the British and Spanish flags and guns. On the the right looms up the great Gibraltar, Britain's "crouched Lion" the greatest fortification in the world. What a sight, and what pen could describe it! How placid and beautiful in peace, but how dreadful in war.

Looking upon this beautiful picture, I recalled that 4-year siege, of so long ago, when France and Spain put forth their combined strength to wrest that great rock from England. And how when England's store of ammunition was almost exhausted, her soldiers converted scrap iron and everything convertible into cannon balls, which they called roasted potatoes, and fired them red hot into the enemy, setting their ships on fire, which ignited others and soon a large portion of the fleet were in flames and thousands were thus destroyed.

On the 5th we reached Algiers and were allowed four hours to see that ancient French city. We were driven through the new portion but went on foot through the old portion as the streets are too narrow, many of which we walked two abreast and some we had to go single file in order to pass the people on both sides. I could not describe the conditions, which must be seen to be appreciated. The streets were literally alive with children, women and old men, children by the thousands, dirty, ragged, intelligent and healthy. Begging, begging everywhere. How so many human beings could live and thrive in such contractive quarters few could believe.

Tonight we are to have the captain's dinner or the farewell dinner, followed with the 3rd ball. The dinners are always fine and made a dress affair but this evening is expected to be brilliant.

May 7th everything is bustle. Many men and some women are crowding into the 1st steward's room to pay their wine bills. Naples is in sight but I must add a few lines about our grand 10 course dinner.

At 8 o'clock the gentlemen and ladies in full dress took their seats. The waiters were in white except their dress coats. The tables shown in beauty. That great dome 20 feet square itself a picture of fresco and carvings was decorated most beautifully with a great rope of paper leaves and flowers. The German and American flags were in great profusion. That great dining room was a blaze of light and beauty. When the captain entered all arose and gave him a hearty welcome. After the ninth course the lights were turned off and we were left in utter darkness for a few moments. Soon we heard the band in the distance and soon they came in single file marching between the tables, followed by 30 or 40 fantastically dressed persons carrying Chinese lanterns and other dim lights. Then the clapping and cheering continued until the darkness swallowed them up. Then the button was pressed and in a few moments the waiters were by our sides with great platters filled with the most delicious dessert. Then the clapping and cheering con-explosions were pulled off and the funny little caps were pulled out and soon the heads of the great crowd were adorned with paper caps of many shapes and colors. Everybody was happy and jolly. When all was over, everybody arose and gave Captain Myers three cheers. The Captain arose wished us all a happy and prosperous tour and a safe return, hoping that we might all meet again.

"DR. OWENS-ADAIR".

DR. ADAIR AT MILAN

VISITS NOTED CATHEDRAL; IS IMPRESSED

Advises Tourists to Visit Milan's Monumental Cemetery Describes Trip fro Venice to Milan

A letter received by the Astorian from Dr. Adair states that the traveler has reached Milan. She writes a pleasing description of that city and her trip there from Venice. The letter follows:

Grand Hotel National Lucerne, May 26, 1911, Editor Astorian—Left Venice for Milan by early train on 24th on that beautiful railroad of 2 miles connecting Venice with the main land. We travel only by fast train which makes few halts. About half way between Venice and Milan we passed the ancient city of Verona, made famous by Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet whose statues are to be seen from the railroad. Verona has a population of 150,000, 50,000 of whom are soldiers—it being one of the strongest fortified cities in Italy. The older part is fortified on all sides and protected by a wide moat. We reached our hotel Cavour, in front of which stands the fine statue of Cavour who united Italy for which his memory is greatly honored. After lunch the carriages were in waiting and we were shown the canal that connects Milan with Venice 250 miles in length. Next was that wonderful cathedral Milan, which differs so much from all other cathedrals. It is third in size, and the best specimen of gothic architecture in the world. It is 500 feet long, 368 feet wide and 327 feet high, has five naves or isles which are formed by immense pillars of solid marble. They are so perfectly set that which ever way you look you will be looking thro' a perfect isle. It reminds me of a beautifully set orchard. This church was built in 1386 and has the largest and most beautiful windows in the world. A friar painted two-thirds of the windows and then died with the secret of the colors, 40 years ago Bartoni discovered the lost colors and painted all the remaining windows but one and then died with his own discovery. Since that window has been painted, but the blue color has not yet been re-discovered, which is easily to be seen. This church has 5000 statues 3600 inside and 1500 out. It has a high altar which is only occupied by the cardinal. It holds 4000. We were taken down below to the tomb or crypt of Sir Charles Barremerio who died in 1584 and was embalmed. The tomb seemed to be in the stream and on a corner of the church. The outside was of solid bronze, beautifully carved. The walls are covered with ancient tapestry of great wealth the dome ceiling of solid silver. The great casket is also of solid silver and beautifully carved and set in jewels. The floor was covered with velvet carpet. Judge of the beautiful effect when the lights were turned on. After we had been given a few moments to wonder and to admire the beauty and grandeur of the surroundings. The attendant began to lower the side of the casket by means of a crank, and there lay the remains

45
of a man that had been preserved for 325 years. He was robed in his rich cardinal vestments, which was literally covered with precious stones. Over his head hung a crown of solid gold sparkling with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. Upon his breast lay a large cross I should judge 6 inches long and suspended from the top of the casket hung another at least four inches both were decorated with diamonds and rubies of large size. Even the large massive ring upon his finger was plainly seen. His stole lay between his arm and side partly hidden, but the upper portion was literally covered with jewels, and those jewels sparkled and glowed and cintilated sending out all the beautiful and brilliant shades and colors of the rainbow. So fascinating was the effect thus produced, that the gruesomeness of the scent was hardly realized. But for what is all this? why should eight millions of dollars be stored up merely to preserve and decorate the remains of one man, great and good though he was. I thought of the good homes that might be provided out in Oregon for thousands of poor people, with eight million dollars. Perhaps it is well that we do not all see alike, who can tell?

We went next to see an old chapel called Santo Maridallagrace, it was built by the Friars in 1400 and contained a celebrated picture of the 'Last Supper' by Michael Angelo. During the French invasion Napoleon used this chapel for his horse barn and his soldiers cut a door under the picture removing the feet of Christ and those of some of his disciples. Next we went to the Opera House, were told that it was the largest in the world seats 4000. The stage is four times larger than the Auditorium. There are five rows of boxes extending clear around the Auditorium these boxes are all owned by the wealthy people, and not for hire. Each contains a private dressing room, gorgeously fitted up. Milan has what I never saw before. It is a "monumental" cemetery, every grave in this cemetery must have a fine monument or tomb, and surely the rule has not been encroached upon, for the wealth and beauty of its artistic statuary would be hard to excel.

I would advise all "sight seers" to be sure to see Milan's monumental cemetery.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

STRAHORN ON HIS TRAIL TO PROTECT TERRITORY

There is to be more railway construction in the Yakima valley and in the immediate North Yakima section. That is the reason Thomas Cooper was here Wednesday and it is also the reason that Robert E. Strahorn is here today. Mr. Cooper is assistant to President Elliott of the Northern Pacific railway. Mr. Strahorn is the representative in this state of the Harriman interests. The Northern Pacific railway has four reasons for some of the reasons. The O. V. R. & N. ticket office in North Yakima is running close to \$8000 per month on its passenger sales and close to \$30,000 per month on its freight receipts. The little incident at Donald recently when an agent on the new line got away with more money than the general public believed the whole receipts of the line to be was another eye opener to many. These things have influenced the Northern Pacific railway. Other influences are the business which has

There are so many things to tell I do not like to stop, but I must.

DR. ADAIR AT BERLIN

VISITS CAPITAL OF GERMAN
EUROPE, PLEASED.

Astorian Writes Charming Descriptive Letter of the Beauties of Monster Park and Beer Garden and Railroad Trip.

The Astorian has received another from Dr. Owens-Adair, written at Berlin, the capital of Germany in Europe. The letter, which contains vivid descriptions of the points of interest, follows:

FRANKFURT A M, June 11 1911
Editor Astorian:—We have seen the great city of Berlin, the Kingdom of Prussia and the German Empire. It is the 3rd city of Europe, population nearly 2 million, and has a garrison of 28,000 soldiers, and is the greatest center for art. Leaving commerce and manufacture in Germany, and with all it is so modern and grand, everything seems on such a broad scale. Think of just one park "Thiergarten", containing 980 acres. I would like to say something of its great beauty, but there are so many things to tell. The "Zoo" has 120 acres, and the animals, birds and fishes—Oh my! it seems to me that there is every kind you ever saw, heard or read of and plenty that you never heard of read of or never will. The very attempt to see it makes you tired. But you can rest your tired feet for there are benches and chairs along the flowery pathways. There are plenty of attractions, even machines in which children can drop in a few pennies and out comes the prize. But there is one attraction that surpasses them all, can you guess? no, well I'll tell you how to find it. Listen for the band and follow the crowd down the broad pathway and there among the beautiful trees you will find, I guess, the biggest beer garden in the world. Beer, beer, beer, smoke, smoke. Well this is Germany, and they believe in it. They are not drunkards, they love no open saloons where they must have a drink to tone up the stomach and get drunk. Their breakfast consists of coffee, bread and butter.

I must tell you about the great "Thor" which was over 100 years ago the great gate way into the city. It was built in 1293, it was modelled after the Propylae at Athens. It has 5 passage ways, the middle way is for "Royalty only." Upon the top of the Thor stands the celebrated chariot of victory which was captured by the French in 1807 but brought back in 1814. The guide after telling us about it with great pride, pointed out the beautiful home right in front in which the minister or "ambassador of France lived. I said that was intended for a joke, he cannot look out of his window without being reminded of your victory and his great defeat, he laughed heartily and said "they will never get it again." When we stopped before the royal palace the guide said, pointing to the street, "Do you see that milk? well don't think we wash our streets

with milk, but we have milk stations where all the milk men must go and there is a man at every station that puts a little tube in every can and if he finds that the milk has been baptized, then he lets it run into the street." Our hotel Atlantic Der Kaiserhof, is a palatial affair, the "lounges" and main living or banquet room are all beautiful in design. The marble walls are 42 feet high. Everything is in the most perfect keeping which must be seen to be appreciated, and when you are seated among these shrubs and flowers at one of these immaculate tables you might imagine you were in the garden of paradise. What can be more interesting than the fragrance of flowers combined with the sweet strains of music. The band always plays during the dinner hours. Of course we went to the royal palace and were shown how plain and simple the royalty live. We took notice of the millions of dollars worth of furnishings. The guide called the Emperor "Billy boy" he said they were proud of him and loved him they called him "Billy boy", and the Empress "Gusta" that was their pet names. The people are very proud of their city and especially of their public buildings. He said they had 8000 students in their university and that 400 were Americans. He said there were many Americans here educating their children. It is claimed that no city has improved more in beauty, wealth and population during the last 20 years than Berlin. But I must not forget the wedding. It seems that we have been quite fortunate in seeing social events, while in Rome the Military were given a grand dress ball at "The Grand Excelsior" our hotel, and now at Berlin a Count and Countess in the large church just across the street from our hotel, carpet was laid from the church to the "Der Kaiserhof" and the wedding party walked over to the banquet hall where the wedding dinner was served while the band was playing. The tables were arranged in the shape of a horse shoe, the bride was a tall blond, not pretty. She was dressed in white satin with a long full train, her veil reached six or eight inches below her train. The groom was dressed in white, his pants were as light as the skin, his coat was trimmed with red and gilt and brass buttons, was quite short and fit as snug as possible, he wore long black boots that came above his knees though the tops were cut sufficiently low in the backs not to interfere with walking. Dancing commenced at 10 o'clock.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

Aug. 1
1911

PARIS, AS SEEN BY DR. OWENS-ADAIR

DRESS OF WOMEN MAKE THE GEATEST IMPRESSION

Customs of The French Appear
Strange To Her Sight-seeing
and The Grand Prix.

ELYSEE PALACE HOTEL Paris
Editor Astorian—Now I must write of Paris. What can I say and where shall I begin? Paris, the most beautiful city in the world, with her 4,000,000, her wealth, her pride, her gayeties and her tragedies. Much has been written by able writers and yet how little do we realize or understand of a people until we are brought in contact with them, and have the opportunity to see and study their habits in their daily life. The French strike me as being a most nervous and excitable people I ever saw, they seem to lay so much stress upon little things; their manners, their dress especially, and their eating and drinking. It is said, and they say themselves, that Paris sets the fashion for the world and when you walk into one of the shops, you are in reality not supposed to have an idea of your own. Of course they listen with all due respect and it is: "Yes, yes, madame, but please to leave it all with us. You see madame, this is our special business, we will please you and you will be perfectly satisfied. We assure you that it will not cost you one cent more than is necessary, believe us madame; and they will show you how necessary this and that and the other thing is to make everything harmonize. And you may be sure that you will come out with an empty purse. Men and women must dress in Paris to have any standing or respectability and they are expected to keep up with the customs and patronize the resorts.

The hotel where you stop bespeaks your position; then every eye is upon your dress. Gentlemen and ladies are expected to appear in evening dress for dinner; now comes the time for the picture display when the dinner is under way which is not before half past eight; all eyes will be keeping lookout toward the door for those "lovely Parisian gowned" ladies to make their appearance. And when they walk up the isle of those gorgeous dining halls, all eyes are gazing upon them, for they are indeed moving pictures, and many of them are dressed, not only elegantly but so thinly that their beautiful forms are seen almost as perfectly as you see those undressed statues in the great picture

galleries. The service for luncheon and dinner is "Table de Hôte" which consists of from 6 to 9 courses. In plain language you are litterly stuffed. You are expected to take wine which is always extra, they will of course

serve ice water when they have to, but it is against their religion. Tea or coffee is never served at table except for breakfast. After dinner all file out into the great reception hall, or the reading or writing rooms, which are beautifully furnished and provided with couches and chairs to suit every taste. As soon as you are seated a dainty little table will be set before you, on which will be a well filled match safe and a silver tray for holding the cigar and cigarette ashes and stumps, and you will be asked in the most polite tones, "what will you have?"

In some of those great reception rooms we find an Oriental "nigger" as black and shining as a newly polished stove. He comes up bowing and smiling and showing his white teeth. If you nod assent he will bring his little table, tray and dainty silver service consisting of coffee pot, lamp and 6 little goblets holding about 2 tablespoonsfull. He lights a spirit lamp which sends out a blaze about 4 inches wide, over this he holds his long handle coffee pot, and in less time that it takes to tell it he is ready to fill the little goblets with a black syrup mixture called Oriental coffee. For this wonderful elixir one half of which is left as sediment you pay one frank, 20c each and the tip, then he lifts your hand, kisses the back of it and with a profound bow goes for another customer, leaving you to sip and sip.

Everything that seems to bear upon the gayeties of this great city, stylish dress takes the lead. If you have anything nice you are expected to wear it that it may be seen, it is not considered ill manners to sit or stand or turn round and look long at a well dressed woman, it is expected and she dresses for that purpose, so it is said. After 10 p. m. the gayeties begin and in many places it continues till daylight. Every body is expected to ride. Taxis and cabs, double and single, going and coming every where. The refreshment places are jammed and crammed and rows of people are sitting out in front from 3 to 5 deep. Everybody eating and drinking and you can cut the cigarette smoke with a knife, and this goes on and on. To illustrate. The other morning I was at an early breakfast; the only other persons were three young Americans and a young French woman who sat near me at the next table. She could speak English very well. She was evidently employed by these young fellows as a chaperon and they were getting ready for an early start. They were ordering a typical U. S. breakfast. One ordered strawberries; then some cream; he evidently had not "caught on," for they use wine on berries. It being much cheaper, the head waiter was called and after a time a jug of whipped cream was produced and he was served with one spoonful. He demanded more and got it; his plate was heaped up with berries and cream, which he preceded to devour with a tablespoon. This convulsed the French woman with laughter in which they all joined. When she asked one of them, "What are you going to do tonight?" and he replied, "I am going to bed." she threw up her hands and rolled her eyes in holy horror, exclaiming, "My

heavens, he says he's going to bed tonight". To say that I enjoyed this little comedy does not express it, it was so illustrative. Sunday is the gay day in Paris. It is everybody's day. June 25 was the greatest day of the year, for it was the day of the great races at the Grand Prix. Thousands came from all over Europe to attend these races; then add a million more from Paris. We went out in a cab just to see the people; we had seen the track before. The vehicles alone were a sight to see. Every kind imaginable. Going at break neck speed, the only wonder was that hundreds were not killed; they are so reckless. The most splendid dresses are worn by the ladies on this great day. I am told that the lady tailors dress beautiful women in their most gorgeous dresses and send them to the races as an advertisement for the most beautifully dressed woman on that day set the fashion for the season. I must say a few words before closing about the great Palace Versailles. It was begun by Louis XIII in 1627. Many books have been written about this the home of so many kings and potentates of France, including Louis and Marie Antoninette. The best view of this great product of toil and untold millions, can be obtained from the garden to which it presents a facade of a quarter of a mile in length. The guide said that Louis had at one time for many months 20,000 men and 10,000 teams working on this palace, and that every peasant was required to give 3 hours time each day, without pay. It is any wonder that the people revolted? It was here that he was arrested and condemned to the ax. I looked up thro' the secret stair by which Marie made her escape, only to be arrested; saw the glass in her dressing room in which she looked and saw herself before being beheaded. I looked and saw my head separate from my body too but I am not melancholy for I know I am not in danger of having my head "chopped off" by a dozen people.

So many historical events have taken place in this palace. England recognized our independence and signed the treaty here in Sept. 1783. This was the home of Napoleon 1st, many of his personal effects are here and many beautiful presents from various countries. The Palace contains untold wealth which was once owned by royalty, but it now belongs to the country and is cared for by the government. And the grounds, which contains thousands of acres are kept for a public park. It contains an orange grove of 1200 trees. One is said to date back to 1400. In one of the old royal stables we saw many of the carriages and sleighs of the early kings. The finest was the carriage in which Napoleon rode with Josephine. Next to it stood the one in which he rode with his second wife. I saw the rooms on the 5th floor where Napoleon lived when he was a student; saw his tomb which is the finest in the world, still guarded by old soldiers. Before leaving the Palace we walked along a shady roadway, bordered on one side by a lovely little lake, fringed

with shrubs and flowers, which brought us to several little houses made to represent a little farm where Marie Antonette played farmer and had people making butter and raising chickens, and she ran around here in silk dresses and gold slippers playing farming, and passed her happiest days. The little lake was alive with carp, the children were feeding them with bread. They were so thick they were tumbling over each other. I never saw anything like it. There are so many things to tell I do not like to stop but I must.

Dr. Owens-Adair.

YAKIMA GIRL IN TOUR OF EUROPE

Miss Vera Hill Writes Interest- ing Account of Experiences in Italian Cities

Miss Vera Hill, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. J. Hill, 210 North Third street, who departed early in April, accompanying her grandmother on a trip to Europe, has been recently in Italy. In a letter to her parents, Miss Hill gives the following interesting account of the things she has seen:

"Tuesday morning we left Naples early, amid pouring rain, and started out to the Island of Capri by means of a little steamer. It was a ride of about an hour and a half across the bay of Naples. We were very fortunate that the wind was not blowing, and also, incidentally, that it had stopped raining by the time we reached the Blue Grotto, so we were able to enter without any trouble—a thing you cannot do if the sea is the least bit choppy.

"The Blue Grotto is on the Island of Capri, and only a little way from the city of that name. We were all piled into little boats rowed by barefooted Italians, only two being allowed in each boat. At the entrance of the cave we all had to lie down in the bottom of the boats while we were pulled through the entrance by means of a chain which extended from the outside to the inside. You see, the opening is just large enough to allow the boats to pass through, and so the boatman pulls this chain and we are whizzed through in a second. It is dark inside, simply being a large natural cave. The water, however is the peculiar part of the whole thing. It is of a light blue and sort of phosphorescent in nature, as it lights up the whole cave with a peculiar blue glare, and also causes the water to have that same effect, which is made all the more beautiful because of its clearness.

"Returning to the steamer, we went on to Marina Capri, where we took the cable car to the city of Capri, which is on top of the high cliff overlooking the water. The ascent is very steep and the distance one mile. We had lunch at a quaint little hotel there and then wandered around a beautiful garden, even though it was not very large, now and then picking a flower we happened to fancy.

"The town is a typical little country place, but very picturesque. The people here in Italy are so different than I had imagined them. When one speaks of an Italian in our country one generally pictures a villainous-looking person with ferocious, heavy whiskers. They have the latter, but they do not seem at all ferocious. In fact, I think that the Italians would be a close second to the French in politeness. Of course I am no judge, not having seen France yet, but grandmother and I both agree that we are very agreeably surprised over the Italian race.

"About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we took the steamer again for Sorrento, and arrived there at about one o'clock the next morning. We immediately fell in love with it. We landed at a little private pier of the Tramontane, and took the lift to get up to the town. It is a distance of about 240 feet. One side of the hotel is on the edge of this high cliff and the other faces the town, all the gardens being there. We went immediately to our rooms, which were exceedingly beautiful. Ours was large and somber, caused partly by the dark, rich wall paper and high, heavy curtains, which partly shielded the windows. It was about dusk, and I shall never forget the impression I received when I stepped in. It was as if I had returned

and also the old chapel and cloister of the monks, just as they used to be many hundreds of years ago. We had a lovely lunch and then went on, just catching our train at Cava. We reached Naples at 6:30, tired out, but regretting not one minute of our drive.

"The next morning we saw Pompeii, and I was very enthusiastic over it. I always am over such things. The only thing that dampened my ardor was the heat and the endless tramping over pavements which, even though they were over 2000 years old, made one tired.

"We took an afternoon train to Rome, arriving here at 5:30. We have a beautiful room, overlooking the gardens of the 'Queen Mother.' The Excelsior is a regular palace in itself.

"Oh, we have seen so much here in Rome—first, the Vatican, where the famous Raphael and Michael Angelo rooms are. The Vatican is the residence of the popes and the largest palace in the world, containing 11,000 rooms. Of course we have seen the Forum, Coliseum, and countless cathedrals—St. Peter's, St. John's, Quirinale, St. Maria del Angela, St. Pietro Invinculo, Santa Maria Maggiore and the chapel of the Holy Staircase.

"The last is the most interesting to me, as it contains the staircase on which Christ is said to have gone up and down three times during His trial.

"We went to Tivoli in motor cars, stopping on our way to see the ruins of Hadrian's villa and the villa of some old cardinal, in which were the most beautiful gardens imaginable. There were magnificent fountains everywhere one turned, and immense big cypress trees which were several hundred years old.

"Last Sunday night there was a big ball here in the hotel, given in honor of the military officers who are here from several countries on account of the exposition which is being held at Rome. It was certainly a grand affair. The women were magnificently gowned and the officers looked very handsome in their bright uniforms. I was very glad to have seen it.

"Yesterday we saw the departure of the Grand Duke of Russia, and also saw the king and queen. Unfortunately they were hurrying by in motors, so I did not get a chance to speak to either of them.

"We went out to the exposition grounds today. It is given in honor of the semi-centennial of the uniting of Italy, and there are buildings there of the different countries. I am ashamed to say that our good old U. S. A. has the poorest one of all. It is an humble little affair of red brick, and has just a few paintings inside.

"We leave for Florence in the morning on a 9 o'clock train, so I must close. Remember me to everyone."

DRINK MUCH; NEVER DRUNK

**Dr. Owens Adair Says Reason Is
Germans Drink With Their
Meals**

MUNICH BEAUTIFUL CITY OF PARKS

**Boats Go Under Low Bridges
Across Elbe by Ducking Smoke-
stacks—Guides Use Many Sub-
terfuges to Get Money**

Berlin, June 4, 1911.

To the Editor of the Herald:

I have been writing, by request, for the "Astorian" since I left on this trip, and as I have just finished a communication and have some time to spare, I thought you might not object to a few notes from this great city. But as yet I can tell you nothing of Berlin, as we only arrived last night. The Cook tours are so arranged that we only travel by day trains, giving us the opportunity of studying the country as well as the cities and people.

My last letter to the Astorian was from Lucern, the most beautiful and one of the largest cities in Switzerland, as well as one of the greatest tourist cities of Europe. The city is surrounded by the Alps and the beautiful lake of Lucern, which is 1500 feet above the sea level. It is selected by hundreds of thousands every year and is a city of hotels in keeping with the demands. But I have already said so much about Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan and Lucern that I cannot think of repeating anything of them just now, but will extract a few notes from the Astorian, as that is easier for it is a continuation of our trip. From Lucern we went to "The Rhine Falls." I was not impressed. I consider the Willamette Falls at Oregon City superior—they are three times as wide. But this is a great place of resort and there are many hotels.

Beautiful Scenery

Our hotel, beautiful hotel, the Bell-view, and the surrounding grounds of several acres are especially fine. The winding roads, tiny waterfalls, shady and cozy nooks, and many attractive resting places, along the way to the river bank, under or below the falls where one can sit and watch the water as it comes leaping down over the rocks, making beautiful rainbows that float away to be repeated over and over again. Every night the falls are lighted up with electricity, adding much to their beauty. We remained for one day only and were off for Venice.

The Rhine forms the dividing line between Switzerland and Lombardy, which, like the other provinces, is a part of Germany. We traveled two hours of the night by boat on Lake Constance. The shores of this beautiful lake are owned for three miles by three different countries, Switzerland, Germany and Austria. The running water is neutral and may be used by any ship, coming or going. The country is very beautiful as the land is more level and there are more large farms. There is much more timber than in either Italy or Switzerland, and in fact that it destroyed and is very tree so that from Germany and Austria the timber is brought in.

It has many artificial waterfalls and is greatly appreciated by the people.

Dresden is a beautiful city, especially the new portion, "New Dresden" as it is called. Its population is about 500,000. This city differs from Venice in religion, as only a few are Catholics and the most are Lutherans and Jews. The royal family are Catholics but there are only three churches of that denomination in the city. The palace and the cathedral are connected by a passageway.

Elopement of Princess

About eight years ago the wife of the present king, who was then a prince, ran away with the children's music teacher. They had five children and the sixth was born in Italy. The government took the child away from the mother, but has to pay her \$7500 per year. The people consider it a great loss and a disgrace, as the king has never married again. We were shown the carriage in which she rode upon her wedding day. It is never used now. We saw one of Napoleon's carriages and several other ancient vehicles. I counted 36 carriages besides automobiles, hunting traps and baggage outfits. The guide said that there were only a few of the king's 300.

We were shown the king's silver, china, glassware and table linen; not only thousands but millions of dollars worth. The guide told us that it all belonged to the king, but upon his death it would all go back to the government, to be used by the kings that were to follow.

Dresden lies on both sides of the Elbe river which is very swift and is crossed many times by solid stone bridges, which look as though they would stand for thousands of years. They are all built after the same order, the old style, with piers and archways. I have not seen a single bridge with less than six archways. The river is very wide and is navigable.

Polite Smokestack

While sitting at a table waiting for my breakfast one morning and looking at the people coming and going across one of these bridges, I saw a steamer coming down loaded with people and towing five large barges. The current was very swift and as I glanced at the smokestack I held my breath. In another moment I saw the stack begin leaning down towards the deck and under she came and up went the smokestack. In other words the smokestack made a polite bow and passed under. Now why could this plan not be adopted in Oregon especially at Portland where thousands are held up daily and hourly by river boats? Why could they not give a salute, make a bow and pass under and receive a blessing from those above? I have been compelled to wait at Young's Bay bridge and at Warrenton, from 20 to 30 minutes on little Tiddy, and I am sure that one of these boats is three times as large as Tiddy.

Clever Guide

We greatly appreciate our guides about the city as they are so informative. It is very amusing to see the guides will manage to get tourists to spend a little money. Yesterday while riding through the park in Dresden the guide said, "horses must have a rest." We had been going slowly and had been on less than an hour, "so we will stop at a most beautiful place where they always have fine music. The rest will do you good and you will feel better." He spoke to the driver in German and he answered "coffee." He ushered us into a big beer garden and soon had us seated around a big table. "Now," he said, "ices, lemonades or anything you like. We have selected, he included the bill, me and of course. American gentlemen is always to the fore, including the tip. And we all "feel better."

DR. OWEN ADAIR.

PARIS, AS SEEN BY DR. OWENS-ADAIR

DRESS OF WOMEN MAKE THE GREATEST IMPRESSION

Customs of The French Appear
Strange To Her Sight-seeing
and The Grand Prix.

ELYSEE PALACE HOTEL Paris
Editor Astorian—Now I must write of Paris. What can I say and where shall I begin? Paris, the most beautiful city in the world, with her 4,000,000, her wealth, her pride, her gayeties and her tragedies. Much has been written by able writers and yet how little do we realize or understand of a people until we are brought in contact with them, and have the opportunity to see and study their habits in their daily life. The French strike me as being a most nervous and excitable people I ever saw, they seem to lay so much stress upon little things; their manners, their dress especially, and their eating and drinking. It is said, and they say themselves, that Paris sets the fashion for the world and when you walk into one of the shops, you are in reality not supposed to have an idea of your own. Of course they listen with all due respect and it is: "Yes, yes, madame, but please to leave it all with us. You see madame, this is our special business, we will please you and you will be perfectly satisfied. We assure you that it will not cost you one cent more than is necessary, believe us madame; and they will show you how necessary this and that and the other thing is to make everything harmonize. And you may be sure that you will come out with an empty purse. Men and women must dress in Paris to have any standing or respectability and they are expected to keep up with the customs and patronize the resorts.

The hotel where you stop bespeaks your position; then every eye is upon your dress. Gentlemen and ladies are expected to appear in evening dress for dinner; now comes the time for the picture display when the dinner is under way which is not before half past eight; all eyes will be keeping lookout toward the door for those "lovely Parisian gowned" ladies to make their appearance. And when they walk up the isle of those gorgeous dining halls, all eyes are gazing upon them, for they are indeed moving pictures, and many of them are dressed, not only elegantly but so thinly that their beautiful forms are seen almost as perfectly as you see those undressed statues in the great picture

galleries. The service for luncheon and dinner is "Table de Hôte" which consists of from 6 to 9 courses. In plain language you are literally stuffed. You are expected to take wine which is always extra, they will of course serve ice water when they have to, but it is against their religion. Tea or coffee is never served at table except for breakfast. After dinner all file out into the great reception hall, or the reading or writing rooms, which are beautifully furnished and provided with couches and chairs to suit every taste. As soon as you are seated a dainty little table will be set before you, on which will be a well filled match safe and a silver tray for holding the cigar and cigarette ashes and stumps, and you will be asked in the most polite tones, "what will you have?"

In some of these great reception rooms we find an Oriental "nigger" as black and shining as a newly polished stove. He comes up bowing and smiling and showing his white teeth. If you nod assent he will bring his little table, tray and dainty silver service consisting of coffee pot, lamp and 6 little goblets holding about 2 tablespoonsfull. He lights a spirit lamp which sends out a blaze about 4 inches wide, over this he holds his long handle coffee pot, and in less time that it takes to tell it he is ready to fill the little goblets with a black syrup mixture called Oriental coffee. For this wonderful elixir one half of which is left as sediment you pay one frank, 20c each and the tip, then he lifts your hand, kisses the back of it and with a profound bow goes for another customer, leaving you to sip and sip.

Everything that seems to bear upon the gayeties of this great city, stylish dress takes the lead. If you have anything nice you are expected to wear it that it may be seen, it is not considered ill manners to sit or stand or turn round and look long at a well dressed woman, it is expected and she dresses for that purpose, so it is said. After 10 p. m. the gayeties begin and in many places it continues till daylight. Every body is expected to ride. Taxis and cabs, double and single, going and coming every where. The refreshment places are jammed and crammed and rows of people are sitting out in front from 3 to 5 deep. Everybody eating and drinking and you can cut the cigarette smoke with a knife, and this goes on and on. To illustrate. The other morning I was at an early breakfast; the only other persons were three young Americans and a young French woman who sat near me at the table. She could speak English very well. She was evidently employed by these young fellows as a chaperon and they were getting ready for an early start. They were ordering a typical U. S. breakfast. One ordered strawberries; then some cream; he evidently had not "caught on," for they use wine on berries. It being much cheaper, the head waiter was called and after a time a jug of whipped cream was produced and he was served with one spoonful. He demanded more and got it; his plate was heaped up with berries and cream, which he proceeded to devour with a tablespoon. This

vulsed the French woman with laughter in which they all joined. When she asked one of them "What are you going to do tonight?" and he replied, "I am going to bed," she threw up her hands and rolled her eyes in holy horror, exclaiming, "My heaven! he says he's going to bed tonight." To say that the

& CO.
Tailors

LIVES IN AS-
S WORKING
SUITS AT

Portland, Oregon. Dec 11 1906

Dr Owens & Dair

Warrenton Or

My dear friend of many years

When you told me you was writing a book I anticipated much pleasure with its issue and so I lost no time in securing a copy

To say that I am delighted does not fully express my state of mind as I turn from page to page in its perusal and I want to lose no time in adding to your own satisfaction by telling you of my great pleasure. Your story of your child life and of your career as the years have rolled by carries me back to a dating of our own intimate and continuous friendship of almost forty years duration.

You write as you talk and as you

PLUMMER DRUG CO.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES
TRUSSES, RUBBER GOODS, ETC.

PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS

THIRD AND MADISON STS.

(2)

Portland, Oregon.

1901

always did talk, frankly, plainly
and entertainingly. Especially so to
the friends of the earlier times who
are so frequently reminded of the peoples
and occurrences of the earlier days
as well as of the later times and
changes in our Oregon country

I accept my kindest regards and best
wishes for yet many years of happiness
as well as of usefulness for I opine that
you will while life holds out be busy,
and in good ways as of old.

Yours truly

O P S Plummer

GLORIOUS VENICE

Miss Vera Hill Writes to The Republic of Her Visit to That Wonderful Italian City—Picturesque Gondolas and Tiny Steamer "Street Cars"—Palace of the Doges and St. Mark's Cathedral—Giant Staircase and Dungeon Where Byron Sought Inspiration.

"Hotel Royal Danieli, Venice, May 23.

"Editor Republic: As my grandmother has been urging me to write a few lines to your paper so long and so persistently, at last I have taken a few minutes to try to satisfy her. I am sitting here with set teeth and a horrible scowl on my face, as one's first letter of this sort is a terrible undertaking and a bugbear. We have only two days in this city of romance and poetry—much too short a time for all of us, I think, for we stayed a day too long in Florence. However, I feel as if we have seen Venice and its surroundings pretty well for such a flying visit.

"Of course we arrived in Venice at night—what tourist does not if he is able to do so? After we had passed over the two-mile bridge that connects this wonderful city with the outer world, we walked hastily down the long pavement to the entrance of the station, impatient to catch our first glimpse of the real life of Venice. Such a scene as greeted our eyes!! Unfortunately there was no moon, but the lights from the houses and boats reflected in shimmering colors upon the water, making it look like a fairyland. However, I cared nothing at that moment for the beauty of the surroundings, as my eyes were glued to the graceful black gondolas which were gently hobbling up and down by the stone steps. The scene was just as I had imagined it, only increased in beauty three-fold. The 25-minute ride to the hotel seemed like only a moment to me, as I was in the seventh heaven of delight during all the ride. We moved up the grand canal, passing every now and then little steamers which take the place of street cars. Soon we branched off into a smaller canal, under bridges and past picturesque homes, until we finally reached our hotel.

"We found our room a spacious one overlooking the Grand Basin, which was dotted by the lights of ships of every description, from a man-of-war to the smallest kind of a gondola. The next morning we started out at 10, walking around the corner to St. Mark's cathedral and the ducal palace. I can't understand why people say that Venice is disappointing in the daytime. I think it is just as fascinating as by night, as it is so busy. Shrill steamer whistles mingle with the musical cries of the gondoliers, and the shops are so alluring! Ah, but the grandeur of St. Mark's, and the ducal palace! The latter borders on the Piazzetta, a square just in front of the big square of St. Mark, one side being open to the sea. On this side are two stately columns, spoils brought back from the east by the Venetians, each upholding a statute. On one is St. Theodore and on the other the Winged Lion of St. Mark. In olden times prisoners were hanged on a scaffold which was erected between these two columns. The guide laughingly told us that Venetians never used the phrase, 'go hang yourself,' but, instead, used the phrase which translated means, 'go walk between St. Mark and Theodore,' or, in other words, drown yourself.

"We then went into the ducal palace, which for more than 100 years was the residence of the doges. Leading to the second floor is the Giant staircase, adorned on either side at the top by statues of Mars and Neptune. Between these figures on the topmost stair the doges were inaugurated into sovereignty. As we stood at the top looking down into the court, the closing line of Byron's tragedy of Marino Faliero came to my mind, 'The gory head rolled down the giant steps.'

"We went through countless rooms, too beautiful and numerous to attempt to describe. One is the largest in Europe, 40 feet high by 80x180 feet, and has no supports of any kind. Here also is that immense picture of 'The Glory of Paradise,' by Jacobo and Tintoretto, which has 700 figures in it.

"We went through a narrow passageway to the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the ducal palace with the dungeons. The latter are still used as prisons. We went down into the dungeons of the palace, dark, moldy little places; bare, except for a slab of stone for a bed. In one of the dungeons

THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTOR

JOLLY LETTER FROM DR. B. OWENS ADAIR

DESCRIBES JOURNEY TO EM-
PIRE CITY AND OREGON'S
COMING MONTE CARLO

"Warrenton, Or., Nov. 13, 1908.

"Editor Astorian:—You asked me for a report of my trip to the Empire City. Here are a few brief notes: I left Portland at 8:45 p. m., reached Drain 2:30. Took the four-horse stage at 5:30 a. m.

"A traveling man began, at once, to tell me what a fearful trip was ahead of us. I laughed at the very idea. 'Well,' said he, 'you will see the worst road you ever saw in your life.' 'Oh, nonsense,' I replied, 'you don't know what you are talking about. My mother went over this road when she was 87 and lived over it. You just wait till February or March and then you might have something to worry about. I really expect to make this a pleasure trip,' and to me it was.

"Everybody was accommodating and the hotel accommodations were excellent. The Southern Pacific has staked out most of its right of way from Drain to Scotsburg and has done a great deal of substantial work in the way of bridging, tunneling, grading, etc. There are thousands of ties and bridge timbers piled along the road for future use.

"We reached Elkton at 11 a. m., dinner (16 miles).

"Changed horses and were soon off for Scotsburg, 20 miles away, where we arrived at 5:30. We drove on the only street of that old, dirty, sleepy town, to the new clean hotel at the boat landing. The hotel had been a saloon, but when the town went dry it changed its name and occupation. It now feeds the inner man with good well-cooked food, instead of dealing out 'hell and damnation.' The barroom is used for an office and reception room. Everything seemed to have been left just as it had been, except that which it had been intended to quench the thirst, but in reality to increase it.

"He himself was accommodating

resort of the northwest. It is whispered that it is to be the second Monte Carlo of the world. Mr. Simpson is the son of the millionaire mill and lumber man. He is a fine handsome young man. It was he who built up North Bend. And he has bought a strip of land along the coast, south of Empire, which contains hundreds of acres. He has cleared a wide strip along the county road for an electric line. He has planked three miles where his road leaves the county road. It is claimed that he has spent several hundred thousand dollars on this project. He has cleared and ploughed some 20 or 30 acres of ground which is to be laid out in an artistic garden after some English pattern.

"He has built a fine large house fronting both to and from the ocean; a large barn where he keeps his driving harness and five race horses. A fine electric plant run by water power, which lights the house, barn and grounds. He is also building a race-track. The house is built on a high cliff of solid rock not more than 25 or 30 feet from the brink. This is certainly a spot of beauty and grandeur, such as I never saw before. I was reminded as I stood on the brink of that wonderful abyss, listening to the roar of those mighty billows as they came rushing on and on only to beat themselves into froth and fury against that solid perpendicular wall, of those poor crazed victims who, after losing their all, had rushed out and jumped over the cliff at Monte Carlo. There could be no better place than this for the last leap. The body would be ground into atoms, as are the shells of the deep, which are being cast upon the sands, and are now being utilized for beautifying the driveways and pathways around and through the grounds.

"I prophesy that if this young man gets his hands upon his father's millions he will make himself famous as the originator of one of the greatest resorts of the world.

"DR. B. OWENS-ADAIR."

TADICE ON TODAORO

111
10
101

to
it

nd
he
ey
es

10
rs
ss
i.

in
of
ey
en

no
ai
no
zio

the
the
in
N
an

ola
e
u
u
n
a
o

e
 n
 m
 o
 l
 b
 t
 e
 y
 e

2000

1
2
3

1

THE PEOPLES' FORUM.

This column is opened to the people to express their views, so long as no personalities are entered into. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the paper. Signatures will not be published if requested not to do so, but must always accompany the article as evidence of good faith.

Dr. Adair M. Anthwerp
Antwerp, June 20, 1911.
Editor the Herald:

Here is the most beautiful city in the world, and in my room at the "Elysee Palace Hotel," one of the great hotels of Paris, I will look over my notes and try to recall some of the things that I saw in that little kingdom of Belgium. So small and yet so rich in antiquity, money and population.

Antwerp is one of the most important seaports in Europe. Its waterfront on the Scheldt is always crowded with shipping, as to her dock come ships from all over the world. While taking that beautiful drive along the quays and looking out upon the beautiful arrangement for docking those great ships as they come through their slips, I read "Canadian Pacific" upon a great warehouse. I said, "For goodness' sake does she require such a large building as that?" The guide replied, "Yes madam, this is one of the shipping ports of the world. Just look for yourself. All those buildings as far as you can see are all warehouses."

We were driving on a beautiful stone pavement. The guide told us that the river had at one time extended far up into the city, but that they had built out and filled in, making the bay both larger and more beautiful, and at the same time obtaining much building space.

This was where we saw the famous Flemish horses, beside which our horses look like colts, and, we were told that they were so kind and gentle that they never cause any trouble. These horses are driven by one rein which guides them to the right, obeying the voice for the left. They are well kept and are very beautiful.

We saw the homes of Reuben and Van Dyke and their statues and great works in the Cathedral. The people here consider them the greatest artists that the world ever knew. Their home pride is very strong. We also visited the Royal Museum which contains a great collection of the work of art. There we saw representative of the great nations carved in wood. The guide pointed out Pocahontus as the representative of America, but I could not see any resemblance to an Indian maiden.

These people are tearing down the old buildings and are rebuilding on the latest improved plan. They do not seem to reverence the ancient buildings. In fact, the guide told us that in a few years all the "old dirty buildings" would be done away with. "We want a beautiful city," I said, "and besides these old places are unsanitary." I remarked that that sound like an American and he laughed and replied that Brussels was often called an American city.

[illegible]

Mayor Performs Ceremony

But I must not allow myself to be

I believe that this is a wise law and that our country would do well to adopt it. It would save a lot of trouble and much wrongdoing.

You can well understand the feelings produced while standing upon that great monument and looking off upon that historic field, while the guide pointed out the cross roads and other special points, just where each general stood and explained how and why those great armies fought hand to hand, taking and giving and retaking the vantage ground, and just where the great Napoleon was forced to flee. But space will not permit, so it must be left for the future.

DR. OWENS ADAM.

RAILROAD FREIGHT MAN

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

If you have never met Dr. Owens-Adair, you have a treat in store. She is like a gleam of sunshine on a dark day. She is like a refreshing and exhilarating sea breeze. Her eyes twinkle and gleam with humor, and time puts on his running shoes and goes swiftly when she talks of early days in Oregon. She has what is often talked about but is comparatively rare—personal magnetism. To talk to her is like the play of sparks when steel is struck on flint.

She drove me out to her farm near Warrenton, in Clatsop county, a day or two ago. I intended to spend an hour. Before I knew it the morning was gone and I stayed to take pot luck with her for lunch. She had gotten up before 5 that morning, had driven to the beach and dug two big pails of clams—so pot luck meant fried clams, peas, potatoes and gravy, homemade bread and butter, sweet pickles, sago pudding and a heaping dish of freshly gathered wild salmon berries with cream on them, so thick it would hardly pour. After lunch we walked all over her beautiful farm, and in the afternoon she took me out driving to see the country. My hour's visit lasted all day, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

You can't put talk in words—you can't get the slow and solemn ticking of the old-fashioned clock in, nor the snapping of the driftwood logs in the huge old-fashioned fireplace; nor can you get the frequent smiles and the merry laughter in your story. Though much that was most interesting in our all-day talk will have to be left out, nevertheless I am going to try to give here and there a sidelight that will give an idea of the wonderfully interesting life of Dr. Owens-Adair.

"My name—how I used to hate it when I was a little girl," she said, "is Bethenia Angeline Owens. I finally tolerated it, and now I rather like it, as it is so unusual. I used to be 'Beth' when I was a little tot, unless they wanted to tease me, when I was called Bethenia. When I was little they said I was a regular little tomboy; sometimes they used a harsher term, and said I was a regular little devil. I never was afraid of anything. Long before I ever had a pair of shoes I would get on the up-hill side of a horse, catch it by the mane and putting my big toe above its knee I would scramble on. If it dumped me off I would get it cornered and up I would crawl again until, in sheer disgust, the horse would give up and let me stay on. All my life all of my relatives, friends and acquaintances have been ashamed of me. I have been a thorn in their flesh simply because I wanted to live my own life in my own way, and I have done it, too.

"My father, Thomas Owens, is of Welch descent, though both he and my mother were born in Kentucky. My mother was one of the best educated women I ever saw, though she couldn't read nor write. I have seen too many educated fools to think that reading or writing makes one educated. She was self-reliant and resourceful, and could do with what she had and keep cheerful. You could sit her down in the trackless woods, and she could start like a bee for its hive, or a carrier pigeon to its home. She never owned a watch in her life, but she could tell the time by the sun within five or ten minutes. She knew directions by the stars or the moss on the trees. She could do a lot with a little, while nowadays any a woman who has a lot does mighty little. My father built us a cabin and then got work splitting rails. Mother cut the sod and made a chimney and a fireplace. She helped split the shakes for the roof. We had no nails, nor did we have money to get them. So they tied poles across the roof to hold the shakes on and fastened the poles with ropes made from the inner bark of the hemlock twisted or braided. In place of nails, everything was pegged together with pegs. Mother had brought some flaxseed with her, and soon she had flax growing. She

rotted it and of the fiber made thread, and soon we had good elk hide shoes. She traded the linen thread to the Indians for salmon. They made nets of her home-made flax thread. Often whales would drift onto the beach, and the Indians would try out their blubber. They traded this whale oil to mother for flax. She put the whale oil in a cracked cup and a burning rag in the oil gave us our light. If there was no whale oil she used bear grease or melted elk fat for her oil lamp.

"My father and mother moved from Kentucky to Missouri, so I am Kentucky bred but Missouri born. I was born in Van Buren county on the seventh day of February, 1840.

"The Kentucky blood of my father and mother called for change and adventure. Missouri was too tame so long as there was a newer country to go to, so with the first wagon train of 1843 they started for Oregon. The Oregon emigrants met near Independence, Mo., to organize. We were with the Applegate party. Peter H. Burnett of Weston, Mo., was there with a party from the Platt purchase. T. D. Kaiser had a party, so did Daniel Matheny and Jesse Looney. There were over a hundred wagons in the party, and nearly a thousand people. At the Big Blue river the company was divided into two sections. Not only was it a problem in so large a company to graze the oxen, but many of the emigrants had loose stock, so there were several thousand cattle in the train.

"Jesse Applegate was in command of our train after the Big Blue was crossed. They called it the cow column. I was a little tot about 3½ years old. I had black hair and shiny black eyes, and was full of life and go. Jesse Applegate took a great liking to me. He would carry me for miles perched on his shoulder. He was as good as he was homely. He was so homely that he would never have his picture taken. We landed in an Indian canoe at Tansy Point, now called Flavel, on Christmas day, 1843. Father had 50 cents in money, but both father and mother had plenty of courage. Father was 35 years old. He was a natural woodsman, and a lightning striker at splitting rails. He had been deputy sheriff in Kentucky at 16 years of age, and had proved his courage thoroughly during the eight years he held office as deputy and later as sheriff, so they had no fears for the future. In less than two years he became the first sheriff of Clatsop county. The old donation land claim father took up in 1843 he later sold to Judge Cyrus Olney."

June 13,
1914

60

BONVILLE'S WESTERN MONTHLY
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
V. C. BEAN
EDITOR

427 MARQUAM BUILDING PORTLAND OREGON

July 13th, 1909.

Dr Owens Adair,
Warrenton, Oregon.

Dear Madam:-

Your letter of the 5th is at hand. I very much regret that you failed to receive the first copy of the magazine which I sent you. We had one mailed at once, a second copy, which I trust you have received ere this.

I very much appreciate the cordiality with which you received my letter, and am looking forward with great pleasure to the time when you return to Portland. I would be glad indeed however, if we might have a short article from you at once for our "Joust". I realize that it is asking a great deal to expect a person spending the Summer on a farm with an as an attractive name as yours is, to spare the time for ink pots and pens, but if you would let me have three or four hundred words penciled in a scratch book

BONVILLE'S WESTERN MONTHLY
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT
V. C. BEAN
EDITOR

427 MARQUAM BUILDING PORTLAND OREGON

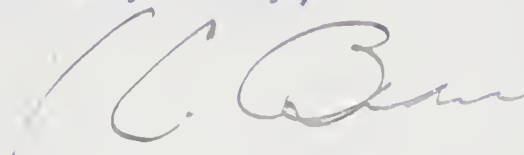
Sept. 1st, 1909.

Dr. Owens Adair,
Warrenton, Ore.

Dear Dr. Adair:

I do not want to seem too insistent, but I feel that your very kind last letter has given me an opportunity to approach you again. I will mail you tomorrow a copy of our September issue. Dr. Vandyke has another article in the "The Joust", similar in nature to the one which appeared before. I do not know what your plans are, nor when your summer vacation ends, but we will be very glad whenever you find it possible to let us have a contribution from you.

Yours very truly,

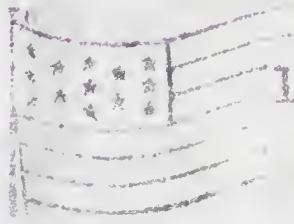


★ Photocopy of the backs of envelopes → ★
2/4/2020

STATE OF WASHINGTON

SENATE CHAMBER

WALTER J. REED
Fifteenth District.
North Yakima



Dr. Owens Adair
Warrenton
Oregon

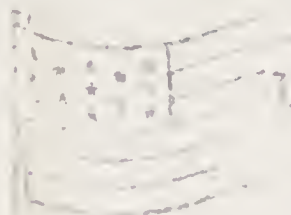
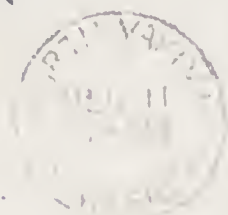
11/14/1907
W. J. Reed

11/14/1907

STATE OF WASHINGTON

SENATE CHAMBER

WALTER J. REED
Fifteenth District.
North Yakima



Dr. Owens Adair

Warrenton

Oregon

[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text, possibly a letter or note, with a small brown mark above it.]

EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OREGON DIES AT HIS HOME
IN THIS CITY.



CHARLES W. FULTON.

C. W. FULTON DEAD

Ex-U. S. Senator Passes Away
at Portland Home.

WIDOW AND SON SURVIVE

Deceased for Many Years Active
Figure in Politics of Oregon and
in Later Years of Life Promi-
nent in Affairs of Nation.

(Continued From First Page.)

began his education in the public schools, later continuing his studies in the high school at Magnolia, the county seat. In 1870, when 17 years of age, he accompanied his parents on their removal to Portland City, where he

bearers and in shaping its policies. He was a member of and attended the last three successive National Republican conventions in 1908, 1912 and 1916.

PORTLAND, ORE.

CHARLES W. FULTON, EX-SENATOR, DEAD

Statesman Passes Away
at Portland Home.

CAREER OF ACTIVITY IS ENDED

Death Follows Illness of Only
Few Months.

WIDOW AND SON SURVIVE

Deceased for Many Years Active
Figure in Politics of Oregon and
in Later Years of Life Promi-
nent in Affairs of Nation.

Charles W. Fulton, ex-United States Senator from Oregon, prominent lawyer, and for many years an active figure in the politics of the

TRIBUTE IS PAID TO LATE MR. FULTON

Simple but Impressive Funeral
Services Held for Former
United States Senator.

MANY FRIENDS PRESENT

Members of Bar, Federal, State,
County and City Officials and
Associates of Dead Statesman
Gather to Pay Last Tribute.

In appropriate keeping with the unpretentious character of the man, simple but impressive funeral services for the late Charles W. Fulton, ex-United States Senator, were conducted yesterday afternoon at the family residence, 686 Weidler street. A feeling and eloquent eulogy, pronounced by Thomas A. McBride, Chief Justice of the Oregon Supreme Court, and a fervent prayer, offered by Rev. Joshua Stansfield, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, were the extent of the exercises.

Members of the bar, Federal, state, county and city officials, personal and political friends and associates of the dead lawyer and statesman made up the large assemblage that gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to one who was highly regarded and esteemed by all who knew him. The floral pieces were numerous and beautiful.

The body will be taken to Astoria this morning, where the Elk lodge of that city will have charge of the services preceding interment in Oceanview Cemetery. Paul Chamberlin, exalted ruler of the Portland lodge, yesterday named the following past exalted rulers as an escort of honor to accompany the body from the home to the train at 8 o'clock this morning: K. K. Kubli, W. R. McDonald, Harry G. Allen, Gus C. Moser, Dr. E. A. Marshall, C. C. Bradley, D. Solis Cohen, H. D. Griffin, Dr. T. L. Perkins and Alex Sweek.

Elks to Accompany Body.

Mr. Chamberlin has also named the following committee of prominent Portland Elks to accompany the body to Astoria and attend the funeral services there today: Judge Martin L. Pipes, W. C. Bristol, John B. Yeon, W. J. Furnish, Judge Henry E. McGinn, Edward Newbegin, Ralph W. Hoyt, Philip Grossmayer, A. B. Manley, David M. Dunne, R. S. Farrell, Dr. E. A. Sommer, E. V. Littlefield, John B. Coffey and John C. McCue.

The eulogy of Chief Justice McBride, who was intimately acquainted and associated with Senator Fulton for 40 years, follows:

My Friends: It is with a full heart at the request of his family I come to pay a final tribute of regard to the memory of him who for more than 40 years was my near and dear friend. It is hard for me to realize that the active and vigorous personality we were all so familiar with has passed into the silence and mystery of death; that the eloquent voice which used to sway the multitude and command the admiration of court or Senate is forever stilled. The change was too great and too sudden for me to fully realize it as a fact.

Yesterday afternoon when I was informed of his demise, in a dazed way I kept mentally repeating, "Charlie Fulton is dead; Charlie Fulton is dead." And yet, constantly my mind reverted to him as the active living, vigorous figure in the world affairs that I had known for so many years

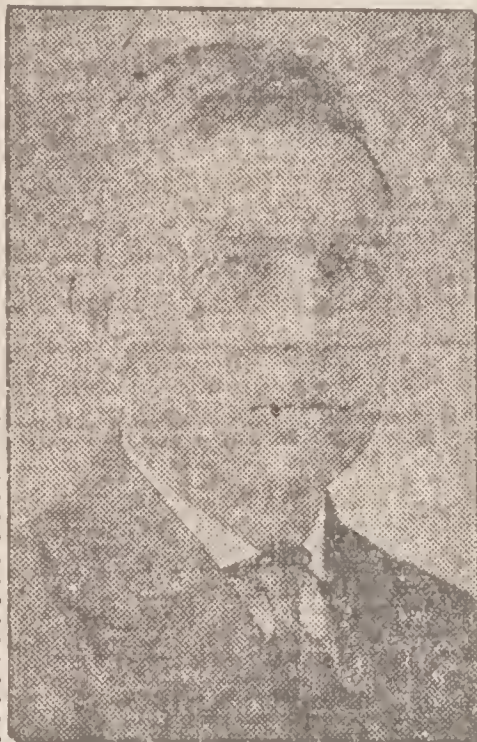
injected into the campaign and which, though wholly aside from the Senatorial contest, was made much of by the opposite party, while his own party was divided upon it. Had he yielded his convictions he would in all probability have been nominated and elected Senator. He saw the danger of the situation and appreciated it, but chose rather to risk defeat than to sacrifice his conviction.

Service Credit to State.

This is not the time nor place to speak at length of his magnificent public service. In brief, they were those of a statesman and patriot, and redounded to the credit of the state he represented.

I now turn to the personal side of his character. One of the papers yesterday said of him that he had a larger personal following than any other man in Oregon. This is true, and the reason for it is apparent. He loved his fellow-man. His great, generous heart went out in kindly and genial sympathy to those who suffered, to those who strove worthily. The young lawyer sought his counsel and assistance. To those in want or difficulty he was "the shadow of a great

RAILROAD MAN RECEIVES COMMISSION IN ENGINEERS' CORPS.



Arnold G. Eddy.

Arnold G. Eddy, 314 Railway Exchange building, was yesterday notified he had been commissioned First Lieutenant in the Engineers' Reserve Corps. He is awaiting orders to report for duty. For a number of years Mr. Eddy was employed as conductor on the O.-W. R. & N. and the Northern Pacific lines. For the last six years he served as trainmaster and assistant superintendent of the Arizona Eastern & Southern Pacific of Mexico Railroad, with headquarters at Tucson, Arizona.

rock in a weary land." No worthy claim upon his charity or sympathy was ever rejected or forgotten, and these kindly acts were performed without ostentation or publicity. The good man who "did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame," was typical of our great friend. He was a true friend, tenacious of his friendships and constant under all circumstances. For nearly 40 years I was honored by his friendship and confidence. Our relations were as near those of brother to brother as friendship ever attains. There has been no time in these many years that I ever had the slightest doubt as to where C. W. Fulton stood upon any question affecting myself, and I believe that he realized I had the same feeling in regard to him. Our mutual friendship will be one of the bright spots in my memory through this life, and I trust beyond.

Senator Born Fighter.

Senator Fulton was a born fighter, but a fair fighter. In politics, in law, and in all the multitudinous things which men view at different angles and contend about, he fought warmly for his opinions. He could, courteously and courageously, as the knights of old, exchange intellectual thrusts, but was so free from malice or injustice that even his political opponents were his warm personal friends. He held malice against none, and hated only meanness, injustice and dishonesty.

76TH BIRTHDAY

Mrs Sarah Munson, Survivor of Whitman Masacre, Is Honored Today.

Surrounded by her children, close relatives and intimate friends, Mrs. Sarah Sophia Munson, Oregon pioneer of 1847 and one of Clatsop county's most respected and best known citizens, is today celebrating at her Warrenton home the 76th anniversary of her birth, an event which occurred on March 25, 1841, in a house on one of the rich and picturesque farms of La Porte county Indiana, within a short distance of the town of the same name.

Health is Remarkably Good

Though several years past her allotted three score and ten, this pioneer lady is enjoying remarkable health and has seldom had a day of real illness. She is happy and contented, and is serving a useful life—a life filled with experiences that present a remarkable contrast to the experiences of the women of today. Mrs. Munson has the happy faculty of always having a warm smile and glad handshake for her friends, and her hospitable home is always open to them. Her friends, numbering hundreds in this and other counties of the state, extend to her today their sincerest wishes for a very happy birthday.

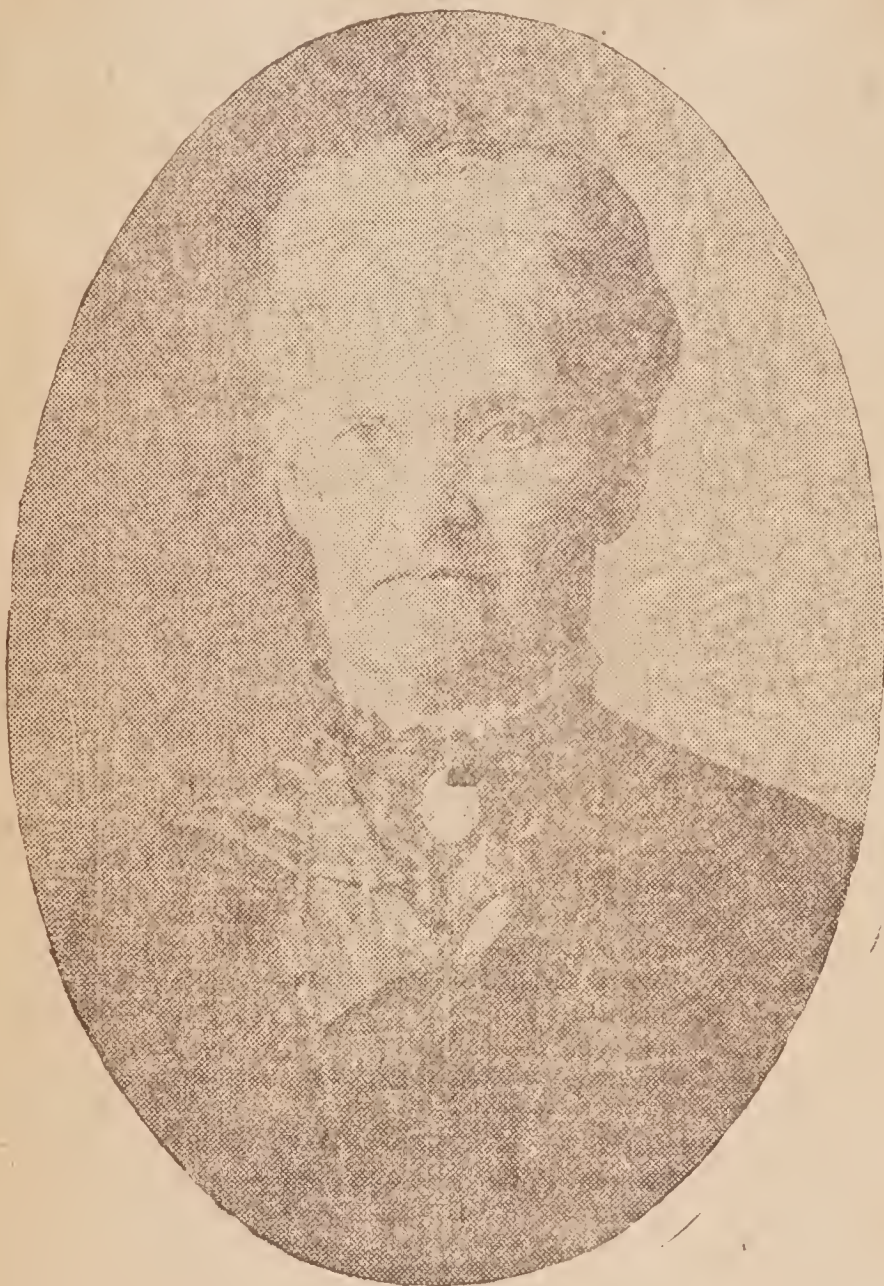
Family Reunion and Dinner

In honor of the event today, Mrs. Munson's children have planned a family reunion and dinner which will take place at the family home on Albany avenue in Warrenton. The following will be present in addition to Mrs. Munson, daughter Miss Clara and son Fred: Mrs. Harriet Wirt Reiman, of Portland; Mrs. Olive Wirt McGuire, of Seaside; Mrs. Mina Kimball Megler, of Astoria; T. S. Jewett, Hammond; Mrs. Mary Jewett Suprenant, Astoria; Mr. and Mrs. Curtis J. Kimball, of Astoria; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gribler, Astoria; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Dow, Lewis & Clark; Mrs. Wealtha Ingalls, Astoria.

With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Scofield Kimball, her three sisters and three brothers, Mrs. Munson started across the plains to Oregon from Indiana in 1847, a journey which in those days was fraught with dangers and hardships of every description. Everything went well with the Kimballs and other families in the wagon train, until the Sweetwater country was reached when Clarissa Kimball, aged four, took and died. She was buried in the middle of the road and the wagons driven over the grave to keep the Indians from finding and disturbing it.

Sorrow Faced Second Time.

While crossing the Snake river, the Kimball family again faced sorrow when Omar, a 16-year-old son who had waded across the stream at the side of the wagon, contracted pneumonia and died. Pressing further



MRS. SARAH SOPHIA MUNSON

The seventy-sixth birthday of Mrs. Sarah Sophia Munson was celebrated at her home in this city on Sunday last by a family reunion at which were present Mrs. Harriet Wirt Reiman of Portland, Mrs. Olive Wirt Maguire of Seaside, Mrs. Mina Kimball Megler of Astoria, T. S. Jewett of Hammond, Mrs. Mary Jewett Suprenant of Astoria, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis J. Kimball of Astoria, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gribler of Astoria, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Dow of Lewis and Clark, Mrs. Wealtha Ingalls of Astoria, the honored hostess and her son and daughter (Mr. Fred and Miss Clara Munson.)

The day was very pleasantly spent in reminiscent conversation and feasting. At the dinner a toast was drunk to Mrs. Munson's health and she participated in singing the "Star Spangled Banner." The table was decorated with flowers and plants that came with the good wishes of many friends, one especially beautifully plant being the offering of the Daughters of Oregon.

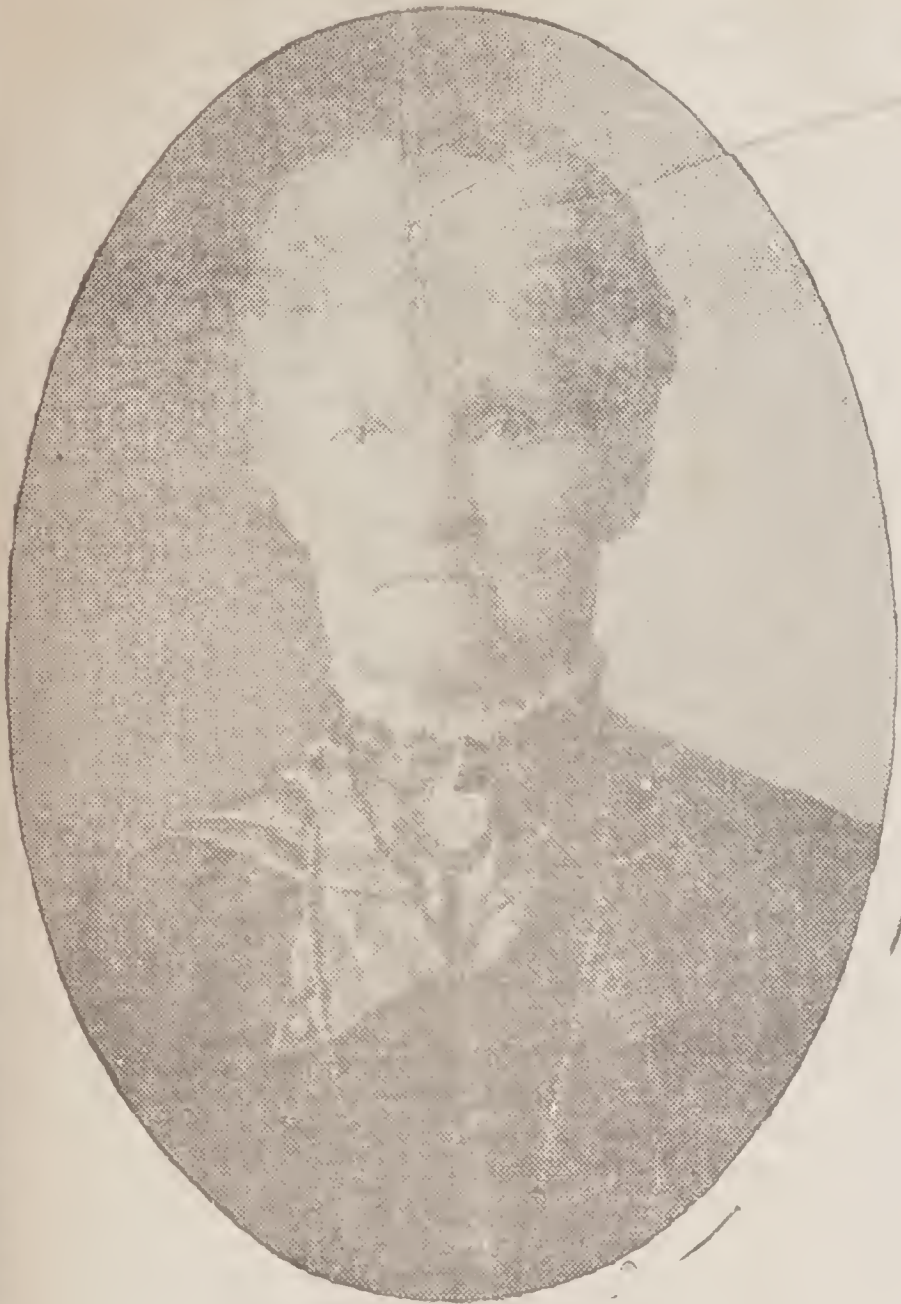
In the center of the table was the birthday cake, decorated with seventy-six wax candles. During the day there were many callers, including Native Sons and Daughters.

Mrs. Munson came to Clatsop county at the age of seven, her first home being at the present site of Seaside, then known as South Point, at the mouth of the Necanicum. On account of the presence of many Indians and the fear engendered by many horrors,

than Scofield Kimball, her three sisters and three brothers, Mrs. Munson started across the plains from Indiana in 1847, a journey which, in those days, was fraught with dangers and hardships of every description. Everything went well with the Kimballs and other families in the wagon train until the Sweetwater country was reached, when Clarissa Kimball, aged four, took sick and died. She was buried in the middle of the road and the wagons driven over the grave to keep the Indians from finding and disturbing it.

While crossing the Snake river the Kimball family again faced sorrow when Omar, a 16-year-old son who had waded across the stream at the side of the wagon, contracted pneumonia and died. Pressing further westward the Kimballs finally became domiciled with other families in the mission started in the Walla Walla country by Marcus Whitman, the missionary. They were there when the memorable massacre took place, on November 29, 1847, and which resulted in the death of Dr. Whitman and wife and 12 other men, including Nathan Kimball, the father of Mrs. Munson.

After being held in captivity by the Indians for a month the women were ransomed by the Hudson Bay Company through Peter Skeen Ogden and taken to Oregon City. Mrs. Munson and her sister, Mrs. Megler of Astoria, are among the very few survivors of the



MRS. SARAH MUNSON

Mrs. Sarah Munson died at her home in this city on Monday evening last, at 10 o'clock and the funeral takes place today at the M. E. Church in this city, Rev. Alfred Bates conducting the services. Interment will be in the Ocean View cemetery.

On the occasion of her 76th birthday, which the 15th the News published a sketch of Mrs. Munson's life, which we reproduce.

Mrs. Munson came to Clatsop County at the age of seven, her first home being at the present site of Seaside, then known as South Point, at the mouth of the Necanicum. On account of the presence of many Indians and the fear engendered by many horrors her mother insisted on moving and they then made their home on the farm now owned by Josiah West. She and Dr. Evans-Adair attended school in a little schoolhouse (the first one on Clatsop Plains) on the upper edge of what is now the Taylor farm. Almost all of her life has been spent in Clatsop county and just before coming to Warrenton she had lived nineteen years at Point Adams lighthouse.

With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Scofield Kimball, her three sisters and three brothers, Mrs. Munson started across the plains from Indiana in 1847, a journey which, in those days, was fraught with dangers and hardships of every description. Everything went well with the Kimballs and other families in the wagon train until the Sweetwater country was reached, when Clarissa Kimball, aged four, took sick and died. She was buried in the middle of the road and the wagons driven over the grave to keep the Indians from finding and disturbing it.

While crossing the Snake river the Kimball family again faced sorrow when Omar, a 16-year-old son who had waded across the stream at the side of the wagon, contracted pneumonia and died. Pressing further westward the

Mr. R. M. Hailey, of Seattle, arrived in Warrenton Saturday, with the intention of making his home here. He is a contractor and builder, and would like to hear from any one having building to be done, or septic tanks or sewer work.

From far-off Kalamazoo, Michigan, Mr. George Houston sends a check for a new subscriber and very kindly says: "Some few weeks ago I visited your office in company with Mr. T. J. Baldwin, but did not have the pleasure of meeting you, which I regret very much, as I was desirous of telling you in person how much I enjoy your paper, and particularly your editorials—they have the right ring." It is certainly great pleasure to receive such a message.

Dr. Young, of McMinnville, who with his family, has been summering at Cannon Beach, returned home yesterday to look after business. Accompanying him in his auto were Dr. Thompson and wife, who have been Warrenton visitors for several weeks, and Mrs. W. C. Richardson of this city.

On Monday last Marshal Connell arrested two men who had been peddling hams and bacon without a peddler's license. They were selling the meat at 24 cents per pound, and claimed they got it from parties at Mist, a postoffice in the Nehalem Valley. As the price was at least 16 cents below the market there is a suspicion that it might have been stolen. Judge Evenden, however released them without punishment, merely warning them to leave town without repeating their offense.

Katherine Greer, Gertie Wallingford, Elizabeth Franklin and Bud Greer made the trip to Saddle Mountain on Saturday last.

68
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1914.

An Appeal to Women by

Abigail Scott Duniway



Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, PIONEER MOTHER AND PATH BREAKER OF THE EQUAL SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN OREGON, WASHINGTON AND IDAHO takes this method to extend her greetings to such HONEST CHRISTIAN WOMEN as she devoutly believes are being LED ASTRAY in the present Prohibition crises BY THE CRAFTINESS OF AMBITIOUS MEN.

Have you forgotten, my inexperienced daughters, who are listening to HIRED AND IMPORTED AGITATORS, to consult your Bibles? Do you recall the fate of One, who, upon entering the enemy's country "to seek and to save that which was lost," was ostracised, derided and finally crucified by SELF STYLED "BEST PEOPLE" who still "love to pray, STANDING IN THE SYNAGOGUES AND ON THE STREET CORNERS, TO BE SEEN OF MEN."

Are you obeying the Divine command of Him who said, "Woe unto you Scribes, Pharisees, HYPOCRITES"? Do you forget that he urged his followers to "RESIST NOT EVIL" but to "OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD"? Can't you remember that He warned the people to AVOID DRUNKENNESS, and while graphically depicting the woes of the drunkard, HE AT NO TIME ADVOCATED THE MAKING, OR ENFORCEMENT OF ANY LAW, EXCEPT THE LAW OF SELF-GOVERNMENT, as applied to the abuse of intoxicants in individual cases?

When he said, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips," can't you see that it was not the "TRAFFIC", but the MEN WHO MISUSED IT, that were accursed? When he admonished the people against "tarrying long at the wine," using such vigorous language against intemperance as no man can equal, can't you see that his warning was NOT AGAINST THE USE OF THE WINE, BUT AGAINST THE ABUSE OF IT?

As my space is limited and advertising rates come high, I must confine this letter to such quotations of Scripture as can be paid for; so I must be brief; and I must cite you to Matt. 11-19, as follows:

"The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, BEHOLD A MAN GLUTTONOUS AND A WINE BIBBER, a friend of publicans and sinners. But wisdom is justified of her children.

Again, to quote the sayings of Paul: "For why is my LIBERTY judged of another man's CONSCIENCE?" (Cor. 10-29.)

"But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith and meekness. Temperance; AGAINST SUCH THERE IS NO LAW."

(Gal. parts of verses 19-21, 22 and 23.)

Now, my enfranchised daughters of the modern day churches, for whose PERSONAL LIBERTY and that of other people I HAVE GIVEN BY LIFE, if there is enough of the spirit of ingratitude in your hearts to wean you from the above teachings of Christ and his followers and to cause you to approve the FALSEHOOD, VULGARITY, HATE AND INTOLERANCE, which is displayed by the Anti-Saloon League in an open letter in the Evening Telegram of October 3, you will cast your votes with the spirit of Anti-Christ as displayed by the authority of the SELF ORGANIZED CONSPIRACY that gave it birth. But, by so doing, you will crucify the Savior of sinners afresh "and put him to open shame."

After the INTEMPERATE CRAZE OF PROHIBITION now going through the newly enfranchised states like a holocaust of fire, shall have exhausted itself, the advocates of GENUINE TEMPERANCE REFORM including the Mother Sex, can go before the incoming Legislative assemblies of such states guided by the spirit of Christ, "who came to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free," where they can offer a solution of the evils we all complain of, WHICH MEN ALONE HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO MEET AND CONQUER SINCE THE DAWN OF HISTORY.

Vote 333 X NO

RY TOWNS WILL STAY DRY IF THE PROPOSED PROHIBITION AMENDMENT IS DEFEATED, AND THE PRESENT LOCAL OPTION AND HOME RULE STATUTES WILL CONTINUE IN FORCE.

(Paid Advertisement, Taxpayers & Wage Earners' League of Oregon, Portland, Or.)

(continued on next page)

Thursday Evening, June 24, '86

CONTRIBUTED.

TO THE WOMEN OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Dear Sisters of a common Hope:

You are on the grandest battle ground of the Century, and you constitute an army altogether invincible. If true to your opportunity and duty, as I cannot doubt but that you will be, such a victory is in store as will be the beginning of the end. The saloon has never before encountered the full strength of the Home in a battle whose guns are ballots and the bullets are ideas. The enemy will compass sea and land to prove that the enfranchisement of women will not result in Prohibition. The nemesis of Home is what they have dreaded more than any other force on earth. If you prove recreant to the incalculable duty of the present hour, the liquor traffic will take new lease of life. It is then given to you in the mysterious providence of God, to help or hinder the cause of a protected Home throughout the whole world, by your action on the 28th of June. My heart is full of faith in you and prayers for the overthrow of the dramshops, and the triumph of the civilization whose property is a regenerated and Christianized Republic.

FRANCIS E. WILLARD,
Pres't Nat. W. C. T. U.

Chicago, June 6, 1886.

MRS. DUNNIWAY AND LOCAL OPTION IN W. T.

On the afternoon of the 10th of June this lady arrived on the train at Ellensburg, and was hauled, on a buckboard, from the depot to the hotel, by a bartender from one of the principal saloons of the town. The liquor advocates and habitues of the saloons were jubilant, because it was expected that prohibition would receive its death blow from the ponderous fist of the elegant and accomplished, the distinguished and eloquent Madame Dunniway.

The writer tendered, after consultation with the chairman of the board of trustees, the use of the M. E. Church for the evening, on condition that the lady would divide, with him, the time. But this proposition was declined, and her liquor friends secured for her the large hall in Johnson's hotel, which was well filled.

In her opening remarks Mrs. Dunniway told her auditors how she was induced to enter the field against local-option. She then proceeded to regale them with a long, circumstantial and elaborate account of the woman's suffrage movement on the coast, in which she did not hesitate to eulogize herself in glowing terms, and then devoted the little time which remained to the wholesale vilification of the legislature which passed the local-option law in Olympia last winter, and to the denunciation of the Local Option Act.

She argued in a blind way that the law would work an injustice on the manufacturers and dealers because it made no provision for compensation.

She did not seem to know that the law does not contemplate the confiscation of a single dollar's worth of property, but simply strikes at the traffic and proposes to stop further sales or gifts of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. She did not mention the very important fact that there is another side to this question, and that there are ruined homes, impoverished families, broken-hearted widows and homeless orphans all over this land as the result of the infamous liquor business.

If the liquor dealers will adequately compensate all their victims for losses sustained then I should favor the purchase of their property, and payment for damages sustained through compulsory suspension of the liquor traffic; but on this phase of the question the female defender of the saloon was silent.

She referred to the Section which provides for the sale of intoxicating liquors by druggists, and pronounced the "amendment" providing a "trap" into which the scheming dealer

they are not yet entitled to a voice in legislative halls, or at the ballot box, they are contenting themselves as best they can with the near prospect of their enfranchisement."

This was written five years ago, and now she comes to the women of Washington Territory and urges them to refuse to give the saloon power its death-blow now that they have a glorious opportunity; and enforces her protest by saying: "I am the author of your enfranchisement!"

She urged the women to confine their labors to the home, in so far as this temperance reform is concerned, thus employing the very argument she has always fought in her advocacy of "equal rights."

She said, placing one finger, (I forget which one) on her throat, "Two-thirds of the members (of the Washington Legislature which enacted Local Option) were full up to there with whiskey!"

At the close of her lecture she assisted in taking up a collection for herself which amounted to \$29.05; many prohibitionists contributing, as they regarded her long, windy, egotistical harangue as an advantage to our movement rather than a damage. Quite a number of her former friends are now so thoroughly disgusted with her because of her alliance with the saloon power for the defeat of local option that it will be utterly impossible for her to ever regain their confidence.

The early Church had its Judas; the Revolutionary struggle had its Benedict Arnold; and the prohibition movement on the Pacific Coast has its Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunniway!

HENRY BROWN,

Pastor M. E. Church.

Ellensburg, Wash Ter., June 15, 1886.

WASHINGTON LETTER.



SCENES IN GOVERNOR'S OFFICE WHEN "BONE-DRY" PROHIBITION BILL BECAME LAW.



the methods of securing evidence and prosecuting the same to conviction.

"We propose to help the district attorneys in the enforcement of the law by giving them such united and aggressive organized backing that they can afford to be fearless and by giving them the benefit of the skill which comes from years of experience in one field of prosecution."

Mr. Hutton predicted that a new situation would be the result of the soaring prices of liquor caused by the difficulty to ship it in. These prices, he said, would be too tempting for bootleggers to refuse to take chances.

"We are changing our force and equipment to meet the new situation and the new department will be made one of the most active," he said.

Sidelights of Legislature.

STATE CAPITOL, Salem, Or., Feb. 2 —(Special.)—Members of the House, the newspaper men and other visitors were treated this morning to an excellent lunch consisting of smoked Royal Chinook salmon and crackers, the compliments of the Astoria delegation.

Representative Belland, in making presentation, explained that on a recent trip around the world, he found Columbia River salmon in almost every part of Europe and Asia. The king of Norway serves them on his table.

"I would like to ask the gentleman," said Representative Lunger, "whether when he was eating with the king of Norway, any was said about Yamhill County?"



Top, Left to Right—Governor James Withycombe, Mrs. Jennie M. Kemp, State President of W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Ada Wallace Unruh, Chairman of the W. C. T. U. "Dry" Committee; Senator Murray Shanks, Chairman of the Senate Alcohol Traffic Committee; Representative J. E. Anderson, Who Introduced the Bill in the House; Senator B. L. Eddy, Joint Author of the Bill. Below—Governor Withycombe Reading Bone-Dry Bill. Insert Shows Bill With Governor's Signature.

veritable death-holic oases among the hills. During the last few years hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in the construction of these resorts.

The last episode in the campaign, the so-called "bone-dry" amendment, and also defense of the ballot by the people.

During the last election and 1912 election, the voters entered their mark on the suffrage amendment, no anti-liquor amendment at the 1912 election.

But the amendment carried in a succeeding election, the leycom received 36,480 votes in the business. The supplementary law came effective on

Five Day Governor On Tuesday, the bone-dry amendment, the people, and to the intoxicating liquor into this state.

It was to carry out that amendment, the people of the state, the legislature enacted which was

OREGON IS BONE-DRY

Governor Signs Measure at 4 Before W. C. T. U.

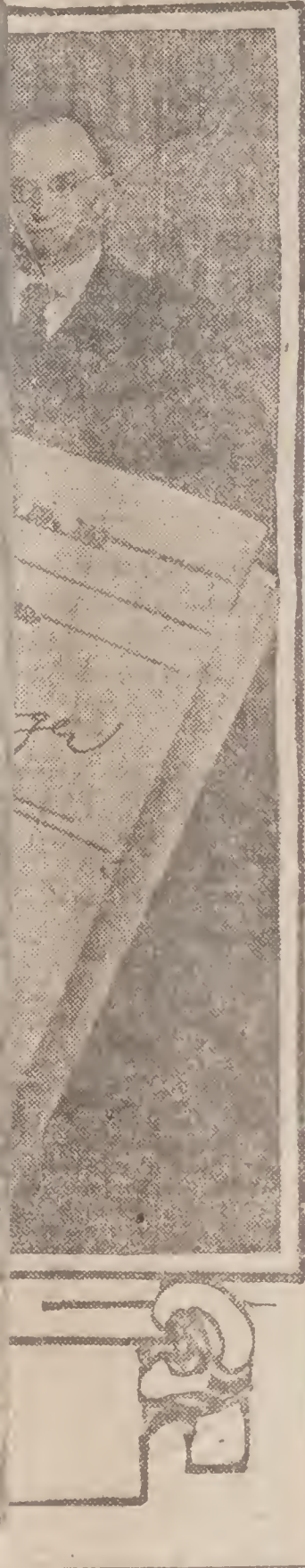
PEN IS GIVEN MRS. UNRUH

able. "Certain... concerned, every effort will be made to see that its provisions are vigorously enforced, and I am confident we will have the co-operation of local officials throughout the state.

People Must Co-operate. "Now that we have absolute prohibition, chosen deliberately by a clean-cut majority in open election, it is the duty of every citizen whose interests are the best interests of Oregon, to back this new order of things to the limit.

Under the... into the state... Governor affix... receive such... are in the poss... within five days... proved by the... At the expiration of that period, the shipping of liquor into Oregon becomes strictly illegal, as the law carries emergency clause.

The W. C. T. U. representatives presented a case of legislation to the Governor after the bill was passed.



ert, as far as any alco-
e concerned.
last 12 or 13 years many
thousands of dollars have
d on wet and dry fights.
ts Won in 1910.
ppreciable victory for the
1910, when, after a bitter
ey succeeded in carrying
"home-rule" amendment,
eated the measure put on
the drys.
interim between the 1910
ction the dry forces cen-
tain flight on the woman's
endment, and as a result
or legislation was put up
election.
woman's suffrage amend-
l in that year, and at the
lection in 1914 John Bar-
lved a solar plexus punch.
voted by a majority of
to put the saloons out of
he 1915 Legislature enacted
ry legislation, which be-
ve on January 1, 1916.
ys Given for Delivery.
ay, November 7, 1917, the
endment was enacted by
and this amendment, brief
point, recited in part: "No
liquor shall be imported
ate for beverage purposes."
carry out the provisions of
ment and to make the
absolutely binding upon
of the state that the Legis-
ted House Bill No. 100,
signed by the Governor to-
terms of the bill, all those
dered up liquor for shipment
ate up liquor for shipment
affixed his name that the
shipment of the
possession of the
days after the law was ap-
by the executive.
the expiration of that period
liquor into Oregon becomes
illegal, as the bill carries an
clause.
T. U. representatives pre-
ase of loganberry juice to
ever after the bill was signed.
Dean III's Second Choice.
London News.
Bishop of London was once
his physician to spend the
the bishop said it
by en-

-----189-----

To ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY, Publisher:

Dear Madam:—Please enter my name as an advance subscriber to *THE COMING CENTURY*, for which I agree to pay Twenty-Five Dollars for one Ten Years' Subscription on receipt of first issue.

Address -----

76

INDEPENDENT

Order of Chiropractic

OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

COMMISSION

OF
COUNCIL MEDICAL EXAMINER.

Whereas *Wm. A. L. Jones* M. D. has been
duly elected Medical Examiner of *Willamette*
Council No. *1* of *Oregon* I. O. C. P.
at *Portland* and has furnished satisfactory evidence
that he is legally qualified to act as Medical Examiner in
accordance with the Laws of the Order; We, the Medical
Board, do hereby authorize and commission said *Wm. A. L. Jones*
M. D., Medical Examiner of *Willamette*
Council No. *1* of *Oregon* to act as such during
the pleasure of the Medical Board, or until his successor is
elected or appointed.

J. B. Colman M.D.

J. B. Colman

Medical Board.

WOMAN PHYSICIAN TO FIGHT FOR NEW MARRIAGE LAWS

Dr. Owens Adair's Last Measure
for Improving Race Is for Ex-
amination of Men and Women.

By Fred Lockley

Berthina Angeline Owens was the name with which she was christened. We know her best here in Oregon as Dr. Owens Adair. Her father, Tom Owens, was of Welsh stock, though he, as well as his wife, were born in Kentucky. They came to Oregon in the wagon train with Peter Burnett, who later became the first American governor of California.

This wagon train, with its more than 900 souls, was the first wagon train to come to Oregon. This was in 1843. The Owens family moved to Clatsop plains, arriving at Tansey Point on Christmas day, 1843. The entire cash capital of the family consisted of a carefully cherished half dollar. Just 10 years later Tom Owens could draw his check for \$20,000 and it would be honored at the bank.

LEARN EN ROUTE

In 1848 Tom Owens and several of his neighbors built a schooner which they named the Pioneer. It was crude in the extreme. No experienced mariner would have wanted to put to sea in it, but Owens and his neighbors were accustomed to putting up with makeshifts, so they loaded their homemade schooner with bacon, pickled salmon, cabbage, potatoes, hides, hemlock bark and cranberries and put to sea to go to the newly discovered gold fields in California. None of them knew much about navigation, but they decided they could learn how to sail their schooner on the way south toward the Golden Gate, and they did, and what's more, they arrived at San Francisco safely and sold their cargo at top prices.

Dr. Owens Adair was married at the age of 14, as was her sister, Diana, for in those days early marriages were the rule. At 18 she was earning a living for herself and her boy by taking in washing. She studied from 9 o'clock to midnight each night and after a year of hard study passed the examination for teacher and secured a school which paid her \$11 a month.

STRUGGLES FOR LIVING

In addition to teaching, she paid for her little boy's keep by getting up at 4 o'clock each morning and milking the cows at the place where she stayed. She still took in washing, doing it after school and in the evenings.

From Astoria she went to Roseburg, where she started a millinery store. Within 12 months she was making \$1500 a year and was able to send her son to college. Having always longed for an education, she decided to go to college herself. She decided she could be more useful as a physician, but in those days, 50 years ago, it wasn't done.

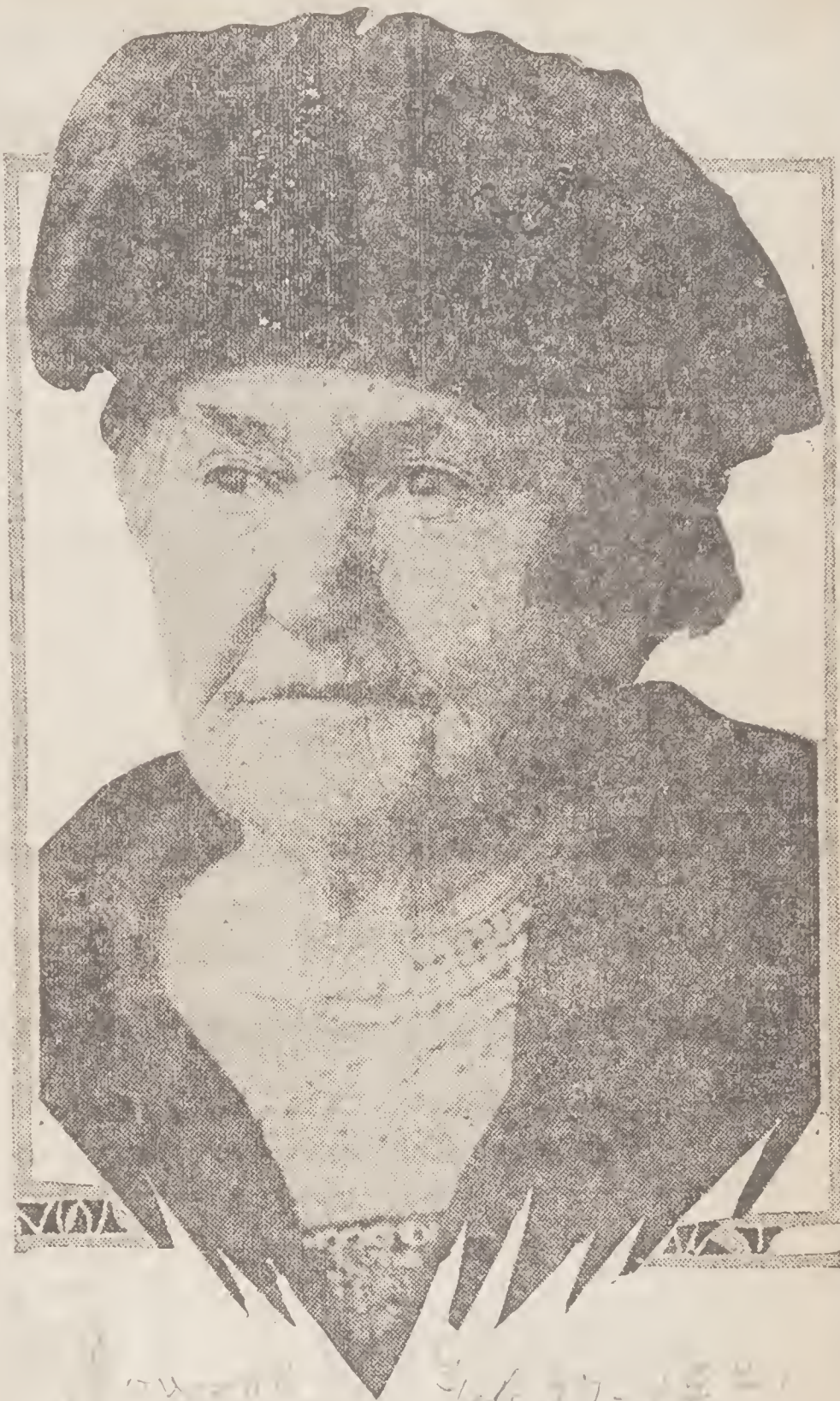
When she announced she was going to study medicine she became a social outcast, for her friends felt she had disgraced herself.

She went to Philadelphia, where she spent three years, returning to Roseburg after her graduation, the first woman graduate physician on the Pacific coast. She sent one of her younger sisters through Mills college and sent her son through medical college.

STUDIES IN EUROPE

"I bought a drugstore for my son when he had finished medical college," said Dr. Adair, "and selling my property in Roseburg, I found I had \$8000 in cash, with which I decided to go on with my medical education. Jefferson Medical college would not admit me because I was a woman, but I went through the University of Michigan,

FOR A HEALTHIER RACE



Dr. Owens Adair, pioneer Oregon physician, whose efforts are dedicated to eugenics.

where I was graduated in 1880. Later I became resident physician there and did post-graduate work. From there I went to Paris and London and took special work in the hospitals and also in the hospitals at Berlin and Munich. Then I felt I was in a position to meet any male physician on a par so far as medical education went, and so I returned to Oregon and began practicing in Portland.

"I had discovered in my work in hospitals that it is the women who are the sufferers from bad laws, so I decided to dedicate my life to the securing of better laws and the creation of a sentiment against the double standard of morals.

"Liquor and lust are the two enemies of womanhood and when you attack womanhood you attack childhood and out future citizens. Frances Willard appointed me state superintendent of heredity hygiene for Oregon. No funds were available to carry on the work, so I spent my own money as well as my own time in creating sentiment against the saloon and its evil associations.

IMMUNE TO ARROWS

"When I introduced my sterilization bill in the legislature of 1907 it went down to defeat. Two years later the legislature passed it and it was vetoed by the governor. In 1911 it was defeated in the legislature by what I was told was an oversight in having it referred to the wrong committee. Two years later, in 1913, it was passed by the legislature and approved and signed by Governor West. It was referred to

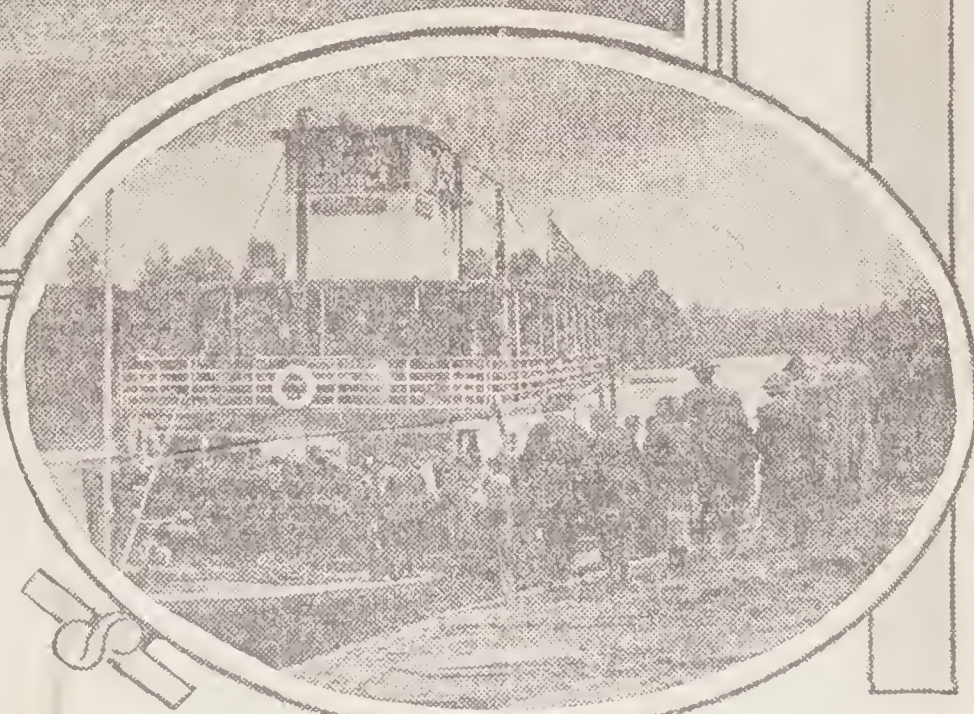
the people and all sorts of calumny was heaped upon the bill and its author. I am so accustomed to being abused and called a pest and a crank that I was not discouraged but went to work once more to educate the public as to what the bill was and the good it would accomplish.

"In 1917 the bill was again brought up and became a law. It has been copied by many other states. Dr. Lee Steiner, superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane, says most of the 300 insane patients on whom the operation has been performed have been greatly benefited and many of them have been discharged as cured and are making their own living and are no longer a burden to the producers and taxpayers of the state.

ON NEW CAMPAIGN

"I have spent years of time and thousands of dollars of my own money, but in days to come the public will realize that what I have done has been of vast benefit to the state and to humanity. My last bill, senate bill 174, introduced at the session just closed, which provides for the examination of all applicants for marriage as to their health and mental fitness, passed the senate with but three adverse votes and with but nine votes against it in the house. This act provides that women as well as men shall pass a physical examination before being married. The passage of the act refers the matter to the voters of the state at the next regular election, and now I am going out on a campaign of education, so that the voters will

PIONEERS CELEBRATE 78TH ANNIVERSARY OF OREGON'S NATAL DAY AT CHAMPOEG



on the stage certain gustatory
ies were observed, some choos-
rove, some the veranda, some
many the automobiles and
nooks along the banks of
tle. How the eatables were
Those who came unpre-
from their own basket
erved by those who al-
oog day, take at least
ch as they themselves
t in one short day.
well served.

Yes, Champoeg
It is 50 feet wide
pergola, by the
on posts, with-
and this per-
aybe 600. It
uilt because
appropriated
ter there
rovided
no soft
show

Upper—Group of early residents of Oregon. They include: Dr. Owens A'Dair, who arrived in '43; Ann C. Graham-Howell, '51; Anna E. Cullen, '43; Charles W. Cullen, '47; George H. Greer, '52; Judge M. C. George, '43; Charles H. Canfield, '53; J. D. Chitwood, '53; C. B. Moores, '51; Mrs. J. L. Carter, '52; Mrs. C. B. Moores, '51; J. L. Carter, born in Oregon in 1845; T. T. Geer, born in Oregon in 1851, and B. F. Bonney, 1846. Middle—Pioneer memorial building, where celebration was held. Lower—Boarding river steamer for return trip.

FAMILY OF FIFTEEN HOLLANDERS PICTURED AS THEY LANDED IN AMERICA;
OF THE THIRTEEN CHILDREN, THE OLDEST IS 16, WHILE THE MOTHER IS 32



When the gates swung wide on Ellis Island, N. Y., recently and let the Feyen family into the United States the population of the country was increased by fifteen. They were from Holland. No nation can beat the Dutch in this wonderful matter of human productivity. But it is well to state that the Feyen family beats even the Dutch record of big families at Ellis Island in point of youth. The oldest is only sixteen, while the youngest is eight months. Hendrik Feyen, head of the house, shown at the extreme right, top row, is forty-five; Diana, his wife, just thirty-two, and radiant with health, is shown in the centre holding the baby.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

April, 1920

"I serve"

Portland.

A baby immigrant
at Ellis Island, N.Y.,
learns the flag salute



Photograph by Lewis W. Hine

"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO MY FLAG AND TO THE
REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION,
INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL."

DR. CHARLES A. EATON SEES WORLDWIDE CHRISTIANITY

Former Pastor of Madison-Avenue Baptist Church Declares War Will Shoot Away Protestantism and Catholicism.

IN a sermon that brought frequent and prolonged applause from a White Temple audience, Dr. Charles A. Eaton, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of New York City, declared that the war would shoot away Protestantism and Catholicism, leaving a pure, world-wide Christianity in its place.

This was the answer of Dr. Eaton, now head of the National Service section of the Shipping Board, to his own question: "What will we Christians say to the boys when they return from the fight?"

Invited by Dr. William A. Waldo, pastor, to deliver the Sunday evening address at the First Baptist Church, Dr. Eaton took the opportunity to open the eyes of the church to the problems it must face after the war.

Dignity of Human Nature Seen.

Declaring it was the first time he had entered a pulpit since he left his New York pastorate four months ago at a day's notice to enter the shipyard work, the speaker said through speaking to half a million workingmen, he had come to a greater consciousness of the dignity and splendor of human nature.

Touching lightly on the self-satisfaction of Americans before the war—after 50 years of prosperous and luxurious peace—Dr. Eaton told of the problems confronting this country when we reluctantly entered the war.

"The Emergency Fleet Corporation early recognized that the problem of ship production was a spiritual one," he said, "that they saw workers did not see the danger and the insults we had gone through.

World Is Being Changed.

"In my months of work with them I have come to realize that the Kingdom of God is not confined within the church walls—that God is on the sea, in the trenches, in the shipyards and wherever men are sacrificing themselves that others may be free.

"The world was born again on that July day in 1914. Great spiritual regenerations have taken place before, but never before have we been conscious that we were passing through a period of deep change.

"The church will cease to exist unless it can adjust itself to the new order. It must throw its spiritual forces into the conflict if it is to lead a changed world to redemption after the war.

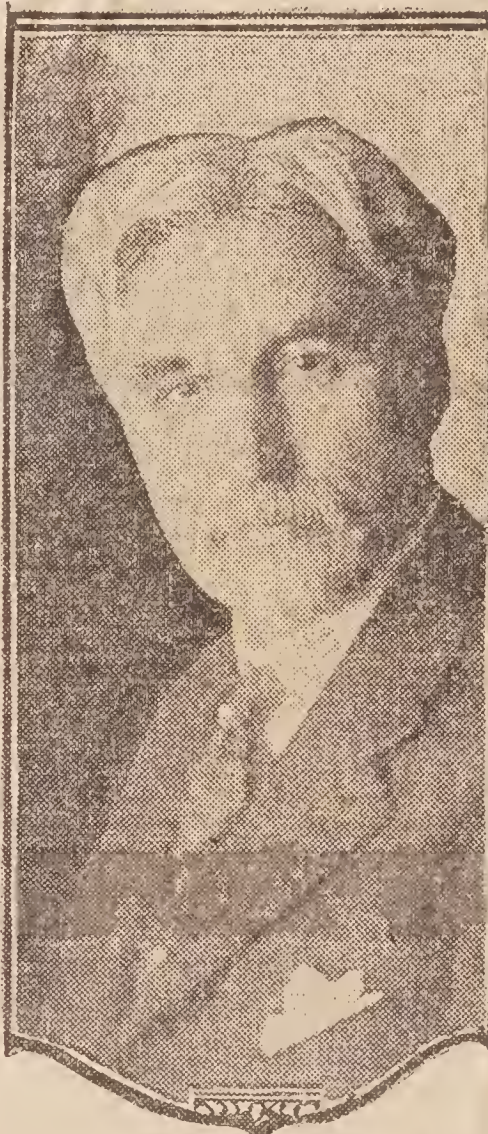
"First we must beat the Germans—the first step in setting the Germans, the Austrians and the Russians free from Kaiserism. Then we must have peace, but we must prepare for it now.

"This country listened too long to the twaddle handed out by the German military spy system—3,000,000 strong. On March 21, the day the German drive for Paris, London—yes, and New York—was launched, came a great spiritual awakening. We hadn't realized before the way that the war seemed to the English, who have put 14 per cent of their population under arms,—or to the French, who have lost a million men in battle."

Citing a New York experience recently, when a transport of negroes, setting out for overseas, were blithely singing "Over There," Dr. Eaton brought out how the black race, freed by our soldiers 50 years ago, now were fighting side by side with the white man to make the world free.

America's Men Are Marvels.

Telling of the exclamation—"My God, what men"—of a British Major-General upon seeing boatloads of America's best fighting men, the speaker launched the question: "What



Dr. Charles A. Eaton, a New York Baptist Pastor, Now in Shipyard Speaking Service.

will you say to these fine, clean boys when they come back?"

"Shall we tell them to be good—they who have gone through more temptations in half an hour than many of you in a lifetime? Three million men will go through hell for you and come back clean, and hungry for love—what can you say to them?"

"The Church of Jesus Christ must become Christian—not Catholic, Methodist or Baptist as now. Priests over there don't hesitate to give the last sacrament to a Protestant and I know of a rabbi who hunted out a crucifix with which to comfort a French Catholic in his dying moments. Do you think these men will be satisfied with our petty quibbles over creed, theology, emotional content and other institutions?"

"Christ World's Hope."

"The Christian religion is as big as God, whose vision is before every sailor and soldier in the fighting line. Jesus Christ came not to found a church, but to establish a Kingdom of God on earth.

"The Frenchman has found his soul beneath the veneer of fancy mustaches, well-dressed women and other poses. The Englishman has found something of vastly more importance beneath the bed of corruption that had gripped the nation. We are finding ourselves in the same way.

"Jesus Christ is the only hope of the world. He is God incarnate, in His infinitude of hope, compassion, mercy and love. He is man incarnate as well. A foundation for world brotherhood will be found in the bosom of Jesus. A man is a Christian, not by accepting Christ, but by offering his life to save the world."

WAR MAY BRING A WORLD RELIGION.

How radically the attitude of people of all creeds toward each other has been changed by the war was illustrated by the sermon delivered by Rev. Charles A. Eaton at the First Baptist Church last Sunday. Though a minister of one of the strictest of Protestant denominations, he said: "The church of Jesus Christ must become Christian—not Catholic, Methodist or Baptist as now." He told of Catholic priests giving the last sacrament to Protestants and of a Hebrew rabbi hunting up a crucifix for the consolation of a dying Catholic.

"The world is fighting about something which lies deeper in the human heart than any religious creed. Against Protestant Prussia, Roman Catholic Bavaria and Austria, Greek Catholic Bulgaria and Mohammedan Turkey are arrayed nations in which Catholics, both Roman and Greek, Protestants, Mohammedans, Buddhists and even Confucian Chinese fight side by side. Among the champions of the allies are Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, the Grand Shereef of Mecca and the chief of the Moslems in India. All fight for humanity, freedom, mercy to women and children, the sanctity of treaties as symbols of good faith and honor among men—principles to which people of all creeds give adherence—and being united for these things, they reckon their other differences, about which they wrangled in other times, of no consequence. They fight to put in practice that which the

enemy by his acts denies, though he gives it lip service.

By bringing to the front those principles to which all right-minded men of any creed own allegiance, the Kaiser has blindly made the whole world kin. He has established a bond of union among men of diverse faith by causing them to mingle their blood in defense of a deeper faith which they hold in common. He has thus drawn them together and has cast their causes of conflict into the shade. The four principles which President Wilson set forth on the Fourth of July may become more than the basis of a common political creed for all nations; they may become the foundation of a universal religion.

THRIFT THE MODE.

The last remaining obstacle to the widespread adoption of the virtue of thrift has been removed by the decision of National leaders of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee to make thrift fashionable.

We still have our millions who will be thrifty on principle, whether the rest of the world approves or not, and to these will now be added the considerable hosts who hesitate about doing a thing out of consideration for form. They would be willing to economize, except that this was not being done in the circles in which they move. They look to their leaders, and now that these leaders are being lined up on the side of thrift, they can be depended to follow them anywhere.

It is to be hoped that there will be nothing half way about the new "fashion." Tube skirts and peg-topped trousers have shown how far some people can be induced to go for the sake of the mode, and there are almost infinite possibilities in the movement to employ this trait of human nature for a good purpose. At the same time, it also will make thrift just a little easier for those who were prepared to go it alone.

LET HIM LIVE

Now that we are getting down to the point where a discussion of the question "What shall we do with the kaiser" is in order, the following poem will be found interesting:

As long as the flowers their perfume give,
So long I'd let the kaiser live;
Live and live for a million years,
With nothing to drink but Belgian tears;
With nothing to quench his awful thirst
But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.
I would let him live on a dipper each day,
Served with things on a golden tray.
Served with everything—but things to eat.
I would make him a bed of silken sheen,
With costly linens to lie between,
With covers of down, and filets of lace,
And downy pillows piled in place;
Yet, when to its comfort he would yield,
It would stink with the rot of the battlefield,
And blood and brains and bones of men
Would cover him, smother him and then—
His pillow should cling with the rotten clay—
Away from the grave of a soldier boy;
And while God's stars their vigils keep,
And while the waves the white sands sweep,
He should never, never sleep.
And through all the days, through all the years,
There should be an anthem in his ears,
Singing and singing and never done,
From the edge of light to the set of sun,
Anin and moaning and moaning wild.
Savaged French girl's bastard child.
And I'd build him a castle by the sea,
Lovely a castle as ever could be.
And I'd show him a ship from over the sea,
A fine ship as ever could be,
And den with water cool and sweet,
And den with everything good to eat;
But scarce does she touch the silver sands,
Nor may he reach out his eager hands
To a hot and hellish molten shell
Which would change his heaven into hell,
And tho' he'd watch by the wave-wept shore,
The Lusitania would rise no more.
No Man's Land, where the Irish fell,
Start the kaiser a private hell.
Stab him, stab him, give him gas,
And in each wound I'd pour ground glass;
I would march him out where the brave boys died,
Past the lads he crucified.
I would take the fearful gloom of his living tomb
And there is one thing I'd do before I was through—
I would make him sing in a stirring manner
The wonderful words of the "Star-Spangled Banner."]

ISLAND BANISHMENT FOR KAISER

Writer Would Let German Ruler Live and Die in Solitude.

WARRENTON, Or., Oct. 20.—(To the Editor.)—Now that we are looking forward to peace on terms of unconditional surrender, the question is being asked, "What shall we do with the Kaiser?" I have asked the question many times. The answer has usually been, "I cannot think of any punishment severe enough for him."

True, he does deserve the most severe punishment. No other man has caused such destruction, such misery and death. Great Britain has demanded that the Huns be punished for their crimes against civilization. And as the Kaiser is the supreme head, he should be made the example.

To my mind the greatest punishment that could be meted out to him would be to put him on a lonely island and let him live and die as did Napoleon. His banishment would be a blessing and living benefit to the world, and to no nation more than his own, for he has brought disgrace and contempt upon his own people. His punishment would be greater than Napoleon's, for he would know that the world would never remember him as it has Napoleon.

DR. OWENS-ADAIR.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A hope came to dwell in my bosom one day
And it grew with the passing hours,
And I nourished it there with the tenderest care
As a gardener watches his flowers;
Till it blossomed one day in a commonplace way.
And I viewed it with anguish and fears;
Then I hid it from sight ere the dawn cast its light—
And I watered its grave with my tears.

—GRACE E. HALL.

To Obviate the Bridge Nuisance.

Warrenton, Dec. 4, 1911.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have just read Mr. McFarland's letter on "Bridge Problem." He asks for a "scheme" for regulating the drawbridges. I think I can suggest a scheme that would do away with most of the congestion. It is a simple device for lowering and raising the smokestack. I was sitting in the hotel at Dresden, looking out upon the river, and admiring the solidity of the bridge, which will stand for centuries, (being built after the ancient plan, as most of the bridges are, of solid stone, with stone arches.) Throngs of people

were crossing, going and coming. Just then I saw a steamer coming down at a rapid pace. The current was very swift. Her decks were black with passengers, and she had a barge in tow. I shuddered, for I saw she could not make a landing above. I was holding my breath, but just then down went her smokestack, under she went and up popped her smokestack. She sped on and made no disturbance above.

And sweet strains of music from the band we boarded one of those great pleasure boats that we might see and enjoy the wonders of that most celebrated river of romance, song and legend, "the River Rhine," with its old and new fortifications, its ancient and its modern castles and its many old and new cities. The Rhine is double-tracked on both sides. There is also a great water traffic. There are hundreds of large, beautiful tugs, as large and powerful as our bar tugs. They steam up against that swift current with six or eight great barges in tow, and when they come to one of those great stone bridges they simply bow and pass under. I was amazed, and I wondered why we who "are so smart" had not "caught on" long ago. Only think what relief a few hinges, properly applied, would bring Portland. Now, if I was not so busy with my own sterilization bill, I would gladly champion such a bill. And I would expect to be received in about this way: "Yes, certainly, that's a good bill. I lost my train once by being held up, and it does seem that when you are in a hurry that the draw is sure to be open." But my sterilization bill is of more importance, and I shall stand by it to the end.

DR. OWENS-ADAIR.

WORLD TO BE PURGED BY WAR

Greed to Be Annihilated and Love to Rule as Result of Sacrifice.

WARRENTON, Or., July 14.—(To the Editor.)—I have just been reading "Better World Will Follow War," by a Vancouver correspondent. I, too, believe that this greatest of all wars will prove for the good of all the world. The proofs are with us now. Those who have eyes can see. This terrible strife is awakening all nations to the fact that greed and selfishness must be annihilated to give prolonged peace to humanity and love. That love that God breathed into man should and will in time rule this world. As the pure gold must have come through the furnaces, so must humanity pass the required test.

We have forged ahead during the last four years more than we would have in 100 years of peace. I believe that in four years more our flag will be floating by the side of every nation's flag of the world, Germany included. Democracy's heart is large, and, after all, confessing a fault is but saying in other words, "We are wiser today than we were yesterday."

Some Bible scholars are bringing strange arguments to prove that the end of this war will be the end of the world. I do not believe that the world will be destroyed, but I do believe that we will receive a baptism through sacrifice and suffering that will regenerate us, making us a better people, giving birth as it were to a new world, the history of which will date from 1914.

There are to be found links in all tribes and nations that in time will unite us and bind us together as one great people. Those links are love of God and humanity. In no place can these be better exemplified than in hospitals, Red Cross and on the battlefields. This was well illustrated the other day, when a German officer among the captured who could speak good English said: "I am glad I am here. The Americans smothered us several times with their gunfire. They fight like wild devils, but when the fight is over they are gentlemen. One could have killed me, but he didn't, and I gave him my cross for thanks." What a real human picture was that act. It is said the collecting of the Kaiser's crosses is a fad with "our boys."

Another soldier captured an officer and, seeing a cross on his breast, he raised his saber to cut it off. The officer thought he was going to kill him and he ran. When he was headed off, the soldier went up and patted him on the shoulder with one hand and cut the cross off with the other, then gave him a cigarette and a match.

These are the little acts of kindness that are being enacted every day and every one carries with it a wonderful lesson of humanity and greatness that will not be forgotten. What is life without a country, and what is a country without liberty?

DR. OWENS-ADAIR.

MISS VERA HILL IN ITALY.

Italian-American Citizen Who Read Her Letter Greatly Pleased.

J. B. Marca, an Italian-American resident of this city, who read Miss Vera Hill's letter in the Republic a few days ago, has sent in a few comments which are worthy of publication for several reasons. Mr. Marco, not having had the advantages of a course in an American school, does not write the English language correctly, and he asks that his manuscript be modified by the editor, but the editor prefers to print it just as he wrote it, because the spirit in which it is written by Mr. Marca deserves no blue-pencilling and because although the grammatical construction of the letter is faulty in many places, and the wrong word slips in occasionally, the writer's meaning is perfectly plain. Mr. Marca says:

"Reading the columns of your always more diffused newspaper, I am very thankful starting from Miss Vera Hill, the clever and very intelligent writer. The gentle young lady in a tour across Italy she wrote an article on your appreciated newspaper demonstrating that she is not only very fond of the beautiful scenery of the Bay of Naples, but also a very connoisseur of the arts. The only thing I am regretful it is that this great nation it was not represented at the Rome exposition like she deserves to be. This is my country of adoption, even if I was born in sunny Italy soil. The reason why I always appreciate a true judgment from a well educated and their gentle young lady writer like Miss Hill she is, it is because I like some impartiality being a cosmopolitan. I will be with very grateful if you will find a little space in your newspaper and publish then this my poor writing to the honor of this Miss Vera Hill. I hope to read something when she has visited Venice and in Turin, my native town, and hear exactly what opinion and what kind of honor they going demonstrate to have guests for two American ladies.

"Thanking in advance, best wishes extendible to all the newspaper administration and especially to Mrs. and Dr. G. T. Hill, yours truly,

"J. B. MARCA."

"THIS IS MY ..."

THE SPIRIT OF 1918 LOYALTY TO GOD AND COUNTRY

A Patriotic Program for Sunday Schools



Copyrighted by H. K. Turner Co.

"The Spirit of '76"

THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS OF THE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

I am sure there never was a people who had more reason to acknowledge a divine interposition in their affairs than those of the United States; and I should be pained to believe that they failed to consider the omnipotence of that God who alone is able to protect them.—*Washington*.

The Program

I. ORGAN PRELUDE: *Patriotic Medley*.

II. PROCESSIONAL: "From Ocean Unto Ocean" (Tune, "Missionary Hymn"). *Led by a Camp Fire Girl and a Boy Scout, carrying American and Christian Flags.*

From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey Thy sov'reign word.
Our prairies and our mountains,
Our forests and each field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains
To Thee shall tribute yield.

O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand,
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving-kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day,
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show,
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

III. PRAYER FOR OUR HOME MISSIONARIES AND FOR OUR COUNTRY, CLOSING WITH THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CONCERT.

IV. "AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL" (Tune, "Materina").

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain:
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

O beautiful for heroes proved,
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine.

V. SCRIPTURE: "The Growth of the Kingdom," Mark 4:21-34.

*Golden Text, Isa. 11:9: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge
of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."*

VI. ANNOUNCEMENTS AND LESSON PERIOD.

VII. "BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC":

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift word,
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
Glory! glory! hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it — *Lincoln.*

I have seen Him in the watchtowers of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

Chorus.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Chorus.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Chorus

VIII. READING: "*Betsy Ross and the Flag*" by a Boy Scout or a Camp Fire Girl.

IX. SERMONETTE BY THE PASTOR: *What the Colors Stand For: "Be Brave, Be Pure, Be True."*

X. SALUTE TO THE FLAGS:

Two pupils, one carrying a United States flag, the other a Christian flag, march to the platform. School stands. United States flag is held aloft. School salutes United States flag by extending right hand toward it and repeating:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands: one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Christian flag is held aloft. School salutes the Christian flag by extending the right hand toward it and repeating:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands: one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

(If the Church has a Service Flag, have it hung over the platform.)

XI. "AMERICA": *First and last verses. Or "The Star Spangled Banner."*

XII. OFFERING: *For the Home Board's work among 400,000 lumbermen. * (See Supplement.)*

XIII. "FAITH OF OUR FATHERS":

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate
If they, like them, should die for thee;
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! God's great power
Shall win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from
God
Mankind shall then indeed be free;
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will true to thee till death.

XIV. CLOSING PRAYER: *For the President and all associated with him in the conduct of national affairs; for the Army and Navy, especially for the young men from the local Church. Read the names before prayer is offered.*

*Offering to be sent at once to Mr. Harvey C. Olin, Treasurer, Board of Home Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York



Mt. Hood from Lost Lake

The Columbia River

Its History — Its Myths — Its Scenery
Its Commerce

By WILLIAM DENISON LYMAN

Professor of History in Whitman College,
Walla Walla, Washington

◆ ◆ ◆

With about 80 Full-page Illustrations and 2 Maps

◆ ◆ ◆

Reading Circle Edition

Octavo. 450 pages. \$1.75 net By mail, \$1.95

The J. K. GILL CO.
Booksellers and Stationers

133-135 Third St.

Portland, Ore.



Astoria, looking up and across the Columbia River

THIS is the first effort to present a book distinctively on the Columbia River. It is the intention of the author to give some special prominence to Nelson and the magnificent lake district by which it is surrounded. As the joint possession of the United States and British Columbia, and as the grandest scenic river of the continent, the Columbia is worthy of special attention. In the volume will be found a narrative of the remarkable series of events in the history of the Columbia, as well as a portrayal of the scenic attractions of the great Western river. And through the pages of this historically competent and thoroughly readable volume breathes the very spirit of the West, of which its author is a devoted son.

In selecting the illustrations care has been taken to give as wide a scope as possible to the more important views along the river.



A Combined Harvester, near Walla Walla

CONTENTS

PART I.—THE HISTORY

The Land where the River Flows—Tales of the First White Men along the Coast—How All Nations Sought the River from the Sea and how they Found it—First Steps across the Wilderness in Search of the River—The Fur-Traders, their Bateaux, and their Stations—The Coming of the Missionaries to the Tribes of the River—The Era of the Pioneers, their Ox-Teams, and their Flat-Boats—Conflict of Nations for Possession of the River—The Times of Tomahawk and Firebrand—When the “Fire-Canoes” Took the Place of the Log-Canoes—Era of the Miner, the Cowboy, the Farmer, the Boomer, and the Railroad-BUILDER—The Present Period of Empire-Making and World Commerce.

PART II.—A JOURNEY DOWN THE RIVER

In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies—The Lakes from the Arrow Lakes to Chelan—In the Land of Wheat-Field, Orchard, and Garden—Where River and Mountain Meet, and the Traces of the Bridge of the Gods—A Side Trip to some of the Great Snow-Peaks—The Lower River and the Ocean Tides—Index.



Willamette Falls, Oregon City, Oregon.

SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION

Two or three writers in the newspapers have discovered a sort of similarity between the attitude of Senator Harry Lane in the present National crisis and that of his grandfather, Senator Joseph Lane immediately prior to the Civil War. These letters have started a train of historical reminiscences and historical citations, one of which, written by Robert H. Down, is published in The Oregonian today.

We think that there can be no doubt as to the sympathies of Senator Joseph Lane during the American conflict. He was born in North Carolina and his leanings were strongly toward the Southern cause. But in comparing grandfather and grandson there are more points of contrast than similarity.

Joseph Lane was a soldier and an illustrious one. If he had an opinion on a National or international issue—and he generally had—he had a reason for it that was not expressed in mushy platitudes. He never held the theory that those who ventured into dangerous places where they had a right to go and there had their "toes stepped on" had no call on justice or Government.

One of the first acts of Joseph Lane, after becoming Governor of Oregon, was to go into the Cayuse country, accompanied only by an interpreter and Dr. Newell, not to discover an excuse for massacre, but to demand the surrender of the murderers of Marcus Whitman. The threat held over the Cayuse chief was not one of armed neutrality. He offered no Bryan pabulum. The Indian was given a choice of peace or war and the chief chose peace by surrendering five Indians implicated in the massacre.

Joseph Lane was one of the most distinguished officers of the Mexican War. He was a member of the Indiana Legislature at the time of the outbreak, but it is not recorded that he advocated or supported peace-at-any-price memorials or attempted to blame upon their own heads the fate of those Americans who had been murdered or outraged on the Mexican border. He resigned and took the field. He was made a Brigadier-General, was mentioned for distinguished bravery, and he acquired the title of "The Marion of the Mexican War." He was wounded at the battle of Buena Vista and it is said of him that "when the grape and musket shot flew as thick as hail over our volunteers their brave General, though wounded in the left shoulder by a musket ball, could be seen fifty yards in advance of his lines, waving his sword and encouraging his men by his impetuous bravery."

General Lane brought the same impetuous bravery to Oregon, upon his appointment as Governor of the territory. One incident of his career has herein been mentioned. On another occasion, in 1850, with only fifteen men, he entered the country of warring Rogue River Indians. At a peace conference he was confronted by the hostile attitude of several hundred Indians. But with sheer bravado he quelled the sudden rising and personally disarmed the leaders among the red men. In 1853, at the head of a small body of volunteers raised to quell another Rogue River uprising, he was wounded again in the left shoulder. The mere fact of his presence as commander of the volunteers, when it became known to the Indians, caused them to propose a peaceful settlement. There followed the famous conference between General Lane and Chief Joseph at Table Rock, one of the most remarkable occurrences that ever took place in Southern Oregon.

The obscurity and poverty in which Joseph Lane lived during his later life may be ascribed in part to the irrepressible misfortunes of internecine conflict in which birth and habits of thought led him to the side not approved by the majority of his fellow-citizens of Oregon. But after lapse of more than half a century, during which old animosities have been cured, the public thought, in considering General Lane, will weigh all his activities in passing judgment.

GEN. LANE IN CIVIL WAR CRISIS

Senator's Grandfather Southern Sympathizer, but Above Pacifists.

PORTLAND, March 17.—(To the Editor.)—In the Portland Journal there appeared a letter by a "Member of General Lane's Family," taking exceptions to statements contained in the letter of "Reader," which appeared in The Oregonian March 8. This member of Joseph Lane's family goes to great length to make it appear that the General was always a loyal citizen of the United States.

In answer to the challenge made for the authorities, I quote Bancroft, History of Oregon, Vol. 2, page 455:

Slowly, reluctantly, regretfully came home the truth to the people of Oregon that Joseph Lane was a secessionist; that he had offered his services and those of his sons to fight in battle against his Government and against his late friends in Oregon. The news of the fall of Fort Sumpter did not reach Oregon till the 30th of April, 1861. By the same steamer that brought back the thrilling intelligence of actual war came Lane back to his home in Oregon. What a pitiful home-coming! Hatred and insult greeted him from the moment he came in sight of these Pacific shores. At San Francisco it was so, and when he reached Portland, and a few personal friends wished to give a salute in his honor, they were assured that such a demonstration would not be permitted in that town. Even the owner of a cart refused to transport his luggage to the house of his son-in-law. It consisted of two or three stout boxes in which were conveyed to Southern Oregon arms for the equipment of the army of the Pacific republic. But this fact was not known to the cartman or it might have fared worse with the ex-Senator. Proceeding south after a few days with these arms in a stout wagon, but unsuspected, he was met at various parts of the route by demonstrations of disrespect. At Dallas he was hanged in effigy. A fortunate accident arrested him in the perpetration of the contemplated folly and treachery and consigned him to a life of retirement from which he never emerged.

This "fortunate accident" consisted of a wound Lane received in the arm from an accidental discharge of a pistol. Staying at the house of Jesse Applegate, "Lane revealed . . . the nature of his schemes concerning Oregon . . ." See Bancroft, History of Oregon, Vol. 2, page 455, note 27.

Joseph Lane, with Senator Gwin, of California, and a man named Tilden in Washington Territory, were backers and instigators of a movement to "steal the Pacific Coast from the Federal Government and hold it for the South." They worked through the traitorous organization known as the Knights of the Golden Circle. See Vol. 4, Ore. Hist. Quarterly, pages 89 and 106. They had councils, or circles as they are termed, at Scio, Albany, Jacksonville, in Yamhill County, two at Salem and two at Portland. (Ore. Hist. Quart., Vol. 13, page 22.)

Through the vigilance of Adjutant-General C. C. Reed, and foresight of Governor Addison C. Gibbs, Oregon was snatched from the very maw of the Confederacy. That it was saved to the Union and cast its vote for Lincoln and not for Joseph Lane, the nominee for Vice-President on the southern slaveholders' ticket, was due in large measure to the loyal newspapers of Oregon, The Oregonian, the Argus and the People's Press. The last two were new publications, and to The Oregonian must be given the credit of turning the tide in one of the stormiest periods in our National history.

I do not make these statements to cast any reflections upon the memory of General Lane. Lest history be perverted let the facts be submitted again to the forgetful public. History repeats itself. Harry Lane now sits in the seat of his grandfather in the United States Senate. While the copperheads of that day of civil war might excuse themselves on the slavery question, they were not of the contemptible type of pacifist that today gloats over the Nation's unpreparedness, taking their opinions from the sickly German propaganda and the mutterings of a few discontented Irishmen who would sacrifice the honor of the United States to vent their spite against England.

ROBT H. DOWN.

LANE'S DISLOYALTY INHERITED

Attitude of Grandfather in Civil War Crisis Is Recalled.

PORTLAND, March 6.—(To the Editor.)—Senator Harry Lane is "running true to form." The Senator belongs to the medical profession and no doubt subscribes to the belief in heredity. Be it remembered, therefore, that the Senator's paternal grandfather was Senator from Oregon in the years up to 1861; that on the floor of the United States Senate in those dark days just preceding the Rebellion this same grandfather stated that Lincoln and the black Republicans would have to walk over his dead body before they would keep the Southern states in the Union against their will, or words to that effect.

We now see his grandson standing up for the great republic in the same way and from the same state.

However, Grandfather Lane did not allow his body to be walked over, living or dead, but brought it carefully back to Oregon, where it would be out of danger.

The citizens of the state of Oregon were patriotic at that time and welcomed Grandfather Lane by burning him in effigy and other forms of welcome of like nature.

Yes, Grandson Lane is "running true to form," the theory of heredity is vindicated; but will Oregon run true to form in this case and give the Senator the same welcome on his return? READER.

SENATOR HARRY LANE.

THE DEATH of Senator Harry Lane there passed away an honest man. Sixty-two years of his life gave proof of it. He was not only an honest man but a local character. Harry Lane was always himself and no one else. He was no base imitator. Wherever he was and whatever the conditions he was always the same, a democrat in the broadest and best sense, his sympathies always with the under dog and at least able to take care of themselves. When practicing medicine the bulk of his work was done without charge. He was a man who never cared for money. No one could be simpler in his habits and tastes.

In personal association he was the most agreeable of companions. He was full of humor and his mind was stored with a knowledge of woodcraft in which an Indian could not excel. In his youth he would stray into the primeval forest and be gone many days without companion and with nothing but his blanket, a piece of bacon and his trusty gun. He was an intense lover of nature and added to his scientific reading to the first-hand knowledge he himself had gathered in the woods.

A more physically courageous man never walked. Back of that he had moral courage to face any issue and held it out to the limit. There was always something doing when he was about and the sessions of the medical society are things still talked of in the days when Dr. Harry Lane was in his prime. He was always a dangerous man on the rostrum. A ready offhand talker, he knew human nature and had at his fingers' end a species of knowledge which he knew how to use effectively.

He knew the foibles of his fellows and punctured them with shafts of wit and humor. As a letter writer to the newspapers he could always command an audience and generally tried his point.

His campaign for senator was a revelation of its kind. Without newspaper support or sympathy he took an old automobile and visited every town in the state. He came unheralded and, plain as an old shoe, he met the people face to face and talked to them of things they could understand and with which they were in sympathy. Much to the public surprise but not at all to his own was elected against great political odds. In the first session of the senate that he attended he showed the same old spirit but after that he seemed to lose his grip. It is now quite apparent why. The disease which finally carried him off was steadily working its insidious way and unknown to himself was sapping his vigor and force.

The good that he did in the world will long be remembered of him; his virtues and frailties will soon be forgotten. He was an intensely human man who did the very best as he saw it. He feared no man or combination and met death with the courage that marked his whole life.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

BRINGS TO LIGHT FORGOTTEN BIT OF LINCOLN ORATORY

Old Newspaper Published in
Springfield in 1842 Con-
tains Tribute to Father of
His Country

CALLS WASHINGTON

"MIGHTIEST NAME"

"In Its Naked Deathless
Splendor, Leave it Shin-
ing on," He Concluded

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.—Seventy-eight years ago tomorrow, in Springfield, Ill., where his tomb is now a shrine before which a nation bows in reverence, young Abraham Lincoln paid tribute to George Washington. The words he uttered then, perhaps as eloquent as his world-famed Gettysburg address, have been lost for three-quarters of a century in the pages of a country newspaper hidden away in the files of the congressional library. They were brought to light to be given to the world for the first time almost on the eve of another birthday of the first president.

Mightiest Name on Earth

"This is the one-hundred and tenth anniversary of the birth of Washington," he said. "We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name an eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt that. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

The text of this hitherto unknown example of Lincoln's eloquence was found in Washington by Lucien Hugh Alexander of Philadelphia, who gave it to the Associated Press today. An account of the ceremony at which Lincoln spoke was contained in the copy of the Nangamon Journal, published at Springfield on February 25, 1842. The tribute to Washington was the final paragraph of an address upon another subject and the address in full was published in the Journal of March 20. A complete file of the newspaper for that year was found by Mr. Alexander in the library of congress.

Found by Lincoln Student

Mr. Alexander, a student of Lincoln, came upon the lost address while on historical research work. He declared that in his judgment it is destined in the years to come to be read or recited at virtually every celebration of Washington's birthday the country over.

"Hay and Nicolay and also Ida Tarbell missed it," he said, "and so have all of Lincoln's biographers so far as I can discover. Indeed I believe this is the only eulogium extant by Lincoln upon the father of our country and in so its importance from a purely historical and sentimental standpoint cannot be over-estimated. This really wonderful quotation will be sure to link their names together in a most unusual and beautiful way from now on." February 22.

HOTEL
D'ORANGE

PALACE
HOTEL

HOTEL KURHAUS

GRAND
HOTEL



SAVOY-HOTEL.

DIRECTEUR DES HOTELS: H. A. FUHR.

HOTEL RAUCH.

Lehrer

191

BIG NUGGET STORY.



E. H. Virgil Found One in '59 Weighing 98 Pounds.

A single chunk of gold, weighing 98 pounds and worth \$11,750! This was the size and value of a nugget that E. H. Virgil, of East Portland, found in French gulch, near Gold Hill, Columbia county, Southern California, in 1857. "I tell you," remarked Mr. Virgil, as his eyes lighted up with the recollection of that famous find, "that was the event of a lifetime, and caused much excitement all over the country. Up to that time it was the largest nugget that had ever been uncovered in California. It was a mere accident, and some one else might have been the lucky one.

"I had a partner named West, and we had been mining on French gulch, but were not doing much, and we decided to go to the Fraser river and we sold out the very claim where I afterwards found the big chunk of gold. Well, I went up north, but that did not pan out very well and I decided to return. West and I actually went back and bought back our old claim. We went to work again on the old ground. One day I was working away with my pick, taking out pieces of dull red stone that was so light and porous that it would float in water. While I was digging in the stuff my pick struck something hard. I worked away and finally the lump was exposed. My pick

had creased one side, exposing the color of the gold. I could not believe my eyes. I took off my hat and threw it on the ground and then tried to lift the chunk, but it was too heavy. It seemed fast to the earth. I cut my finger severely. I called to West, and as he came I thought I could hang my coat on his eyes. Miners gathered from all directions. It was a custom for a miner when he found a big nugget to sit down on it and with a dish of beans wait till he could make a safe disposition of it. In this case, we formed a procession and took the chunk to the express office, where the amazement of the officials was great indeed. The chunk of gold had some quartz in it, but I received \$11,750 for it. I suppose it must have been thrown where I found it from some distance. I and others had passed over the place many times, but never dreamed that it was underneath. We sold out the claim, but it never paid very much afterwards."

Mr. Virgil came on to Oregon shortly after finding the gold nugget and selling out his claim, in about 1862, and for 33 years lived in Portland. A few years ago he moved to Tillamook, where he lived until some months ago, when he returned and now occupies his new home on Grand avenue. He has in his possession a picture of himself alongside the big nugget.

'A REALIZED DREAM OF PARADISE'

ASTORIA, July 22. The noted traveler, writer and orator, Colonel Pat Donahoe, who registers from Dakota, but being everywhere, has spent the last ten days in Astoria, and has been handsomely entertained by the leading citizens. He has been taken to all the most interesting places in the vicinity, including Gearhart Park, Fort Canby, the jetty, the lighthouses and the fishtraps. Last Monday J. O. Hanthorn took him and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, on the steamer Fisher, down to the fishing grounds, where they saw all the processes of capturing the great Columbia salmon. Few men have seen more of the world than Colonel Donahoe. He is a true citizen of the world, and has had as much to do with the opening up and settling of new regions, and the building of new towns as any man of his day. He was for many years the pioneer in chief of Dakota territory. All the railroads leading to the Northwest, and all the steamship lines that were bringing emigrants to this country used his speeches and articles as the staple of their advertising in books, pamphlets, folders and circulars. Some of his speeches have gone into school readers and have been read all over the world. His book on Utah recently issued by the Rio Grande Western railroad, is one of the handsomest works of the kind ever published.

INTERVIEW WITH COL. DONAN.

Colonel Donan is courteous and graceful in his manners, and is a favorite in society wherever he is known. He talks brilliantly and uses many gestures. Yesterday he was asked for his opinion of Astoria and the adjacent region, and his reply will be found of general interest. He said:

"What do I think of Astoria?" To answer that fully would take more time than I have to talk, or you to listen. Your paper need not spare space for half I might say. The man who declared "There is nothing new under the sun," lived a long while ago, and he never saw Astoria. I have been a rambler all my life, and I never went anywhere without finding many novel and interesting things—many things to learn, to wonder at and admire. I have rarely found more in any place or region than here. I thought I knew the United States as well as any man living, but, do you know, I would have been inclined to feel sorry for myself and my ignorance if I had 'seen Naples and died' before I made this trip to Astoria. It is the least known place of its importance in America. My stay here has been a prolonged surprise party to me. I have enjoyed it and profited by it; but it has put me in a queerly awkward predicament. I cannot meanly keep to myself all I have seen and learned, without feeling conscious of a growing kinship to the much-discussed 'American Hogg'; and I cannot tell it without endangering my well-worn reputation as an able bodied truth-teller from Devil's Lake, Dakota. If I should go back East and recount half the marvelous discoveries I have made in and about this oldest, most unknown white settlement on the Pacific Coast, I would be set down as a lineal descendant of Ananias and Sapphira, a first cousin of Mammon, a long-lost twin brother, 'with the strawberry mark on my left arm,' of a hundred such commonplace liars as Eli Perkins and 'Tom O'Rourke all in a bunch."

AGRICULTURAL BULLETIN 17.

[illegible]

be to the southern coast. There will be, there can be, but one. It should be where river, rail and ocean meet. It will be where trans-continental railway and ocean steamer can connect most easily and directly. It will be on the ocean, and not inland. Show me where it is to be and I will point you to a spot whose municipal growth will outstrip anything the world has ever seen. Jonah's miracle-reared gourd will be a slow-growing squash beside it. God and nature have done everything to make Astoria this peerless maritime metropolis of the Golden Northwest except build the jetties, docks and warehouses, bring in the ships, and construct the railroads.

Here the Columbia, rivaling in majesty the Mississippi and the Amazon, and draining an empire vaster than all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland put together, pours its mighty flood into earth's greatest ocean. All the rivers of the Northwest roll in one huge channel past Astoria and down. Here is the grandest harbor on all the Pacific shores north of San Francisco, with 20 feet of water at lowest tide, while New York has but 21. The largest ship that sails the seas can steer straight in, and lie alongside of any dock or warehouse in the city's 12 miles of deep-water frontage. The magnificent harbor is securely land-locked, and ample to furnish anchorage for all the navies of the world, and no barnacles or destroying teredo live in its pure, fresh water. The government jetties, on which \$2,700,000 have been well spent, are steadily and rapidly deepening depths already deep enough for all commercial purposes, and from 35 to 40 feet at low tide will soon be assured.

WALLED IN BY FORESTS.

Astoria is literally walled in by forests that are unsurpassed upon the globe. Thousands of square miles of pine, hemlock, spruce and fir, as yet untouched by ax or saw. Gigantic trees from three to twelve feet in diameter, and towering 200 feet heavenward without knot or limb. Trees so large that they have to be split with dynamite to reduce them to millable dimensions. Timber that yields from 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 feet to the quarter section of 160 acres, or from 5,000 to 9,000 feet to the acre. A great part of the world's lumber supply will some day be cut and handled here.

A REALIZED DREAM OF PARADISE.

"The whole surrounding region is rich in all mineral, pastoral and agricultural resources. Immense bodies of coal and iron ore lie along the lines of all the projected railroads to the south and south-east. All kinds of live stock flourish without care or shelter, finding abundant pasturage all the year. The soil is exhaustless in fertility, yielding to the most careless cultivation bounteous crops of all temperate-zone grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables. Finer wheat, rye, oats and barley, and more luscious apples, pears, peaches, plums and cherries never ripened in G. O. P.'s sunshine and showers. Berries of all sort and descriptions grow wild in riotous profusion, and even Florida is left out of sight as a land of flowers."

"The climate is a realized dream of paradise. It is exquisite beyond description or imagination. I have tried all the climates of the globe, and I have never found anything any more gloriously perfect. No hot weather in the summer, no cold weather in the winter. Roses bloom in the open air all the year round, and there is never a day when a light overcoat is not comfortable, or a night when a blanket is not necessary. Trees and grass are green as living emerald in December and January, and the snowy crowns of Mount H. and Mount St. Helens glisten white and dazzling in May and August. The highest average range of the thermometer last year was 61 degrees in August and the lowest 41 degrees in January—a total average range for the year of about 20 degrees. Could God Almighty himself have made a more delightful or more beautiful climate?

[illegible]

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
CITY OF
PORTLAND, OREGON

HARRY LANE,
MAYOR

Oct. 17th., 1908.

Dr. Ownes Adair,

Warrenton, Oregon.

My Dear Doctor:-

I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., endorsing the position which I have taken concerning the enforcement of the law and thank you for your expression concerning it.

I receive so little in the way of commendation of the work which I have attempted to do that when it does come from an old friend like yourself it is doubly appreciated.

Again thanking you, I am,

Very truly yours,

Harry Lane
Mayor.

New Albuquerque,

[Santa Fe Continued.]

While sitting upon the porch of my Hotel New Years day I was startled by the ringing and tolling of one of the most beautiful bells I ever heard. I listened to the beautiful peals of that bell and its echoes to the distant mountains and the vibrations from peak to peak until it died away in the distance. Curiosity led me to the place from whence it came and I found it in the Tower of the old St. Miguel Chapel. This church was built in 1640 and the old bell cast in Spain or Mexico no one can tell which. The arch is built of Adobe and its exterior indicates that it has stood the storms of many centuries. I joined the filthy crowd and elbowed my way into this Holy place until I reached the extreme further end. It is built in the form of an arch and the sound of the voice of His Reverence, the Priest, was as distinct as though I stood by his side. I listened attentively to his remarks as they were in Spanish until he changed to a monotone song in Latin and was quite sure I understood as much of that as the balance of the noisy crowd, and his song echoed so prettily through these sacred walls that it was perfectly enchanting.

Soon however it was ended, and after a few remarks which I suppose was the Benediction the young sports made a grand rush for the door and down the street and was soon lost in the dim distance.

As the crowd gradually passed out I remained near the altar viewing the old and antique architecture of this Divine place. I soon found myself almost alone save his Reverence who stood apparently deciphering what or who I might be. I at once took in the situation, made a polite low bow and slowly turned my steps to the door. The floor of this church is of tile, black and red or a brick color. They are very nicely laid and have borne the tread of many millions. The seats and benches are made of a wood resembling oak and shine as though they had a coat of varnish from their constant service to those who come to offer up prayers at this holy shrine. The walls look dingy and mildewed and the windows are covered with cobwebs many centuries old.

The church is always open as many go there and offer up prayers at all times of day or night—it matters not if the Priest is not there they pray the same.

I soon followed the crowd down the long narrow and dingy street lined on either side with low and ungainly adobe houses until I came to an enclosure, or some might call it a park. But not a tree or a spear of grass could be seen, only dust so thick it was almost impassible to those not familiar with it.

Here I find cock fighting, foot racing contortionists and itinerant venders of Mexican refreshments. I soon learned from an American gentleman who saw me come from the church that the priest had mentioned these sports in his last remarks and that was why the boys made such a rush to get out, and to the place. This, I am informed, is characteristic of the Priests in Mexico to always announce all sports on Sunday afternoon from the pulpit, cock fighting, bull fighting and athletic sports of every kind. But the sports don't amount to much and all I can say is the people are easily pleased.

The city of Santa Fe is divided by a small river running north and south, at this season of the year the stream is not more than a small creek. But in June or July as the snow melts from the adjoining mountains this stream is swollen to an enormous size, many times doing great damage to property and drowning many people. The Mexicans and Indians believe I think are Spiritualists and the more ignorant of them believe that the high water is a punishment from a cruel and bloody and headstrong queen. "The story goes that Cuadalupe was the wife of a very honest warrior who in the campaign of Mexico with the savages killed for his people great numbers of warriors. His bad luck in many times fought and successful battles and becoming a

ice they are drawn by from twelve to forty yoke of cattle. They use them only for heavy materials such as stone, quarts and hides and when going through the streets they furnish a picture of antiquity indeed.

The plow also has its curious construction, quite as much of a curiosity as an implement of Agriculture as the cart I referred to. It consists of a crooked stick about four feet long with a cross beam at an angle of forty-five degrees and two feet long. The end of the perpendicular crooked stick is sharpened and by the assistance of a yoke of oxen they make a furrow about three or four inches deep and about as wide. In this furrow they plant the seed and by proper irrigation they raise a few small vegetables such as onions and potatoes. Almost everything in the vegetable line comes from the North as well as all the flour, bacon and provisions generally. Good beef and mutton only are obtained here. Not a fowl of any kind, or a hog do we see. No milk or butter, (Oleomargarine) finds a ready market in this forlorn adobe country and the tables at the hotels even at four dollars a day are sickening indeed. Santa Fe is no doubt the oldest city on this continent and is therefore the most curious. It has a foreign and ancient appearance in every particular. The next thing to going to some of the remote parts of Asia is to come here.— Poverty, filth and starvation are visible on every hand, while the queer houses, quaint old churches, ruined fortresses and prisons, dizzy stucco houses, and above all a distinct class of people known to the world only through the pages of romance, the yet visible instruments of torture and the tumbled down dungeons all present the facts that they once were a tyrannical if not a barbarous people.

The city is located beautifully and reflects great credit on the people who located it many centuries ago. The first man who conceived the idea of locating this ancient city is deserving of great credit, as the plateau at the foot of the mountain is beautiful. The sheltering slopes of the majestic old mountains are almost perpetually covered with snow—where refreshing springs of pure water bubble perpetually, and rushing rivulets sing their lovely ceaseless songs, with the beautiful plaza in the centre, many charming gardens and untold or innumerable suburban retreats, making it one of the loveliest spots on Earth. Hotel accommodations are yet primitive in the extreme. But prospects are flattering for improvements in that line. The commercial advantages are very many, being located near the centre of the territory and direct communication to many interior important leading points.

I now leave Santa Fe and continue my journey further into this romantic country. I go to Albuquerque, Socoes and into Old Mexico by way of El Paso, Del Norte. A description of these two places will be of no mutual interest, as all Mexican cities have such a sameness of Adobes and dilapidated surroundings. It is surprising to see what a state of society this country is composed of. Cattle thieves and outlaws are in abundance and almost every man carries a pair of colt's revolvers, a Winchester rifle or a Baker gun, and with a belt of fifty cartridges his armament is as much as he can carry.

At Albuquerque I strike the Rio Grande River and follow this beautiful stream through the valley of the same name about three hundred miles. The land along through this lovely valley is fine for grazing, as it gets sufficient irrigation from the tributary mountain rivulets. The melting snows from the mountains on either side are pouring their refreshing influences into the Rio Grande that finds a path to the Gulf of Mexico. The millions of wild cattle and plains spotted with fine deep, blue deer and antelope are abundant and all are convincing evidence that as much as the people are in many respects the country was not much in your child and silver mining is carried on in many parts of this territory very successfully and all that remains to be done is to encourage the people to this country with good people and supply the land of terrible Mexicans and cattle thieves. The first eight days of the

any such loss as that of their much loved queen the people went to the top of the mountain that now bears her much honored name and by the side of a beautiful transparent lake the waters of it so clear the bottom is visible many fathoms, they built her a fine cottage out of the way of any possible danger. For her kindness to her people they became united in one love for her and to reward her for her many good deeds they presented her with a beautiful costly necklace made from native blue and green turquoise mounted in virgin gold. One day she discovered the beautiful token had become soiled and she tried to wash it in the lake; in doing so she let it slip from her hand and it soon found its resting place in the bottom of the lake many fathoms down. The sad news was heralded throughout the Empire and although in full view none had the skill or genius to secure the lost treasure. At last it was abandoned by all save Guadalupe. She hit upon the plan to dip the waters from the lake and so regain her much admired treasure. She at once set to work and the streams of the mountain became swollen and all poured their mighty vengeance into the Santa Fe creek; that became a roaring river carrying houses and cattle with many hundreds of poor people down with it. And before they could stop her dipping millions of property and many thousand people had perished. As soon as Guadalupe found out what she had done she was taken ill and died with grief and to her greatness was erected a monument, with only the name Guadalupe at the spot where once stood the beautiful cottage on the mountain top and by the side of that beautiful sparkling lake to-day that monument stands and when the river begins to raise in mid summer those who believe in the superstition go to the mountain side and pray to the spirit of Guadalupe to stop pouring or dipping the water from the lake and offer up prayers at all their shrines for the goodness and greatness of Guadalupe.

The street scenes in this ancient capitol are no doubt different than almost any other on the continent.

The carts for handling hay loads are a curiosity in themselves and attract attention from even passers, by or every foreign visitor. The wheels are about three feet in diameter, of solid wood about six inches thick. The hubs are about the size of a half barrel and the axles of a piece of timber fully a foot square and eight to nine feet long. The ends project through these monster hubs far enough to take a wood birch pin the size of a small stick of stove wood. The rack is of timber about the size of a railroad tie and the tongue outlandish in proportions. All in all it reminds me of the juggernaut I used to see in my extensive travels in Asia, especially in Japan and China where they are drawn by bulls, while in Bengal, Siam and India they are drawn by elephants. In Mex.



Decoration by K. R. Wireman

Stop! Look! Listen!

By ANNA BARROWS

WHEN railroads were a novelty all sorts of devices were used to prevent accidents at grade crossings, and we still see in some places the warning, "Stop! Look! Listen!"

With all that has happened in 1919, women, and especially the homemakers and housekeepers, have been too busy to think, doing has taken all their energy.

Shall we not stop and look around and see where we have failed to adapt ourselves to the present day; where we have attempted to bring along useless customs from the pre-war days? Above all, should we listen to those who predict greater hardships in the future if we return to the thriftless ways of 1914 and before?

Stop, mother, and look over the daily routine of your home! Listen to the conversation of the children and see whether you are forming their ideals and standards, or whether the man who has something to sell is doing it. Are we not all being influenced against home repairs of furniture and clothing on the plea that it is cheaper to buy new? Does not this react and make us, old and young, careless of the articles in daily use? If it's old throw it aside and get new. No matter if you did tear it carelessly, it's out of fashion. Bolshevism, graft, and waste in public expenditures are the direct result of lack of home training in values.

Use a budget plan in 1920, and compare present prices with your bills for last year, and consider whether we can allow ourselves the luxury of waste. Let each member of the household, even the six-year-old study the cost of his daily food. What did a glass of milk cost last year, or two years ago? Would the same sum buy as much to-day? What about an egg, a chop, an orange, etc.?

to educate the spendthrift of the future, we should be large enough to cover our board, school and incidental expenses. We should be able to pay for our children's education, and for their future support.

THE HOUSEWIVES' FORUM

A Page for Home Problems and Their Solution

Conducted by Jenoise Brown Short

Practical Housekeeper and Home Economics Specialist

of a real business and so incentive and enthusiasm?

The up-to-the-minute business office with its well-planned working day, regular hours, good equipment, and labor-saving methods of work offers many suggestions to "us who stay at home."

To make a real business out of the work of the home, to dignify it as is worthy, the woman in the home needs to know the fundamentals of real business. But first of all she wants an appreciation of the fact that every hour she spends in actual work is productive, has a money value, and should be considered when counting up the family income. To make the homes of many run more smoothly the question of household service must be nearer a solution than at present.

Woman complains that man has more sense than she. Outside world than she. I once heard a man say that his wife was "too much of a housekeeper." What he meant was that she was too much of a business woman.

using it will find that she is actually doing less work and with less strain than under the old plan of doing whatever happened into her own or the house-manager's head at that particular moment.

Planning Meals Ahead

TIME, money, and nerves are saved when meals are planned ahead. One practical woman says she has a three weeks' menu which she finds sufficient to use as a basis and then varies it according to the season. By some such scheme meal-planning loses its terrors.

Making out a market order and doing as much marketing as possible at one time is a great help. Everything but the perishables may be purchased well in advance.

Like the business man and woman who plan their business, every home woman, head of a well equipped stock of food, should plan her meals.

portable, and washable. There should be plenty of them, with trig aprons to top off. Roominess for free and easy movements are essential, so that the housewife may get some of her daily exercise out of her work.

Sensible and comfortable shoes—they can be both, and still be good-looking—are even more important than the dress.

Tools Never Strike

THE well-equipped factory does not economize on tools. The efficiency expert knows that good tools cut down the number of people required to do a given amount of work and also increase the output.

It is obvious that in our homes, because of the scarcity of household helpers at any price, that we, too, need to get the greatest amount of labor done with the aid of the fewest number of helpers. There are many women for whom housework is necessarily an avocation. These women need all such help.

Good tools do not strike; they have no thought of an eight-hour day; they work on without complaint; they are always on the job. Science, the need of the housewife, and the manufacturer have brought forth an army of silent servitors, always ready. And the woman is beginning to feel that their possession means preparedness against lack of service.

There is no department in this business of housekeeping that has been slighted. Tools of every description for every household operation are on the market. The laundry can almost run itself, if the right kind of equipment be provided.

Perhaps no piece of household equipment has been more universally accepted than the washing-machine—either operated electrically, by hand, or by water power.

Laundry day, with its certain appearance, demands it. For the special benefit of the apartment-house dweller there is a washing-machine that fits inside the stationary tub. A good electric or gas iron is replacing the old sad-iron. But there are other labor-savers not so well known as the washing-machine and newer type irons. Have

The best kind of training parents can give their children is through an allowance, however small, for that is the surest way to educate the spenders of the future. This should be large enough to cover expense of clothing and incidentals, if not of board, education, etc. Few children, even of high-school age, realize the hours of hard labor that they cost their parents. The social life of such schools makes some intelligent parents consider the advisability of sending their children further than the grades, and the expense is often a burden. Here an allowance would help many a child to see relative values, and the parents might be relieved of costly competition.

The whole family to-day may well join in a study of foods, and be placed on a definite per capita allowance. Let the bookkeeping be in the hands of the school children as a valuable home lesson.

We have from twenty-five to fifty cents for each person; that is—so much for the week. Certain constants, like milk, butter, flour, cereals, sugar, etc., will take a definite proportion of the whole amount. What can we buy with the rest? Shall mother go without her share that a selfish little girl or boy may have a double portion in many households, and it is educating people to be selfish all their lives.

A set of illustrated food charts should be close to the dining-room, perhaps on the inside of the china-closet door, for ready reference. Then we shall see that the chop at ten to twenty cents per person is not to be preferred to a less costly portion so far as real nutriment goes.

This is no time to ask, "What do you want for breakfast?" Rather offer no substitutes for the cereal or bread if they mean added fuel for cooking or labor for mother.

Let us each squarely stop, look, and listen, and see whether we are helping the old world out of the tangle she is in, or whether by adherence to worn-out customs and traditions, we are holding it back from progress toward the true democracy for which we went to war.

Your Business

WHAT is the matter with housework? It seems to be generally in disrepute. The black finger of scorn is pointed at it—not by every one to be sure. But housewives without number and household helpers have a common feeling toward domestic duties—self-elected in the one case, perhaps forced on by circumstances in the other.

We hear housework called stupid, humdrum; we are told that it lacks competition and therefore is uninteresting. Competition may be less active than in so-called business, but it is there nevertheless. Perhaps this is the crux of the matter—has the woman who does housework a feeling that her work lacks the elements

contact with the outside world than he has. Many of us do stay shut in, but can't this be avoided?

I once heard a man say that his wife was "too good a housekeeper." I knew what he meant—for I had spent many days in that house. This woman had sacrificed everything in her home to her system. A house run on business principles need not spell system and efficiency to such an extent that the family longs for the old, easy-going, self-run house. Through good management and planning there is greater comfort and happiness and more leisure for every one. The domestic wheels run smoothly, there are fewer hectic moments.

The Working Schedule

JUST as every business has a plan of work so every household—mistress and household helper—needs a schedule of work. The schedule given to the helper should be tried, true, practical, and the first draft very inclusive. It is seldom safe to add duties from time to time. Very soon, if the schedule be practical and fair, the one

Take the business man and woman whom she so often envies, every home woman needs a well-equipped desk with one small flat-topped office desk with one large drawer across the top and drawers at the side is very satisfactory. There should be provision for filing recipes, bills, receipts, clippings of interest to the home, etc. Sharp pencils, good pens, blotters, a ruler, paper, clips, labels—all these should be provided.

A Family Budget

EVERY family needs a budget. A well managed business does not spend money in a hit or miss fashion. And one of the best reasons for having a budget is that after a time you have less worry and more money for pleasure—just because you have planned the spending of the income in advance.

We hear a great deal about the well-dressed business woman. No business needs well thought-out and suitable costumes more than the business of housework.

Such dresses should be attractive, com-

The Homemaker's Task

By DR. BENJAMIN R. ANDREWS

United States Treasury Department

HOW many American women sat around the Peace Table at Versailles? No names are recorded among the delegates. Nevertheless, the women of America were there, twenty million and more, grown great of stature through world service. They had spoken in tones of human understanding, and their voices go sounding forever through the peace pact that must bind all people as friends and neighbors.

During the long agony of the great struggle, the American housekeeper entertained each day at her table silent guests from overseas—soldiers and workmen, women and little children. She spoke to them in the language of food-sharing and needed no interpreter. Nor did she need the great white-winged ship to bridge the Atlantic in sixteen hours. Her understanding and sympathy narrowed it to a stream across which she called in friendly tones to neighbors on the other side.

This same friendly, neighborly tone of the American woman sounds through the Peace Treaty, and must continue to sound through all the world neighborhood or else we perish. Her neighborhood is still the world and can never narrow again to the village.

To-day the world question is finance, and women are not excused from service. The work is hard, but the service is simple. It may begin with thrift in the kitchen, but it radiates through all the world neighborhood, and woman must keep her full stature and help carry the burden of the world. The banker and merchant and statesman can not do all of the work. The neighborhood is still one and the financial fabric a whole. Every dollar saved and invested in War Savings Stamps or other Government securities supplies one dollar of capital to meet the needs of all.

Women are called on for just old-fashioned thrift in the kitchen and in the household, just woman's old work of saving. Once she put by these savings in the silver teapot, but now, grown to full stature through world service, she invests these savings where the money is far more secure, and where every dollar helps to supply capital to meet the needs of America and the world. Every woman is called to guarantee the peace which her understanding and service helped to dictate.

Kitchen Equipment

WITH the inevitable three meals, the subsequent dish-washing, and the other household activities of the kitchen, much of the housewives' time is necessarily spent in this room. Does it receive its just share of attention?

A good stove is as essential as any other piece of kitchen equipment. In the efficient kitchen this should be supplemented by some sort of a fireless cooker. The best stoves, because they conserve heat, therefore, cut down the fuel bill and save the worker's time and labor, have ovens that are really fireless cookers. Both gas and electric stoves are so made. There is a range with an oven electrically heated and so insulated that it is a fireless cooker oven. It is provided with a clock which will turn on the current at the exact time for which it is set, and there is provision for shutting off the current when the oven has reached the required temperature.

Many women would not be without their kitchen cabinets which hold most of their cooking ingredients and utensils and give convenient places for the preparation of food.

An electric motor that will turn the ice-cream freezer, grind the coffee, and mix the bread, takes the place of the worker's arm.

A steam-pressure cooker saves considerable time, fuel, and labor. Because of the higher temperature which the steam under pressure reaches in the cooker and the consequent cutting down of the time of cooking, this device is of great advantage, especially when the worker's time is limited, as with the business woman. A prominent home economist of England says that the pressure-cooker is the greatest invention that was ever introduced into housewifery. For cereals, steam puddings, the cooking of the tougher cuts of meat particularly, and for canning, such a cooker is unsurpassed.

The mechanical dish-washer has already received attention on this page, but this offers another chance to say a word for a machine which performs without com-



Keeping the Stork in His Place

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Mevrouw van Vliet, in her stiff lace cap and eight or nine petticoats, passed the good word along to Mevrouw de Wit as they sat together knitting the interminable gray woolen socks which to this day seem inseparable from the Dutch housewife's leisure hours. The young doctor knew a thing or two! Of that they were convinced. Moreover, by this time the young doctor had a husband of her own and she had had a baby, too, so that she was in an even better position than before to obtain the trust and confidence of the *vrouws* of Holland.

Daily the plight of many of the women of the poorer classes wrung her heart, and it was from them that her own views on woman's rebellion against enforced and continual pregnancy were confirmed. To some of them the coming of another child meant taking the bread out of the mouths of those already born; to others it meant even worse things. Desperate women, driven to distraction by unwanted pregnancy, prayed to her to "get them out of trouble," but tho they gained her sympathy, she, like all accredited birth-control advocates, had nothing but harsh words for the dangerous, illegal methods that constitute abortion. She could help them to avoid a repetition of the cruel plight however, and that is what she did.

EVERY morning from nine until one, her clinic was open. Here she told women the fundamental facts of their anatomy, of which many seemed in the darkest ignorance. Mothers with large families had sometimes but the scantiest knowledge as to how their own children had actually come into being. Some regarded their children not as a blessing, at all, but as a sort of punishment inherited from Mother Eve.

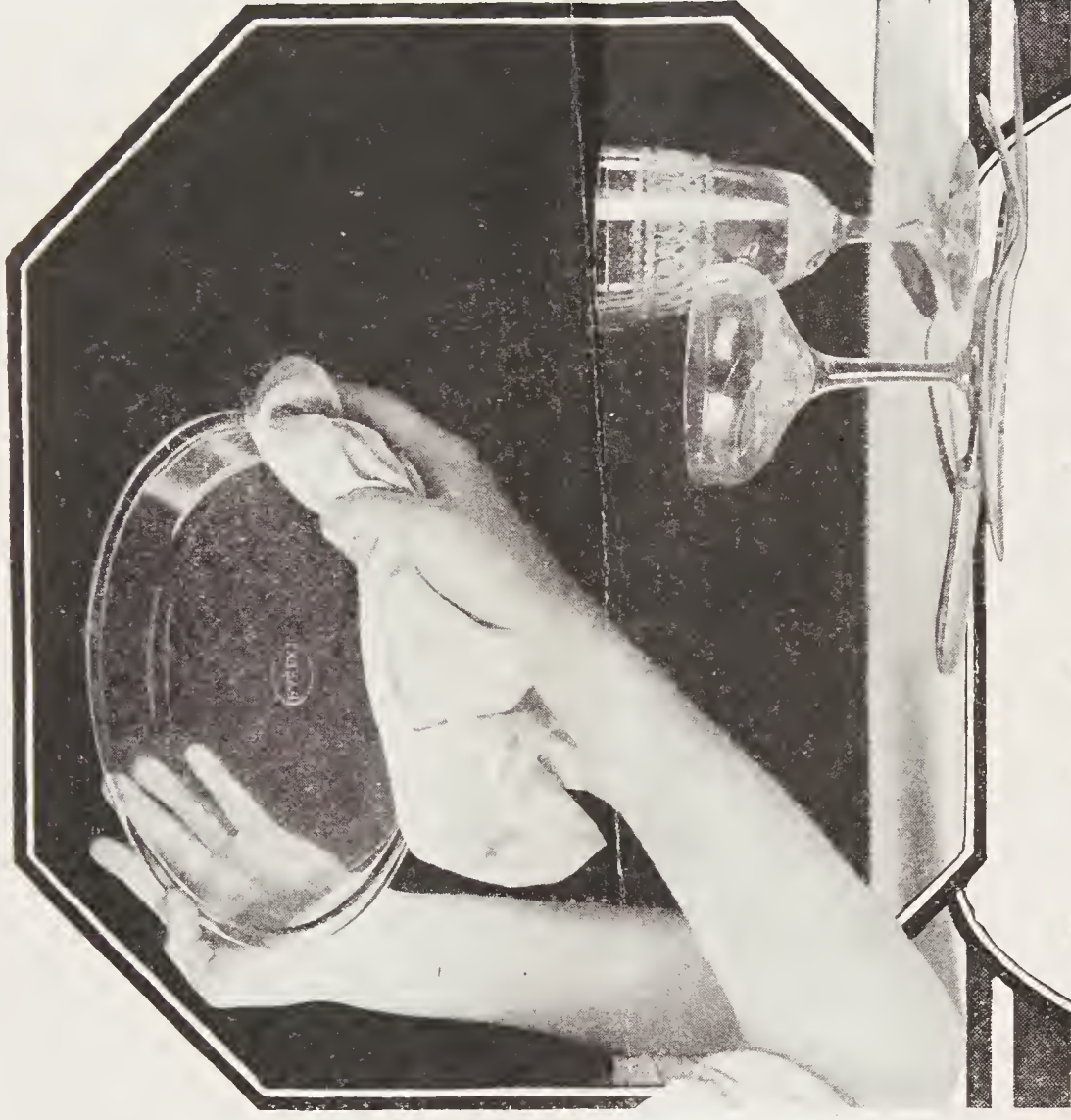
Dr. Jacobs explained and demonstrated. She charged them nothing, and when they could not afford the small sum necessary

tho, the population of Holland took a decided halt as a direct result, it is claimed, of Dr. Jacobs's teachings, she was not spied upon or clapped into jail. On the contrary, her experiment was watched with the placidity of which only Dutch burghers are capable. And, presently, a great many people, whose voices with the years grew more and more numerous and eventually all but silenced the denunciators, were saying that what she had done and was doing was not only a very humane and philanthropic thing, but a very canny thing from the point of view of the nation's welfare. Dr. Jacobs, herself, has never justified her course on any but social and medical grounds.

"People say now that this is of great economic value to us," she told me when I visited her recently at The Hague, "but I have no answer to that. What I have done I have done as a doctor and as a woman. I believe it the *right*, but *not* the duty of every woman to have a child. I think it cruel to withhold from poor, uneducated women the knowledge that rich, intelligent women find it so easy to obtain. And is it not a crime for children to be brought thoughtlessly into the world, when there is no money to feed and clothe and educate them?"

"Then, too, there is the question of disease. Only healthy men and women should have children, but even if it were desirable, you will never be able to keep the unhealthy from marrying."

"These are the thoughts that have influenced me—these, and, also, the problem of the unmarried mother. The world was a very unkind place for her forty or fifty years ago. It is still so, only not to such a great degree. Who are we to say that she shall be so drastically punished? It is not as tho she alone bore the brunt. The innocent child suffers, society suffers. People who argue that the knowledge of scientific facts about birth-control will lead to immorality forget that we have already



Wash With the Silver and Glass

THE woman who takes pride in the beauty of her glassware and china, will have equal delight in PYREX Transparent Oven Dishes, which do away with the scouring of old-fashioned utensils.

PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

Clean With a Caress

The golden color lends beauty to these utility dishes, which bake your food better in the oven and serve it more delightfully on the table.

PYREX never chips, crazes nor grows old.

Guaranteed not to break with oven heat.

Always look for the **PYREX** label—and the name **PYREX** pressed in the glass.

Ask your dealer in housewares for the Pyrex Booklet "*New Facts about Cooking*" or send his name and address and we will post it to you—free.

Pyrex Sales Division

CORNING GLASS WORKS

World's Largest Makers of Technical Glass

501 TIOGA AVENUE, CORNING, N. Y.



had immortality. At the same time with the old point of view of punishment upon the heads of innocent children, why should they have to come into the world to receive this unmerited punishment?"

But altho she has left it to others to consider the economic aspects, they do nevertheless exist. The little country has less than 13,000 square miles of Continental territory—agricultural, all of it, not, however, by virtue of the natural richness of the soil, but because the Dutch people are the cleverest nation in the world at artificial fertilizing. There's an old saying that God made the earth but the Dutch made Holland, and a trip to the country substantiates, at least, the marvelous enterprise of the inhabitants. But they realize that there's a limit to the number of newcomers who can be properly cared for.

THE war has demonstrated more forcibly than all the utterances of economists in the past that it is a good thing for a people to be self-supporting, at least as far as the food supply is concerned. Holland had this brought sharply home to her during the great conflict through which she remained a neutral. With many of her ships commandeered by our country and the Allies, and with her imports held down to a minimum on account of the blockade against the Central Empires, she felt the war less than any other neutral, despite the fact that she was in its very theater, cheek by jowl with Belgium and but a stone's throw from the bloody Meuse. Some people were hungry due to the fact that without her normal quota of imports, Holland had to yield in many cases to Germany's demand for food, because of her dependence on that country for coal. But what was just an uncomfortable pinch for her 6,000,000 people would have been a veritable tragedy for ten or twelve millions, that she might have had.

For fifteen years Dr. Jacobs maintained her clinic at Amsterdam. During that time, hundreds of thousands of women were instructed by her, and finally she found it no longer necessary. Doctors and midwives, many of them, had at last swung around to her way of thinking, and those who had not, found little profit in opposing a growing movement against which even the government did not take steps.

As a confirmed feminist, there was much other work for Dr. Jacobs to bend her remarkable energy and vigor to. Just how remarkable these qualities are you appreciate when you see her and talk to her. Her alert brown eyes seem even morose as they snap out at you from under a wealth of snow-white hair. Let your conversation be in English, French, Dutch, or German—she is equal to it (even if you are not)! Years of exhausting fight have left her fresh.

C. CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

plied them.

Thus the little clinic became a very big one indeed. Upper-class women, to whom in those early days information was not so accessible as it is now—tho, of course, it was available if diligently sought—hesitated to risk their social prestige by appearing publicly at the morning clinics. But they implored Dr. Jacobs for private appointments in the afternoon at her home! And so, from the fees of the rich she extended her work among the poor.

Naturally, it was not long before the expected howl arose. Prototypes of the late Anthony Comstock have their being in every country. Holland was not free of them—is not free of them to-day, in fact. Purists and whited sepulchers, who were practising in private what they denounced in public, heaped abuse upon the woman who had dared this awful thing. Women as well as men were loud in their denunciation. One influential woman whom she had befriended, who in truth had sought her for information and profited by it, became her most rabid detractor. Conservatives gnashed their teeth. Clergymen and religious fanatics hurled the Scriptural texts at her. From Genesis to St. Paul and back again she was proved a heretic and a sinner. For years she walked a veritable way of the Cross, and it is not strange that her bitterest, most implacable enemies were the doctors and midwives.

You see, all unwittingly, she was hurting their pocketbooks. This propensity on the part of the citizenry to reproduce with consistent regularity provided the bulk of their income. From certain families, doctors and midwives could reckon with unwavering certainty on a confinement fee annually. Imagine the outcry when they saw this profitable and sure source of income threatened! Petitions were got up, public sentiment was appealed to, and the indignation of the moralists was rampant.

With rare forbearance in a government, Dutch officialdom decided to mind its own business. Possibly it had the foresight to interpret the trend world events were taking. Germany was in the full flush of its famous, or infamous, "Bevolkerungspolitik" (birth politics). As a result of Prussian Junkerdom's careful fostering of the idea that it was woman's patriotic duty to keep her country well supplied with fighting sons, birth-rate statistics were tramping up. From 1871 to 1900 the population in Germany jumped from 41,958,792 to 56,367,178. Already the "Fatherland" had grown too cramped for its children and Pan-German dreams of national expansion and world supremacy had undoubtedly taken shape.

It is just possible that the leaders of the Dutch nation, which is essentially peace-loving despite the war-like chapters of its history, were wise in their generation and construed in advance the headlong plunge that awaited the German people at the end of the road they had chosen. At any rate,

Pictorial Review Mother Club

DURING this month hundreds of PICTORIAL REVIEW babies, whose mothers have been following the Mother Club articles month by month, will graduate from the really baby class into their second year.

These last two months of their first year will be filled with critical hours. Certain unsuspected tendencies may become pronounced and must be checked or eradicated. Certain dangers of diet and dress may arise and must be avoided.

Toward the end of the first year, Mother may discover that Baby does not breathe properly, especially at night, or he may develop a tendency to colds. She will then look for the cause.

First, in what sort of air does he sleep? In cold weather some mothers close the windows at night, and babies breathe badly because the air is impure. If the baby from six months on, is dressed in a woolen nightie and covered with soft blankets, the window may always be dropped from the top and raised from the bottom, to provide proper ventilation. To prevent the incoming air from blowing directly on the baby, surround the crib with a screen. Many babies who have been restless sleepers or bad breathers are relieved by pure air alone.

Some few mothers still permit a low-burning lamp in the sleeping-room. The fumes from smoldering oil-wicks are sure to cause mouth-breathing and invite colds.

Second, a common source of colds is allowing the baby to play on the floor with drafts blowing under doors. Baby is much safer in his crib, or in a play-pen nailed to a wooden platform at least eight inches from the floor with castors, if you wish to move it from room to room. The toy for this play-pen can be bought ready-made at a reasonable figure, or it can be made by any father or brother handy with his hands.

of diseases of the respiratory organs, bronchitis, and pneumonia. Send for your family physician, or if you live in a community where it is difficult to reach physicians, learn how to treat your baby until the doctor arrives. By so doing, you may save the little life that would be snuffed out while the doctor is on his way.

For the use of mothers in this situation, we have prepared a preliminary treatment for colds, not to take the place of a visit from the doctor, but to ward off danger until the doctor arrives. Every mother of young children should have this leaflet in her home. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelop for "PICTORIAL REVIEW Junior's Cold Treatment." Those of you who followed the fortune of my little grandson as chronicled on this page, know that his life was saved just a year ago by this very simple treatment, ordered by an eminent baby-specialist. Do send for it. It costs you nothing but an envelop and stamp, and it may save your baby's life.

When Baby Creeps

IF YOUR baby is creeping about, warn your entire family against dropping articles—even dirt, upon the floor. In a family where the older boys smoke cigars and toss the butts into the fireplace, a baby of eleven months recently found a



Drawing by
T. M. and M. T. Bevans

Graduation Month for 1919 Babies

Conducted by

Anna Steese Richardson

tious feeding during his first year will be undone. In a few months he will have frequent attacks of vomiting or other digestive disturbance, and turn into a fretful, troublesome baby.

At one year a breast-fed baby should be weaned immediately, if this has not already been done. The average breast-milk, even if plentiful, yields small nourishment at this time. Begin the delayed weaning process by offering Baby a cup-feeding of cow's milk when he is hungriest—that is when he wakes in the morning, and after his bath or longest nap. If he is ten or eleven months old, the first few feedings may be eight ounces, of which six ounces are plain or whole milk, and two ounces water, which has been boiled and cooled. If this modified milk agrees with him, at the end of a week, give seven ounces of milk and one ounce of water, and at the end of the second week, plain or whole milk, undiluted. The year-old baby may have undiluted cow's milk twice a day in place of breast milk. If this proves too rich, the baby will tell you by vomiting sour milk, or by an attack of diarrhea, when you can change to the modified milk described above.

Changing Baby's Food

AFTER his stomach is accustomed to alternate feedings of breast and cow's milk, you can introduce gradually both cereals and vegetables. Send a self-addressed and stamped envelop for the PICTORIAL REVIEW Diet Suggestions.

This is the period when a baby untrained to regular hours will develop the habit of screaming at bedtime. He has been petted by the family and has learned to enjoy companionship. When he hears the family circle in the next room, he decides to join it.

cigaret-end on the hearth, swallowed it, of course; and was made shockingly ill. Shoe buttons, safety-pins, tiny marbles, coins from pennies to quarters, screws—all these attract Baby's bright eyes, and, if captured by his eager hands, find their way to his mouth. If swallowed without choking, Nature covers them with a mucilaginous or glutinous substance, and they pass out safely through the bowels. But if Baby is found choking for breath, be calm and remember that you want the object to come up, rather than go down, so do not thrust your finger down the tiny throat.

Lay Baby face downward over your knee or you may even hold him carefully by the feet, head down, and have some one else rub his back from buttocks to throat, or better still tickle his throat with a feather. The tickling causes vomiting, which of course brings out the foreign object. If this measure fails, then take your baby to a doctor *quickly*.

The diet dangers which threaten a baby at this age of development are many. If he has been properly nourished on breast-milk or bottle-feedings, he seems well enough to share adult food, especially in homes where, because no help is kept and Mother has many other duties, he is permitted to sit at the table and enjoy "tastes" of the family fare. If this practise continues, all the good accomplished by cau-

move it from room to room. The reason for this play-pen can be bought ready-made at a reasonable figure, or it can be made by any father or brother handy with tools. In size it should be not less than forty by forty inches, and in height about twenty-three inches.

A third cause is overdressing. If a baby is dressed so warmly that he will perspire, he will also chill if the temperature of the room is suddenly reduced, or if a draft strikes him. In cold weather a baby should be underdressed warmly but not bundled up. Knitted band, shirt, and stockings of cotton and wool mixed, soft shoes or moccasins, diaper, skirt of cotton and wool flannel or outing flannel, and a cotton dress are sufficient in the average house heated by steam, hot water, dry-air furnace, or a base-burner. If the temperature drops below sixty-five degrees, Fahrenheit, a little jacket or kimono may be added. Heavier clothing should be reserved for the daily airing either indoors or out. This includes leggings, a soft, warm coat, bonnet, and mitts. A fancy padded coat which is too short or too tight will not keep a child warm. It should fit easily without binding. If the weather does not permit a ride outdoors or a nap on the porch, then dress Baby as for his outing and let him sit in crib, buggy, or high-chair in a room with windows open, particularly if you have a room with southern exposure.

A fourth common cause of colds is constipation. When the digestive and intestinal tracts are filled with poisonous waste matter, the entire system is weakened, lacks resistance, and invites cold germs to lodge in it.

Baby's Cold

SO IF your baby develops the tendency to colds, look first to the air he breathes and the clothes he wears; then to his bowel movements, and finally to where he plays. If you can not lay the trouble to any of these conditions, and if he breathes day and night with his mouth open, snuffles, and chokes, take him to a doctor, a nose and throat specialist if your community boasts one, and have him examined. The doctor may find enlarged tonsils, adenoids, or tiny grape formations which interfere with breathing. These can be removed by a very simple operation, but it must not be performed in cold weather. Spring is the better season. But eventually diseased tonsils and adenoids must be removed for the child's health and development. They debilitate the system, offer lodgment for other disease germs, affect both hearing and sight, sometimes even speech, and retard a child's progress in school.

A word about acute colds. Never neglect your baby's cold, however slight, and never postpone treatment, depending upon Nature to throw it off. At this season of the year, thousands of babies die

The Mother Club Bulletin

Attention, Please!

ALL members who submitted letters in the contest, "How Can We Make the Mother Club More Useful?" or who have had other prize-winning letters published on this page at any time! Three letters containing checks for prize money have been returned to this office, marked by the postmaster—"Not at this address." In each case the address of the writer was copied carefully from her letter. If your letter has been published, and you did not receive your check, please write immediately, giving your full name and address, not omitting State. We want every prize-winner to receive her award.

Club Plans

ARE you interested in what the Mother Club will do in 1920? Then read *every word* in the department this month. You'll find some of the most interesting news in those Mother Club columns at the back of the book. Don't miss them.

A Mother Club Gift

IF YOU are looking for a useful gift for a young mother or prospective mother, consider this suggestion from a Club Member. Take your PICTORIAL REVIEW files for 1919, cut out the Mother Club page for each month, not forgetting the run-over in the back of the book. Paste these on a page of glazed muslin or heavy wrapping paper. For the front page use the delightful cover design by Mr. Twelvemeters for July 1919. The back page may be of muslin or heavy paper, and you might add two blank pages of heavy binding paper or, if you use glazed muslin, of heavy foolscap paper pasted on the muslin. On these the young mother can keep many interesting records of her baby's growth and development. Bind together with ribbon run through holes punched half an inch from the left-hand edge of the pages.

Cut the High Cost of Woolens

WHEN all woolen goods are high-priced, it certainly pays to make undergarments for children last as long as possible. It is not enough to mend and darn them when torn. Prevention of shrinking and tearing is even more important. Proper washing and drying will prolong their life. Make a latherly suds of tepid water and white soap. Wash the garments thoroughly in this, but do not rub soap on them, then rinse twice in clear water of the same temperature. Do not hang woolen goods where they will freeze. Better



than ironing is to stretch and dry them on shaped wooden frames, which come for both shirts and stockings, in these sizes: shirts, size one to five inclusive; stockings, four to six and one-half inclusive. Undergarments washed and dried in this way do not shrink, and so give one hundred per cent service. If you can not buy these drying frames in your town, I will be glad to give you information about them on receipt of stamped and addressed envelop.

Use Government Helps

YOUR Government is doing more for Mothers every day.

Have you heard about the "Child Welfare Special," which the Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor is sending out? It is a huge gray automobile equipped as a traveling baby clinic with a Government doctor and nurse in charge, to examine children and give mothers advice concerning the care necessary to make and keep them well. It does not go to large cities where there are baby clinics. It is sent to small towns and rural centers where doctors are too busy fighting disease among adults to give much time to the diet and care of babies, or the services of a doctor are difficult to obtain.

The Child Welfare Special started its wonderful journey in the heart of the Illinois farming section, Morgan County, and you can have a visit from this car or one like it in your county if your citizens will take the right steps. First, locate the nearest Child Welfare Committee that was in charge of the Children's Year campaign, conducted during 1919 by the Children's Bureau, in co-operation with the Child Conservation Section of the Council of National Defense. The editor of your local or county paper can help you, or the chairman of the Council of National Defense at your State capital, or the president of your State Federation of Women's Clubs. Then, if enough citizens want this "Special" to visit your community and conduct a conference for children's health, it can all be arranged by a little patience and persistency.

Get This for Father

EVERY farm mother should have a copy of the U. S. Government pamphlet, "Maternity and Infant Care in Two Rural Counties in Wisconsin." It is a telling picture of how some mothers have to live, bear, and rear children. It is a good book to leave lying round for father and the boys to read. It may open their eyes. Send to the U. S. Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C., for this pamphlet which is free for the asking.

Relief for Tired Mothers

DOES nursing your baby seem too great a strain on your system in combination with your household duties? Have you been thinking about weaning your baby and drying up the breast-milk?

If so, just stop and consider what complete weaning entails—the care of bottles, nipples, and utensils for seven feedings in twenty-four hours; also, if modified cow's milk does not agree with Baby, you can not go back to breast-feeding, because the breast-milk will have disappeared. Why not alternate breast and bottle-feeding, thereby conserving your own strength and testing the effect of cow's milk on Baby? Some of the club members are doing this with splendid results to both babies and mothers. Here is a message from one of them.

"I found your letter very helpful, and, since giving my baby alternate bottle-feedings, we have both been greatly benefited. I thank you greatly. Mrs. G. T. D—, Delaware."

If you want to know how Mrs. D— alternated breast and bottle feedings, send a stamped and self-addressed envelop and I will gladly give you her schedule.

The Mother Club for 1920

IN THE November PICTORIAL REVIEW, you read the prize-winning suggestions for a better and more useful mother-page.

Now you shall learn how we propose to use these suggestions in planning the very best page that a magazine can offer.

First, the majority of our readers seem to feel that too much attention is paid to problems of babies in their first year. While they admit that the very young baby is most difficult to handle, and the inexperienced young mother is in greatest need of help, they ask that a little more

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS



Keeping the Stork in His Place

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

She has been around the world with her friend and so was Anna Howard Shaw. She is the president of Holland's Woman Suffrage Society, a strong organization built up by her in spite of frightful obstacles, and already the woman's emancipation bill has passed one of the houses of Parliament. In a few months hence she confidently expects to see her countrywomen enfranchised. When I visited her the week of the signing of Peace, she was preparing not to rest on her laurels, but to go into Germany to study the result of the undernourishment of the children and to see what she could do about it!

So widespread did the influence of her clinic become, and so remarkable was the government's policy of non-interference, that many people are under the impression to-day that Holland has state-controlled bureaus for the dissemination of information on the subject of the limitation of the population. As a matter of fact there is actually a law somewhere on the statute books which forbids the giving of such information publicly or unasked for, but despite the opposition of the clerical element to Dr. Jacobs and her followers, which exists to this day, this law seems to have atrophied from disuse, its only merit being that it served the praiseworthy purpose of driving the quacks and their harmful advertisements to cover.

THE Neo-Malthusian League, with headquarters at The Hague, has, under the energetic secretaryship of Dr. J. Rutgers, worked faithfully along with Dr. Jacobs. A large corps of special nurses have been instructed by the medical members of the League in the most hygienic methods of birth-control, and they have been dispatched to every town of any size in Holland where they dispense such information as may be desired at a purely nominal charge. Their offices really constitute the "public bureaus," mistakenly called "state-

men and women to bring into the world more children than they can adequately house, feed, clothe, and educate.

6. That overpopulation is the most fruitful source of pauperism, ignorance, crime, and disease.

7. That it is of great importance that those afflicted with hereditary disease, or who otherwise are plainly incapable of producing or rearing physically, intellectually, and morally sound children, should not become parents.

8. That the full and open discussion of the Population Question in all its necessary aspects is a matter of vital moment to society.

A visit to Holland to-day emphasizes the sanity of its birth politics, especially if you go as I did, direct from London where the miserable slums with their dirty, ramshackle tenements literally exude white-faced, undernourished, barely-clad youngsters, who look as tho they have never known a square meal or worn a whole garment.

Rotterdam, Amsterdam, The Hague—they have their poor, of course, but it is a very different sort of poverty from that to be witnessed in London, New York, or Chicago. Dutch children may wear patched clothes and wooden clogs, for want of the more expensive leather shoes, but their little legs are sturdy, their cheeks rounded. I saw none of the drab misery that is to be witnessed in the Whitechapel or Bethnal Green districts of England's capital. Those who have watched the effect of the birth-control propaganda in Holland, even through one generation, are enthusiastic over its appreciable benefits.

"I remember in my youth," Dr. Rutgers told me, "the houses of our poor were deplorably overcrowded and the slums of the big cities were a disgrace. Most of the families now are held down to one, two, or three children, and to see how decently people in the most modest circumstances

HEINZ

Cream of Tomato SOUP



...are intensely virile individual activity of the people of Holland, aroused by the efforts of Dr. Jacobs and the League, has crystallized to such an extent on the subject that it assumes the proportions of what looks to outsiders like a national movement.

The objects of the League are, frankly, 1. To spread among the people, by all practicable means, a knowledge of the law of population, of its consequences, and of its bearing upon human conduct and morals.

2. To urge upon the medical profession in general, and upon hospitals and public medical authorities in particular, the duty of giving instruction in hygienic contraceptive methods to all married people who desire to limit their families, or who are in any way unfit for parenthood; and to take any other steps which may be considered desirable for the provision of such instruction.

The principles in the platform of the League are,

1. That population (unless consciously and sufficiently controlled) has a constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence.

2. That the checks which counteract this tendency are resolvable into positive or life-destroying, and prudential or birth-restricting.

3. That the positive or life-destroying checks comprehend the premature death of children and adults by disease, starvation, war, and infanticide.

4. That the prudential or birth-restricting check consists in the limitation of offspring (1) by abstention or postponement of marriage, or (2) by prudence after marriage.

5. That prolonged postponement of marriage as advocated by Malthus—is not only productive of much unhappiness, but is also a potent cause of sexual vice and disease. Early marriage, on the contrary, tends to insure sexual purity, domestic comfort, social happiness, and individual health; but it is a grave social offense for

COUNTRY AND CITY

By WILLIAM H. HAYNE

ALL those who live with birds and trees,
With happy herds and stately trees,
Far from unhallowed thirst for gain,
Sheltered by fields of waving grain,
Must seem benignly pure and sweet
To those who walk with hurrying feet
Amid the city's endless rush,
Far from the country's pastoral hush.

And yet the loveliest glade and glen,
Remote from jostling lives of men,
May grow, at last, like some Dead Sea,
Lacking the current swift and free
Whose burden beats on soul and heart
With tidal epics of the mart,
Potent with scenes of grief and glee—
"The sad, sweet music of humanity."

...and realize at once the wonderful results of the movement.

"The chief aim, of course, has been not the lowering of the birth-rate, primarily, but the prevention of unwanted child-birth. A nation can't have too many well-to-do, energetic citizens. They are always a benefit to a country and find their way in the world. But the children of exhausted mothers, diseased parents, they are a drain on civilization. The difference between our country now and as it used to be is so marked that one can not but wonder that other nations are blind to it."

AS a matter of fact there are signs that nations both in the East and the West are waking up to the national importance of considering the question of population from a wholly different angle than heretofore. Britain seems fully aroused, even the Church of England, from the published utterances of many of her leading bishops, appears to have somersaulted its one-time rigid opinions. France, whose very peasantry practised birth-control in pre-war days, may, owing to the cruel depletion of its man-power, reverse its policy for a time, but it can only be a temporary measure. Even the German women of the lower classes, since the revolution have demonstrated an active curiosity, and a practical tract put out by the Neo-Malthusian League at The Hague has been translated into German, as well as into English and Esperanto. Quite recently, too, a Chinese doctor asked Dr. Rutgers for a pamphlet for his missionary hospital! Possibly, in time, the arrests of Mrs. Margaret Sanger, and the raids on her Brooklyn clinic, may seem to us an anachronism.

At any rate, in other countries at least, the old conspiracy of silence raised against the poor, ignorant mothers is breaking down, and judging from the expressions of gratitude she has received, thousands of them have learned to call blessed the name of Aletta Jacobs—hardy pioneer—who saw the light while the world was still wallowing in Mid-Victorian sentimentalism.



made with Real Cream

HERE is the richness of pure cream, which nourishes, and the appetizing taste of ripe tomatoes, which gives a keener zest to the food that follows.

No artificial thickening or meat stock is used—nothing but tomatoes and real cream. And Heinz tomatoes are sun-ripened, and gathered at just the hour when they attain their finest flavor.

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is perfectly prepared, ready for the table; smooth, rich and tasty. Just heat it. A fine example of Heinz quality.



Some of the

57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

★ Photocopy of the back of letter on next page ★ 2/4/2020

PROSPECTUS OF THE · COMING · CENTURY, A FIRST CLASS WEEKLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO

Progress, Prosperity, Liberty, Enlightenment and Equity.

IN THIS ERA of speculation there are people to be found in plenty who do not hesitate to take stock in any legitimate scheme which promises good returns for the capital invested. Such a scheme I am now ready to propose, in the full confidence that it will appeal to the intelligence of every public-spirited business man and philanthropic, far-seeing woman of this new and progressive country.

I now consent to inaugurate this enterprise in response to the urgent appeals of many friends of my former journal, *The New Northwest*, who have so often regretted the sale and subsequent diversion of that well known weekly into other channels, and have so often tendered their handsome support to a new venture of similar character and broader aims if I would consent to undertake its publication, that I have at last concluded to take them at their word; that is, if a sufficient number are willing to become subscribers, upon terms hereinafter stated, to insure the triumphant success of such a journal as my mature judgment approves and the enlightened state of public sentiment demands. Such a publication will cost a great deal of money, but I propose to make it worth, to every patron, a good deal more than its cost.

The annual subscription price of THE COMING CENTURY will be THREE DOLLARS; but I shall make it an object for every patron who desires its triumphant success to subscribe and prepay the sum of Twenty-Five Dollars—a non-assessable sum—for which he or she will be entitled to a receipt in full for a paid-up subscription to the paper for a term of TEN YEARS from date of publication. The aggregate of the sum must be made large enough, before the venture is launched at all, to purchase the necessary machinery and type for the work, and lay the foundation for a HOME FOR THE NEWSPAPER of such dimensions and value as will provide a regular income from its rentals, thus creating an IRREDUCIBLE FUND, which, in addition to transient subscriptions and advertising, will place and keep it in the front rank of literary excellence and financial security. One Hundred and Twenty of these Twenty-Five Dollar Subscriptions are already pledged, being about ONE NINTH of the aggregate number required to justify me in letting the contract for the building and placing advance orders for the first year's publication.

The first issue of THE COMING CENTURY will be ready for distribution on or before January 1st, 1892; that is, provided the friends of liberty and progress will respond at once to the proposition herein declared.

All paid-up Twenty Five Dollar Subscribers will have their names duly recorded in a stock book, made expressly for this purpose; and all such subscribers, in addition to their regular weekly number of

THE COMING CENTURY,

Will be entitled to their yearly *pro rata* of the dividends of the business until their ten years subscriptions shall have expired; when they may renew the same upon the same terms if they so desire.

Portland, as the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest, is destined in a very few years to become a large city, ranking with the most enterprising cities of the East. THE COMING CENTURY will enact an important role in its development. But this enterprise is not to be launched until a sufficient fund has been secured to insure the fulfillment of all its pledges; and if, from any cause, the scheme should fail, every subscriber's money will be refunded on or before the 20th day of January, 1892.

In addition to the beneficiary or co-operative design, as above outlined, for the benefit of all Twenty-Five Dollar Subscribers, I propose to devote much effort to the development of the original local literary talent of the Pacific Coast. All contributed articles will be placed in the hands of an editing committee who will judge them upon their literary, scientific, or utilitarian merits, only. The Proprietor claims no right to control the opinions of contributors, but will at all times require the strictest observance of good taste, good morals and a high standard of literary excellence by all writers. All articles will be paid for as soon as published, at a *pro rata* price, regulated by the profits of THE COMING CENTURY that gives them publicity; but no contributed articles will be entitled to consideration in any case until the writer shall have paid his or her advance Ten Years' Subscription of Twenty-Five Dollars, to assist the Publisher in raising and maintaining the fund to meet the expenses inseparable from its publication.

THE COMING CENTURY will fearlessly advocate Equal Rights for All, irrespective of sex; but it also proposes to deal squarely with every other question of public interest. It will keep fully abreast with the progressive era of which it is to be a part, by carefully considering and discussing every theme, whether pertaining to Liberty, Enlightenment, Law, Politics, Religion, Labor, Temperance, Hygiene, Education, Literature, Art, Science, Psychics, Business, News, Agriculture, Co-operation, Society, Amusement, Family or Home.

The stock books for subscriptions are now ready, and all remittances will receive acknowledgment by return mail. May I not hear from you without delay?

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

946a, Pittman Canyon,
Oct. 11, 1911

My Dear Doctor,

The printed pages of the
of this will explain itself. I believe
your native business sense will enable
you to see it once that such an enterprise
cannot fail to be successful on a
large scale. The scheme contemplates
the erection of a suitable hall for
public meetings, also a bureau of
information and mutual exchange
of facilities among business women,
all of which depends upon their
cooperation, under a plan, the
cost of which is so small to
such that all can readily become
partakers of its benefits. Inquiries
names are coming in every day and
I sincerely hope to see you among
them.

As ever

Yours for the West

Hazel Scott Drimmer

KEEPING THE STORK IN HIS PLACE

BY
ELEANOR KINSELLA McDONNELL

HOLLAND is the land where the stork is not an uncommon sight. The long, rangey bird may be seen here and there nesting comfortably in the eaves of the impeccable Dutch houses, and happy is the family whose dwelling-place he selects as a suitable abode for the Mrs. and the little storks. No better omen of good fortune could be vouchsafed.

All this, however, is in a strict and literal sense. Figuratively speaking, in no country has the symbolic stork—with his traditional predilection for dropping, regardless of welcome, small human bundles at unsuspecting homesteads—so little personal liberty. Nowhere as in Holland are his visits so effectively supervised—which is by way of saying that in this tiny country the individual citizens have to a remarkable degree looked the subject of the scientific limitation of population squarely in the face. They invite the stork in, quite hospitably, when they want him and when there is room under the roof for another little life. But they shut him out mercilessly and without hesitation when there is not, so that he must perforce fly all the way to China or to Russia to drop his unwanted bundles, altho often he has succeeded in making many landings in the poorer districts of England and Germany.

In point of natural resources, the Netherlands is the poorest country in the world. The very land exists only through the stubborn perseverance of the inhabitants who vigilantly keep it and themselves from sinking into the sea by an intricate network of dikes. But despite this, it is the most prosperous of the small countries, and it presents the striking anomaly of having at once the highest birth-rate and the lowest death-rate in the universe.

This is neither accidental nor paradoxical. It is absolutely logical when you know the facts. It means just this, that in Holland practically every child born is wanted, planned for ahead of its coming, and tenderly cared for after its advent. The stork brings no babies, as elsewhere. Fewer children are born, but the children are wanted, planned for ahead of their coming, and tenderly cared for after their advent.

over-population, are looking to Holland for the pattern after which to model their own program of birth politics. One authority after another testifying before the Birth-rate Commission which is sitting in England to-day has expressed the hope that Britain will adopt the system that has been so successfully demonstrated by the Dutch people—a system under which the overcrowding that makes for dangerous social unrest and appalling human misery can never be brought about.

Briefly stated, what Dr. Jacobs did was to teach the women of her country that they need not—that they *should* not—have more babies than they could rear in health and comfort, and she did this, persuading the government miraculously to keep its hands off and holding at bay, at the same time, a whole army of fanatics, religious and otherwise, who snapped at her heels like a pack of hungry wolves.

IF THE story of Dr. Jacobs's crusade is to be told chronologically one must go way back to the early seventies. In those times it took a stout-hearted person, indeed, even to mention the subject of women's rights—political, social, or human. Higher education for women was thought neither necessary nor desirable—in fact, it was not thought about at all. "Birth-control," a phrase now uttered glibly by debutante as well as by matron, would have brought the blush of shame to the mother of twelve or fourteen children, which was a proper-sized family in those days. Malthus, with his far-seeing theory that populations would have to be held down if wars were to be prevented, was mentioned only timidly among scientists and radicals. Neo-Malthusians, who agreed with the great economist as to conclusions but thought inhuman his advocacy of populations restricted solely by the celibacy of men and women, were damned by the clergy and the public alike and dared not raise their voices.

This was the situation then, in 1871, when a young and ardent Dutch woman, the daughter of a doctor in the north of Holland, where even to-day the old customs are more strongly entrenched than elsewhere, was determined to do something to study the subject of birth-control. She was a woman of a very unusual type, and she was a woman of a very unusual type.



"In Holland Practically Every Child Born Is Wanted, Planned for Ahead of Its Coming, and Tenderly Cared for after Its Advent"

Holland, flanked by Germany, had already imbibed of that country's dominant theory that to be prosperous and powerful it was necessary to urge upon women that their patriotism could best be expressed by beating the women of other nations in increasing the birth-rate. The wealthy classes, to whom information on any subject is usually accessible, regarded this as a perfectly proper theory—to be put into practise by the lower classes. As the intimate confidant of the poor women who were visiting her in increasing numbers, Dr. Jacobs saw at first hand the misery that excessive childbirth was causing not only to the mothers, but to the fathers and to the children already born, and the conviction grew that the time was ripe to take a step bolder than any she had ever taken before.

She therefore, in 1884, opened the first public birth-control clinic the world has ever known! Imagine it, in Holland where the women typify "domesticity" to the rest of the world. But Dr. Jacobs felt that this domesticity, which included usually a baby every year regardless of the health or economic status of its mother and father, was deserving of some condemnation along with all the praise it was receiving. "Be fruitful and multiply" seemed a mandate more worthy of application to the under-populated age in which it was uttered. It was all right for Noah, who with a single family had to re-create the world. But it did not appear to this logical, sympathetic young Dutch woman as exactly the right sort of command to put upon a woman, living on a very populous earth, who was already burdened with more young ones than she and her husband could support. It did not seem sensible to apply it literally to one whose husband was suffering with tuberculosis, or diseases even more menacing.

AND there was another angle, too. The drastic punishment of social ostracism, that since the world began has fallen upon illegitimacy, has not prevented the birth of children out of wedlock. Not only so, but the illegitimacy has increased. It is a fact that in Holland, where the birth-rate is so high, the illegitimacy is also high. It is a fact that in Holland, where the birth-rate is so high, the illegitimacy is also high.

chicks. But despite this, it is the most striking anomaly of having at once the highest birth rate and the lowest death-rate in the universe.

It is a fact at once amazingly incredible and thrillingly true that a woman, single-handed and alone, hedged about by the thorns of prejudice that have existed since the Deluge, converted a nation into a radical way of thinking on a question which since the Year One has been more shrouded in mystery than the seven-veiled Isis.

THE story of the fight that Dr. Aletta Jacobs put up for a sincere conviction reads like the story of one of the early martyrs, only whereas they usually came to a violent end by being stoned to death or cooked on a gridiron, she has emerged in triumph and is regarded now as one of the First Citizens rather than as an outcast.

Of course, she has been on that most scorching of all gridirons which is kept burning bright by adverse public opinion, and she has felt the stones of the hypocrites and purists. But somehow she has got safely through and now not only have the results to her own country vindicated her long battle, but other nations to-day, desperately anxious to correct the evils of

timidly among scientists and the great economists, who agreed with the great economist as to conclusions but thought inhuman his advocacy of population restricted solely by the edicts of the public and women, some damned by the clergy and the public alike and dared not raise their voices.

This was the situation then, in 1871, when a young and ardent Dutch woman, the daughter of a doctor in the north of Holland, where even to-day the old customs are more strongly entrenched than anywhere else in the country, elected to study medicine. There were no restrictions against women doing this sort of thing, because it was never thought that a Dutch woman could conceive the idea. Therefore, before the officials could recover their breath, she had entered the University of Gröningen and in due course of time completed her studies as far as that establishment was concerned. She then moved on to the Town University of Amsterdam. Finishing her work there, she spent another year in London for the practical experience to be gained in the hospitals for women and children. Now only was she ready for the colossal task she had set herself.

Back to Amsterdam she went—the capital and most populous city in the Netherlands. There she hung out her shingle as a general medical practitioner, trained to handle all sorts of cases, but convinced that her greatest scope would be in the field of gynecology.

It was an uphill fight gaining the confidence of the women who stood so sorely in need of her, but when it became known that not only were her advice and treatment free to those who could not afford to pay, but that she had the knowledge and power to relieve the sufferings of the few who had been bold enough to consult her, her clientele grew accordingly.



"Dr. Aletta Jacobs, Who Opened the First Public Birth-control Clinic in the World in Amsterdam in 1884"

living on a very popular one, and her husband could support. It did not seem sensible to make it literally to one whose husband was suffering with tuberculosis, a disease which more menacing.

AND there was another angle, too. The drastic punishment of social ostracism, that since the world began has fallen upon illegitimacy, has not prevented the birth of children out of wedlock. No stronger advocate of marriage and motherhood than Dr. Jacobs could be found, but viewing this phase of the question, her honest mind could not prevent the query—would not society as well as the unfortunate unmarried mother be immeasurably bettered if the conception of these miserable little human lives was prevented?

To her the answer was unmistakably in the affirmative. Clearing her thoughts of all the underbrush of ancient prejudice, religious fanaticism and the doctrines of statesmen who require, or think they do, innumerable people for the furtherance of their imperialistic ambitions, she concluded that there were several perfectly justifiable reasons on medical and sociological grounds alone why the knowledge of scientific birth-control should be freely given to women of all classes. And, having arrived at this conclusion, she started in a very brave, but a very humble way to demonstrate that she had the courage of her convictions.

Without noise and without blatancy she opened her small clinic in Amsterdam and her first visitors were drawn from that timid little army which had begun to consult her about their physical ailments. Almost reluctant to trust a woman who had so far forgotten her femininity and her "place" in the scheme of things as to study and practise medicine, they nevertheless were impressed by her tremendous earnestness and her undoubted interest in their welfare, and, in time, they did for her and for her work, more than the most carefully planned advertising campaign could have done.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49



OCTOBER 4, 1921

WORLD'S EYES ON ARMAMENT MEET

Conference Held Hope of Civilization.

PROMINENT BRITONS SPEAK

All Pray for Success, Says Bishop of London.

WAR HELD INDEFENSIBLE

Victor and Vanquished Alike Dis- honored, Says Leader of Wom- en's National Council.

(Copyright by the New York World. Pub-
lished by Arrangement.)

LONDON, Oct. 3.—(Special Cable.)—

When Premier Lloyd George names the British delegation to the Washington conference, which it is expected he will do shortly after his return to London this week, he will center the attention of the people on the meeting of powers in the United States capital as nothing else has done.

But many moulders of public opinion already appreciate its vital significance, as is seen in the following comments from some of the most representative men and women of this country. They show an intense desire here that the Washington deliberations should result in some practical step toward limitation of armaments. The bishop of London, expressing the view of leaders of the established church, said:

"It is a most crucial conference. All the world should pray for its success."

Victory Otherwise Futile.

Marquis Crews, leader of the opposition in the house of lords and formerly secretary of state for India and secretary of state for the colonies, said:

"Early in the war I said in parliament that our certain and final victory would be to little purpose unless it meant a great reduction in armaments, and I hold this opinion still."

Lord Buckmaster, former lord chancellor and one of the leading liberals in the house of lords, declared:

"Unless it is possible to substitute understanding for distrust and reason for force, the world is undone. War and armaments are survivals of our savage ancestry and for nations to compete in ships and guns is to try to see which can outbid the other in the devil's auction. If civilization survives, future generations will look back on the present day with pity and contempt, but unless mutual disarmament is effected civilization will perish."

America Has Opportunity.

Lord Shaw of Dumferline, an officer in the league of nations union, holds this belief:

"Nations which oppose disarmament show a cynical disregard for the world's happiness and peace counsels which would thwart disarmament are counsels of despair. America has the noblest opportunity in history, by clear precept and emphatic example, to lead humanity back to wisdom and to hope."

Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, one-time commander-in-chief of the China station, and well known as a writer on naval affairs, said:

"The Washington conference should prove vitally important. Disarmament does not mean the abolition of war."

MEN WANT CHEERFUL LETTERS

Folks at Home Urged Not to Worry Over Conditions Soldiers Find Tolerable.

Sergeant Seabrook, of the 162d United States Infantry (formerly the Third Oregon), has written the following letter to his mother in Portland, dated "Somewhere in England, April 14":

"It is 8 P. M. by the alarm clock here on the table, but still very much day. All clocks in England, you know, were set an hour ahead some little time ago.

"Things are just the same with me as they have been for the last few months. Good quarters, enough to eat, and plenty to do. A soldier couldn't ask for more, could he?

"I can hear a bunch of Tommies marching outside, singing as they swing along. They are a cheerful lot of men as a rule when in a bunch. Our fellows can find lots of things to learn from them; but I think, man for man, our fellows can compare with any of them.

"I haven't read many letters from home lately, but suppose a bunch will be rolling around one of these days.

"Don't forget to send me some pictures or scenic views of Portland and the Columbia River Highway, please, for I want them very much. We are well taken care of over here, and have plenty of warm clothes, etc.

"Don't let anyone try to stuff you about horrible hardships, etc. There are hardships in France, of course; but they can't be helped, and sympathy makes rotten soldiers and cowards of many otherwise good men. If mothers and sisters and folks at home would write more as you do instead of boo-hooing all over everything and making a fellow feel rotten it would be better all around. The fellows over here are all O. K., and will either come out all right or get killed. What's the use of making a fuss? If the English and French people can send their men off singing and give them a smile as they go and write them cheerful news, why can't our people? No man can face danger with a stout heart and be a credit to his country with a too-sympathetic bunch at home writing him discouraging letters and unconsciously making him not the earnest, brave, patriotic man he wants to be, but a useless, good-for-nothing coward.

"If you ever hear any people talking about what terrible food or hardships we have, etc., tell them to shut up, and shut up quick. This war is a deadly serious thing, and monkey business is no go. It is do or die—not only for the men in France, but for all Americans. If I ever write any grumbling or gloomy letters home I want you to write back and tell me that unless I change the tone my letters are no longer welcome home, and that whining letters show a coward's heart. That'll do me more good than anything else."

OUR SEDITION

Prussian Girl Glad of War, Calls Cruelty "Mere Incident"

The Prussian state of mind is amazing.

The popularity of the Kaiser is greater today than ever before.

The people applaud and approve his acts in plunging the entire world into the greatest war in history.

For behind all this is the Prussian way of thinking that makes for this feeling.

Americans cannot understand it. They cannot understand the German point of view, and the following letter from a Prussian girl to a friend in Switzerland may throw some light on the astounding state of mind of the average Prussian.

The letter has been printed in the Congressional Record. No doubt the girl is just an average Prussian in the ideas she holds regarding a supposed Prussian right to rule the world.

Girl Passionately Wanted War

She expresses the idea a little more simply and frankly than the Prussian state of mind. That a great intelligent people like the Prussians can be so ignorant and perverted in their moral ideas is what is hardest for Americans to understand.

Frankfort on Oder, July 20, 1916.

"My dear Louise: The contents of your last letter would have hurt me had I not known that your thoughts of our glorious war resulted from sheer ignorance.

"You are in a country rendered effeminate by the influence of old-fashioned ideas of liberty, a country which is at least two centuries behind ours. You are in need of a good dose of Prussian culture.

"It is evident that you, a Swiss girl, with your French sympathies, can not understand how my heart, the heart of a young German girl, passionately desired this war. Speaking of it some years ago, my father said to us: 'Children, Germany is getting too small for us; we shall have to go to France

again in order to find more room.' Is it our fault if France will not understand that more money and land are necessary for us?"

Cruelty a Mere Incident

"And you reproach us that our soldiers have been very cruel to the Belgian rabble, and you speak also of the destruction of Rheims, and of the burning of villages and towns. Well, that is war. As in every other undertaking, we are past masters in the making of war.

"You have a great deal to learn before you can come up to our standard, and I can assure you that what has been done so far is a mere bagatelle compared with what will follow.

"As a matter of fact, there is but one race worthy of ruling the world, and which has already attained the highest degree of civilization. That race is ours, the Prussians; for though we Germans in general are the lords of the world, the Prussian is undoubtedly the lord par excellence among the Germans.

"All other nations, and among them, unfortunately, the Swiss, are degenerate and of inferior worth. That is why I have always been so proud of being a true Prussian.

"Adam and Eve Prussian"

"Yesterday, again, our pastor explained to us convincingly that our first parents, Adam and Eve, were also Prussian. That is quite easy to understand, because the Bible tells us that the German God created us all after his own image. If, then, all men are descended from Adam and his wife, it follows that only Prussians, or at least Germans, ought to exist in the world, and that all who push on and prosper ought to belong to us. You must admit that that is logic, and that is why our motto is, 'God with us, Germany above everything.'

"You know now why we wished this war. Is it not shameful that other nations, who have no right to existence on the earth, wish to diminish our heritage? We are the divine fruit and the others are only weeds. That is why our great emperor has decided to put an end to all these injustices and to extirpate the weeds. Do you understand that now?"

"I remain, your school friend,

"KATIE HAMEL."

THINGS TAUGHT GERMAN YOUTHS

Letter From School Girl Discloses Remarkable Reasoning of Kultur.

This letter from a German school-girl to a friend in Switzerland was published in the Princeton Alumni Weekly a few weeks ago.

"Frankfort-on-Oder, 20th July, 1916—My Dear Louise: The contents of your last letter would have hurt me had I not known that your thoughts of our glorious war resulted from sheer ignorance.

"It is evident that you, a Swiss girl, with your French sympathies, cannot understand how my heart, the heart of a young German girl, passionately desired this war. Speaking of it some years ago, my father said to us: 'Children, Germany is getting too small for us; we shall have to go to France again in order to find more room.' Is it our fault if France will not understand that more money and land is necessary for us?

"And you reproach us that our soldiers have been very cruel to the Belgian rabble, and you speak also of the destruction of Rheims, and of the burning of villages and towns. Well, that is war. As in every other undertaking, we are past masters of war.

"You have a great deal to learn before you can come up to our standards, and I assure you that what has been done so far is a mere bagatelle compared with what will follow.

"As a matter of fact there is but one race worthy of ruling the world and which has already attained the highest degree of civilization. That race is ours; the Prussians are undoubtedly the lords par excellence among the Germans.

"All other nations, and among them, unfortunately, the Swiss, are degenerate and of inferior worth. That is why I have always been so proud of being a true Prussian.

"Yesterday, again, our pastors explained to us convincingly that our first parents, Adam and Eve, were also Prussians. That is quite easy to understand, because the Bible tells us that the German God created all after his own image. If then, all men are descended from Adam and his wife, it follows that only Prussians, or at least Germans, ought to exist in the world, and that all who push on and prosper ought to belong to us. You must admit that that is logic and that is why our motto is, 'God with us, Germany above everything.'

"You know now why we wished this war. Is it not shameful that other nations, who have no right to existence on the earth, wish to diminish our heritage! We are the divine fruit, and the others are only weeds. That is why our great Emperor has decided to put an end to all these injustices and to extirpate the weeds. Do you understand now?

"I remain your school friend,
"KATIE HAMEL."
(Daughter of the State Councilor of Architecture.)

ARRESTS TELL OF DRY PARADOX

Evidence of Tax Enforcement Seen in the Number of Prosecutions.

NEWPORT, Or., April 4.—(To the Editor.)—Have just been reading William E. Schimpff's letter, made up chiefly of falsehoods, yet containing a grain of truth; also your editorial reply. Then I turned back to your little editorial, "A Great Joke," relative to bootlegging, the imbibing jurors' verdict, etc. In the conclusion of this editorial you say:

Yet some party Prohibitionist is continually coming forward with the argument that prohibition cannot be successfully enforced unless judges, sheriffs, prosecutors and other elected officers become party Prohibitionists.

Let me say that the Prohibition party don't care a fig about the election of Prohibitionists if they must serve under a wet administration. In other words, it is not the office that concerns them so much as the Federal Government's partnership in the booze business. There is no glory in trying to enforce a non-partisan dry law under the administration of political parties pledged to the liquor interests by National platform declarations that they will not enforce, or in any way countenance any Sunday, temperance or prohibition laws.

Your closing sentence is: "What party Prohibitionists in office could do against the reflection in juries of that public sentiment which makes light of the law is by no means clear." The sentiment that makes light of the law is the bum element of society in Oregon greatly in the minority. The sentiment that is in favor of our good dry law is overwhelmingly in the majority. That the law is grievously violated is true, proof of which we find very often published in The Oregonian; but the wrong is not with the law or the people, but with the political parties that administer the law. Some day it will be better.

E. W. DURKEE.

TALENT THAT IS NOT ACQUIRED

Like Personal Magnetism Genius Must Have Natural Root.

UNIVERSITY PARK, Or., April 4.—(To the Editor.)—The Oregonian in accounting for magnetism of personality that has a "drawing power" through a warm, genial sway by finding the spring out of which the stream flows, in nature or birth, is not only sane but suggestive.

How about the cartoonist? Homer Davenport as soon as he could walk to his father's barn covered its sides with his chalk drawings. How about the sculptor? He finds the stone out of sight and learning his art by his chisel, lifts into the air to speak to human eyes. How about the editor? Harvey Scott could learn grammar at Forest Grove, but he learned to write at his desk in the editorial office he glorified for so many years. The massive brain he carried came to him at birth. How about the orator? Demosthenes improved a stammering voice so it obeyed a nature naturally full of the fire of vehemence.

How about the poet? Making a generous allowance for what Shakerpeare confiscated from others in plot and play, what a remainder to honor his native parts! The schools did nothing for him, his technical scholastic knowledge was not enough to make him abstain from the use of mixed metaphor and double negatives. How about the preacher? If Beecher had been put in a barn he would have filled it with people, because he was a born preacher and while familiar with theology he despised its chaff. How about the Christian? The first birth has done it may be so little for him that even with supernatural help he has a hard road to travel. Throw a pup into the stream and he swims. Naturally is a fine word.

B. J. HOADLEY.

ANESTHESIA BY ELECTRICITY.

There seems to be no limit to the notions that electricity can fill. Not satisfied with lighting our houses and streets, propelling our vehicles, cooking our meals, conveying our messages, heating our furnaces, melting our ores, giving our nerve power, it has now been turned to account by a French physiologist in inducing a form of sleep which sensation is suspended while the current in the new form flows through the human body. The short account of the new method in the "American Inventor" ascribes its discovery to Dr. Stephen Ledue. He uses galvanic current applied intermittently. "A direct current of ten to thirty volts was interrupted by a vibrating make-and-break device at a rate approximating 150 to 200 times a second." The first experiments on dogs and rabbits developed the inducing of sleep followed by complete anesthesia in a few minutes. But the switching on of the current was followed at first by con-

traction of the muscles, and then by convulsions. If a chemical anesthetic had been in question, it would have been discarded at once. But Dr. Ledue attributed these harmful results to the effect of the maximum power of the current being brought into immediate action. He therefore interposed a non-inductive resistance in the circuit. The current by that means started at zero, and the full strength under a pressure of 50 volts was reached in from three to five minutes. Subject to these conditions the progress of the electrically induced sleep was both gradual and certain. The breaking of the current was followed by immediate return to consciousness, and at no period was the heart subject to depression. The discovery is yet in its infancy, but enough seems to have been done to demonstrate the possibility of inducing anesthesia by the action of electricity in the manner described.

STICK TO THE FACTS.

Enemies of the Pacific treaty driven to describe it as "the old balance of power proposition" and as practical agreement on the part of the United States "to protect the empire of Japan against invasion." They cannot find anything in the treaty that will bear this construction, if they take words in their proper sense and do not read hidden meanings into them.

Four nations agree to respect one another's rights in the Pacific islands. Should that alarm any American? Do we want to steal any islands? Then why worry when other nations pledge themselves not to try to steal ours?

The United States does not agree to protect any country against invasion. It agrees, in case the rights of any of the four powers in the Pacific "are threatened by the aggressive action of any other power," to communicate with the other three powers "as to the most efficient measures to be taken jointly and separately." That only obliges us to talk, and Mr. Wilson has proved how wide a gulf there may be between talk and action. The administration of the time will be free to agree on any action of which the people approve, or to do nothing.

In saying that Mr. Wilson and his league were defeated by "the lowest kind of partisan politics," a recent correspondent does not give enough attention to the part played by Mr. Wilson's partisan politics in that catastrophe to the Wilson ideals. The anti-league irreconcilables could not have defeated the league unaided; they succeeded with the aid of the pro-league irreconcilables, led by Mr. Wilson. Defeat of the league was accomplished by these two bodies of men actuated by directly opposite motives. But for Mr. Wilson's partisan politics, which would not permit a republican senator to have a hand in his work, the United States would have been in the league.

Another correspondent denies that "the senate was justified in rejecting the league of nations because the one who proposed it had slighted the senate." Far more than a "slight" to the senate was involved. The constitution gives certain definite powers to the senate. Each senator is sworn to uphold the constitution. Fidelity to that oath binds senators to resist encroachment on its powers by the president or any other branch of the govern-

ment. By yielding to the demand of the president that it ratify the Versailles treaty without change when it believed change to be wise, the senate would have been false to its duty to give or refuse advice and consent and would have conceded that it must ratify a treaty negotiated by the president just as it is said before the senate. Surrender of the president of absolute power to make treaties would have disturbed that division of power which is at the heart of the constitution.

SCIENTISTS ABOUT TO HARNESS ATOM

Whole Course of Life May
Undergo Change.

POWER IS INCONCEIVABLE

Material Difficulties of Man Will
Cease, Alchemists Believe, if
Dream Comes True.

MONTREAL, Sept. 28.—(Special.)—While the bulk of civilized humanity is devoting its energies to patching up this old world after its five years of catch-as-catch-can warfare, scientists are busy in the secrecy of their laboratories in evolving theories and conceiving new visions of the atom—the basis of this mighty universe.

The old dream of alchemists may yet be realized—is being realized.

It is a wonderful yet brain-whirling prospect with which we are faced. It is nothing less than transmutation. In a lecture delivered here Dr. Robert Millikan, director of electrical research of the University of Chicago said that the results of research during the past two decades had been phenomenal, old theories had been overthrown, and the fact that each atom acted as a miniature solar system established.

Law Within Each Atom.

Within the last few years the existence of the inverse square law within each atom has been proved. Prout's hypothesis of a primordial element is now established; all the elements are formed by different combinations of electrons with a hydrogen nucleus. The dream of alchemists has become a definite and concrete possibility.

"Nature is the original alchemist," said Dr. Millikan, "and I believe that the genius of man may some day duplicate her feats of producing one element from another artificially. If our civilization is to remain intact, either a new source of energy must be found or a more intensive utilization of our present supplies made. The most promising new source will be through harnessing the enormous supplies of energy contained within the atom. When this is done the whole course of our civilization will be changed."

How to harness the atom is engaging the activities of men of science the world over. They believe that they are on the edge of discoveries that may largely, in the sequel, end the struggle for life.

Power of 1000 Horses Found.

The finest and most potent instrument in the world is in an English laboratory at Cambridge. With its aid Sir Ernest Rutherford and his fellow workers have become the world's high priests of the new alchemy. They have proved that each atom—there are 27,000,000,000 atoms in each cubic centimeter of the air—has in it the power of a thousand horses. When this power is harnessed almost all the material difficulties of life are at an end.

Playing billiards with balls one-thirty-millionth part of an inch in diameter or thereabouts, and incidentally causing matter to crumble up and disintegrate, is today quite a usual diversion at the Cambridge laboratory.

One of the recent discoveries of Sir Ernest Rutherford is that by driving numbers of the alpha particles (which are continuously given off by radium) into a gas such as hydrogen, one such alpha particle in ten million or so will collide "head on" with a hydrogen atom and send it forward with such a spurt that it will travel four times its normal distance. So great is the energy contained in the atoms that prodigious forces are at work.

Discovery Is Remarkable.

Experiments carried on with nitrogen have led to an even more remarkable discovery—that by making alpha particles charge into the atoms and drive them forward the collisions break up the structure of the atom, and nitrogen is automatically set free as hydrogen. A partial transmutation into hydrogen has been effected by making the alpha particles charge into atoms of fluorine, sodium, aluminum and phosphorus.

The actual disintegration of what had been looked upon for centuries as unalterable matter has been effected by a man-controlled process, and elements of a certain definite type have been partially transmuted.

GIVING MARS THE ONCE OVER.

All that we know, or think we know, of the red planet Mars is thickly sprinkled with qualitative doubt. Our chronicles of this planetary neighbor abound with "whereas" and "on the other hand." Greatly do we desire to know if in the infinity of stars we mortals have some kindred beings, our distant cousins, as it were, from the common stock of the sun. Because Mars, an elder sister of the earth, is favorably situated for observation, and in addition presents certain phenomena that lend energy to our quest for inter-planetary relatives, we woo her from a distance of 35,000,000 miles. At least she will have approached that near to our own planet in 1924, when all terrestrial telescopes will be trained upon her. It is more than probable that our astronomers will then acquire a mass of new and instructive information, but it is far less likely that we shall know whether our celestial companion is inhabited. Doubt will remain.

Yet there are those whose optimistic predictions include the settlement of this very question, and who assert that it will be possible so to magnify the red planet that its surface will seem not more than a mile and a half distant, and its most intimate secrets will be known. A mile and a half is not far. Lest this anticipation grow too real, however, it should be said that the scheme which fosters it has not the support of conservative astronomers, and is perhaps no more than a visionary dream. But the proposal itself is so revolutionary and intriguing, our recollection that scoffers sometimes err is so persistent, that it will bear portrayal.

It is proposed to utilize a deep, abandoned mine-shaft in Chile as the tube of a giant telescope, sixty-five feet in diameter, with a magnifying disc of whirling quicksilver, sixty feet in diameter. The principle of such a mirror has been tested and found to be sound and effective, yet its application—or that of any other telescopic device—to such a colossal purpose is seriously doubted. The first and most apparent obstacle rests in the fact that such a telescope would of necessity be stationary, revealing but a small area of the planet under observation. And if it were possible so to magnify this area as to bring it within less than two miles the rotation of Mars would blur the vision of the observer. The Martian landscape would stream past at the rate of ten miles a minute, and though magnified 25,000,000 times, its surface would prove to be monotonously uninteresting. Still another obstacle to such a project is said to be the fact that our own atmosphere fixes an outside limit to magnification.

Marconi claims that he has intercepted wireless waves 100 miles in length, far beyond the compass of any artificial sending mechanism known to man. He has not claimed that these were signals from the voyagers of Mars, but he has asked if it may not be possible that the Martians are attempting to gain our attention. Various phenomena pertaining to Mars have hitherto been hailed as signals, only to be discarded through scientific investigation. Each was traced to its probable origin in nature. But they haven't trailed Marconi's century-length wireless wave to its source. We have planned again and again to signal the Martians. If such there be, why should not they entertain the same design?

Mars was a planet millions of years, or a billion—it's all guess work—before the infant earth came from the fiery womb of the sun. If ever peopled by sentient beings, and if these beings survive, their civilization is that much older than ours. Even now they may be fretting at mortal dullness, vexed by our inability to reply, and wondering why providence gave them so stupid a neighbor in the lanes of space.

Y OREGONIAN, 1

HORSE HAIR TEST STARTLING

Number Tied in Knot Produces Knot of Worms in Warm Water.

MOSSYROCK, Wash., Dec. 17.—(To the Editor.)—I have read The Oregonian every day for many years. Of late I have noticed letters on the great hair-worm controversy. I am 72 years old and wish to add my experience and views. Horse hairs from the mane or tail will turn to snakes and live and wriggle and crawl for a short time. I have many times placed hairs in pools of warm water alongside of roads in Summer time in Lawrence County, Pennsylvania. In a short time they were alive and crawling about in the pool with heads and mouth and eyes and spotted backs. They were from eight inches to one foot long, about the thickness of a pin or needle.

To make sure of these facts I took a bunch of long hairs the size of a lead pencil, tied a knot in it, cast it in the water in the month of June. In two or three days it was a bunch of live, crawling snakes struggling to get separated.

I then made a careful examination with a powerful glass. I learned the hair was covered with many hundreds of microbes which produced life. I have, in a crude way, made a study of nature's wonderful works and am fully convinced that the real and true god is the god of nature. The air and water and earth are all life without beginning or end. DANIEL SHANER.



HAIR GROWS OR NO PAY

When your hair falls out, there is lack of nature's nourishment, which comes from the blood. The Modern Vacuum Cap draws the blood to the hair roots and gives it RENEWED LIFE. This is forced circulation, which distends the small blood vessels, removing all the clogged and sluggish blood from around the hair roots and supplies fresh new blood. The hair takes on new life. Makes your hair have a healthy glow. Stops it from falling out and renews the life in the dormant hair follicles so that they again grow a healthy head of hair. We send our caps out on

SIXTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL

in your own home. We let you be the judge. If you are not satisfied with the showing made you return the Cap, and there are no charges. We run all the risk that you will be glad to purchase the Cap at the end of sixty days, or WE LOSE. There is no publicity, or unpleasant notoriety, as all shipments are made by Parcel Post without advertising. Write today for our booklet and particulars, sent sealed in plain envelope.

Modern Vacuum Cap Co.
569 Barclay Block, Denver, Colo.

Rosburg Nov 17th 1865

Dear One, Father

How do you do

Dad and Mam, went to Meeting I suppose
to hear the Gospel Preach. Jane is sewing
while Sam is writing, Bessie is playing with
the cat while Lizzy went to the smoke
house to get some Apples.

Peace is under the floor after Eggs.

and the Cat after Sam.

Milton stayed here last night, and every
other word that he spoke was his like.
Beathing, he is a good fellow, and may
the Lord bless him, and had I been a King
he would be my first choice, for he is
kind to children.

David Lushy's wife Mam
an operator. Oh I mean a Telegraph
operator at Canyonville. I suppose
that he looks Lushy by this time.
I heard that a young lady of our City
went out Geese Hunting. That she
found a Gender. I suppose there
was no harm done as the Goose, and
the Gender, belongs to the same kind.

106
Consequently as brother & Sister they acted
High as close. Father has moved to Tacon
They are living in the House where Gen. Lane
lived when you were here. The old Gentleman
is to work at his new House Fleming,
is busy hauling wood, while Nanney is playing
with the Baby, and while John runs the
Mill and makes plenty lumber, and while
I am the same old seven & six, and occasionally
sell a yard or so of Tape. I have a Brother
just come from Europe with his family.
They are all Dutch so am I pretty soon.
we will have another Dutch.

Mother and Jane was at the Store today.
Jane got up the Cotton flannel that
we had on hand, I suppose for Diapers.
Now I come to Barringer the Chief of
the Lone Star, he retired to Country life.
poor fellow has to slup alone, and
I am afraid that he will catch cold in
his feet. The lone Star has disappeared
and is now shining at Scottsburg.

But poor Frank is still in hopes, for
a Buze to spring up, if so, he will
be ready to set his sails for to catch
the Breeze - old Lathrop is blest
with a young Tibor. Mary Flook
is married to W. Island.

Thos. McCulloch, a brother to John,
 Married a girl. I don't mean old Jake's
 Tomorrow Simon Lane gets married to a girl
 Drane, so I heard. old Gen. Hunt,
 is still living, and yet Highass Clote,
 Wallace is still making brick, while
 Crawford tried to play a trick, but ~~was~~
 is played out. It is Past 9.0. Clock now
 and I am just thinking of a Mr. Gentleman
 That reached at this place a week or so ago
 and some what ^{is} good for the soul is
 good for the body. So I had better
 quit - for to night. and retire to rest,
 another word or so, and I am done,
 for. Huntley Playt on the Golden rule.
 But - I think it is to cold to Play to
 harp to night. I'll wait for warm weather.
 I beg you will forgive me for troubling you
 with so much nonsense, but - this is about
 all that I can think off to night.
 I will also ask forgiveness in not-
 acknowledging the receipt of a letter which
 I received from you some time ago,
 My reason for not- answering is that
 I had so much on my mind that I did
 not feel like writing, and in fact could
 not write to no one. I am joins me
 in the best Compliments to Mr & Mrs. Hapson & family

when you see Sarah, give her for me,
 a hearty squeeze and bid God bless her,
 good night to you. Sound be your
 sleep, and pleasant be your Dreams,
 I beg to be remembered to Pie, also to
 my little brother George, and ask him
 how many lashes he would take for
 twenty five cents, with this I shall close
 by saying.

Adieu Your True (bro)

H. Abraham

write often and soon to

DECLARE HOUSE IS HAUNTED

British Lawmakers Positive They
Have Seen Apparitions in Famous
Parliament Buildings.

Those who do not believe in ghosts will be surprised to learn that several members of parliament have sworn to the presence of apparitions in the house of commons.

A prime minister, Earl Grey, declared that he saw a death's head appear three times in front of him while delivering his great speech on the introduction of the reform bill and G. Swift MacNeil also swore that he saw T. P. O'Connor sitting in his usual place in the house, while at the time the gentleman was in Ireland. Many members, too, have seen the "White Lady" walking in the corridors of the house.

The "terrace ghost" has often been said to appear. Another known as the "Big Ben" ghost is stated to appear when a member of the royal family is about to die. On December 13, 1861, December 13, 1873, and January 13, 1892, it appeared as an old man rowing a little below Westminster bridge in a rotten skiff and dashing into the terrace wall just as Big Ben commenced to peal midnight. On the following days, respectively, the prince consort, the Princess Alice and the duke of Clarence died. Guy Fawkes and Spencer Perceval are also said to haunt the house in the form of ghosts.

Sound Carried Far.

A camp cook whose only means of calling the members of his party was pounding on a pan with a knife handle was unable to make them hear when they were fishing or hunting at any considerable distance from the camp. One of the party to whom he complained thereupon made what he called a "klepalo."

The "klepalo" was merely a piece of well-seasoned oak plank two inches thick, six inches wide, and four feet long. Through the center he bored a hole, passed a rope through it and suspended the plank from the branch of a tree. The cook "rang" the instrument by striking it with a mallet, first on one side and then on the other.

The man who made the "klepalo" had seen similar contrivances in small Bulgarian villages, where they are used instead of church bells to call the people to worship. A test of the instrument used by the campers showed that in ordinary weather conditions it could be heard two miles.—Manchester Union.

TO PREVENT REPRODUCTION OF MENTAL DISORDERS.

Dr. Owens-Adair, a woman physician formerly of North Yakima, but now retired, has arrived here from Salem, where she was successful in inducing the Oregon legislature to enact a law tending to prevent the procreation of idiots, the insane, feeble minded and criminal insane. Dr. Owens-Adair is stopping at the home of Judge Rudkin and will appear before a legislative committee tonight in the interest of the same bill.

She has been advocating similar legislation for many years and in an interview last evening said that there has been a marked change in sentiment in favor of the movement in the last few years.

Among those who came to Oregon in 1843, with the first considerable party that migrated to this far West, was John Hobson. He is dead. The party with which he came numbered among its members the Applegates, the Waldos, the Mathenys, the Delanys, the Hem-brees, the Fords, J. W. Nesmith, M. M. McCarver, Almorán Hill, and many more. There were nearly 300 men, and about 1000 persons, all told. They reached Oregon fifty-three years ago. The history of this party was given in an address by Mr. Nesmith before the Pioneer Society of Oregon in 1876. That address is an invaluable record. The few survivors of the party, as well as all others who knew him, will hear with sadness of the death of John Hobson.

CLATSOP'S FIRST MILL.

J. H. McMillen Built It on the Plains
in the Fall of 1846.

PORTLAND, Aug. 25.—(To the Editor.)—In The Oregonian's notes from Astoria today, reference is made to the flour mill now building on Big Fishhawk river as Clatsop county's first flouring mill. In the fall of 1846, Thomas Owen, R. W. Morrison, William Wirt and others built a small flouring mill on a stream near the south end of Clatsop plains, where it served the wants of the people at that early day. The mill was shipped from New York to F. W. Pettygrove. One peculiar feature was that the under stone was the runner, being 30 inches in diameter.

I was employed to place the machinery and construct a water-wheel to run under tide water. No bolting cloth was obtainable at that time, and fine mosquito netting was used as a substitute. On the day the mill began grinding wheat, a number of settlers came to obtain a little flour, as all were out, and the starting of the mill was a great event for the Clatsop people. They all agreed with one accord that it was a great improvement on the ordinary coffee mill that was often used for grinding wheat.

I learn incidentally that the old set of stones are now doing service over on Tillamook plains. J. H. McMILLEN.

Trusting tl

ing you in advance for
remain

PROHIBITORY + AMENDMENT.

CAMPAIGN SONG

By Rev. J. W. Webb.

- 1 We've long been waiting to get at the foe,
There's one more river to cross;
Now soon we can vote "saloons must go,"
One more river to cross.
CHORUS.
There's one more river; and that is prohibition.
One more river; there's one more river to cross.
- 2 For Oregon votes, let all remember,
There's one more river to cross,
Saloons in or out, next 8th November.
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 3 "Twill be "Amendment yes," or "Amendment no,"
There's one more river to cross;
Vote "Amendment, yes," and saloons must go,
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 4 Republicans, Democrats, Third Party; too,
There's one more river to cross;
Work side by side with W. C. T. U.,
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 5 Good Templars and Band of Hope so strong,
There's one more river to cross;
With Blue Ribbon Clubs, come right along,
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 6 Come help us every lad and lass,
There's one more river to cross;
And all who'll give up the social glass,
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 7 We'll welcome the drunkard to help in the right,
There's one more river to cross;
If he'll vote for himself, his home and the right,
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 8 And all can work, or give or pray,
There's one more river to cross;
And God will help us win the day,
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 9 Then let all work, both heart and hand,
There's one more river to cross;
For God and home and our loved land,
One more river to cross.—Chorus.
- 10 Man, woman and child can help, you know
There's one more river to cross;
Talk, reason and sing "Saloons must go,"
One more river to cross.—Chorus.

THREE SHORTEST DAYS OF THE YEAR

Nine Hours of Sunshine Is
Is All We Have.

Yesterday, today and tomorrow, December 22, 23 and 24, are the three shortest days in the year, the lapse of time from sunrise to sunset being exactly nine hours and three minutes. Yesterday and today the sun arose at 7:27 and set at 4:30, while tomorrow morning it will rise at 7:28 and set at 4:31.

The sun will continue until the first of the year to rise a few minutes later, but it will set a few minutes later each evening so that gradually a few extra minutes of sunshine are added to the length of the day.

On January 1 the sun will rise at 7:30 and set at 4:36, making the day nine hours and six minutes in length. June 23 to 26 were the longest days of the past year, when 16 hours and 17 minutes elapsed between sunrise and sunset.

VETERAN PARSONS OF THE METHODIST MINISTRY IN OREGON, ASSEMBLED YESTERDAY
AT CENTENARY-WILBUR CHURCH.



Lower, left to right—Dr. C. O. McCulloch, Dr. S. H. Dewart, Dr. John Parsons, Dr. D. T. Summerville, Dr. C. A. Lewis. Middle, left to right—Dr. D. A. Watters, Dr. J. T. Abbett, Dr. G. W. Kennedy, Dr. George F. Round, Dr. D. G. Stephens. Rear, left to right—Dr. W. T. Kerr, Dr. M. C. Wire, Dr. T. L. Jones and Dr. Hiram Gould.

ROOMS ARE OPENED for the Fall

gent- POISON HOUSE FEARED

SPELLING OF MUSCLE SHOALS

Distinctions in "Down" and "Up" Styles Also Explained.

PORTLAND, Jan. 23.—(To the Editor.)—In editorial comment on the Alabama nitrate plant I have noticed it spelled "Muscle Shoals." It has seemed to me that the name of the shoals was derived in all probability from an abundance there of mollusks, which are "mussels." Comes now, in The Oregonian, last Saturday, a Washington, D. C., dispatch on the subject of the government nitrate and water-power projects at "Mussell Shoals." And the dispatch, it will be noted, used two "ls," whereas one "l" is quite sufficient in spelling the name of that particular bivalve. Which is correct, please?

The dispatch referred to suggests another inquiry. The "up style" was used with a capital "s" in "shoals," while the "down style" is employed when setting "Puget sound." In a recent editorial the word "sound" was used twice, lower case in each instance, yet one reference was to the body of water—a particular body of water in Washington—and the other use was in the sense of producing an audible effect. Would not upper case "s" convey an entirely different meaning from lower case in the following sentence? "In summer time campers enjoy the sound." There is a distinction and a difference.

SCRUPULOUSLY
CONSTANT READER.

The official spelling is Muscule Shoals. There is some dispute as to the origin of the name. Those who indorse "Muscule" assert that it was so named by early settlers because of the muscule required to pole their bateaux against the current. Others contend that the name is taken from the eharacter of the rock formation, which bears evidence of having been formed in part from mussel shells.

The Oregonian has adopted the "down" style of spelling words that may correctly be capitalized or not. Common nouns, unless clearly used as proper names, are not capitalized in The Oregonian. Thus: Horsetail falls, a waterfall, but Klamath Falls, a city; New York city, but Atlantic City; Willamette river, a stream, but Hood River, a town; Cascade mountains; Puget sound.

THE MORNING OREGONIAN, TUE

MEMBER?



—Photo from Angelus Studio.

The gala celebration held in Portland the day the last spike was driven into the Northern Pacific railroad, effecting the completion of the first trancontinental line? The whole town was decorated for the occasion and thousands of visitors from surrounding states, as well as more than 100 special guests from England and Germany, watched the parade and heard the speeches.

Henry Villard and General Grant were the dominating figures of the day, and Sir Charles Russell, solicitor-general under Gladstone, made the speech for England. The golden spike was driven home on September 10, 1883 and all the guests completed their tour over the new line and celebrated in Portland on September 11.

The arch in the photograph was erected at First and Salmon streets and signified the joining by rail of Portland, Or., and Portland, Me. Looking north in First street can be seen another similar arch at Alder street. Half way between is one of the old First-street horse cars. Every building in town was gay with colorful decorations and those along the line of parade were particularly brilliant.

When the sunken garden at the corner of Washington and Nineteenth streets was a mud puddle below the raised plank roadway, and the superlative fun of rafting on the turbid wave with an old board? E. L. R.

When "Stuart," female impersonator, set the town wild at Blei's? A. G.

When Don Pritchard started his "student models" on the east side? G. P. D.

The heavy, thick gloves with fur cuffs, worn by W. K. Smith summer and winter? AMATEUR ACTOR.

When Mrs. Emily Driscoll Lowe gave a dramatic entertainment at the Burkhard hall, on the east side, for the benefit of the family whose home was wrecked by the slide down Portland Heights?

When the sunken garden at the corner of Washington and Nineteenth streets was a mud puddle below the raised plank roadway, and the superlative fun of rafting on the turbid wave with an old board?

VETERAN PARSONS OF THE METHODIST MINISTRY IN OREGON, ASSEMBLED YESTERDAY
AT CENTENARY-WILBUR CHURCH.



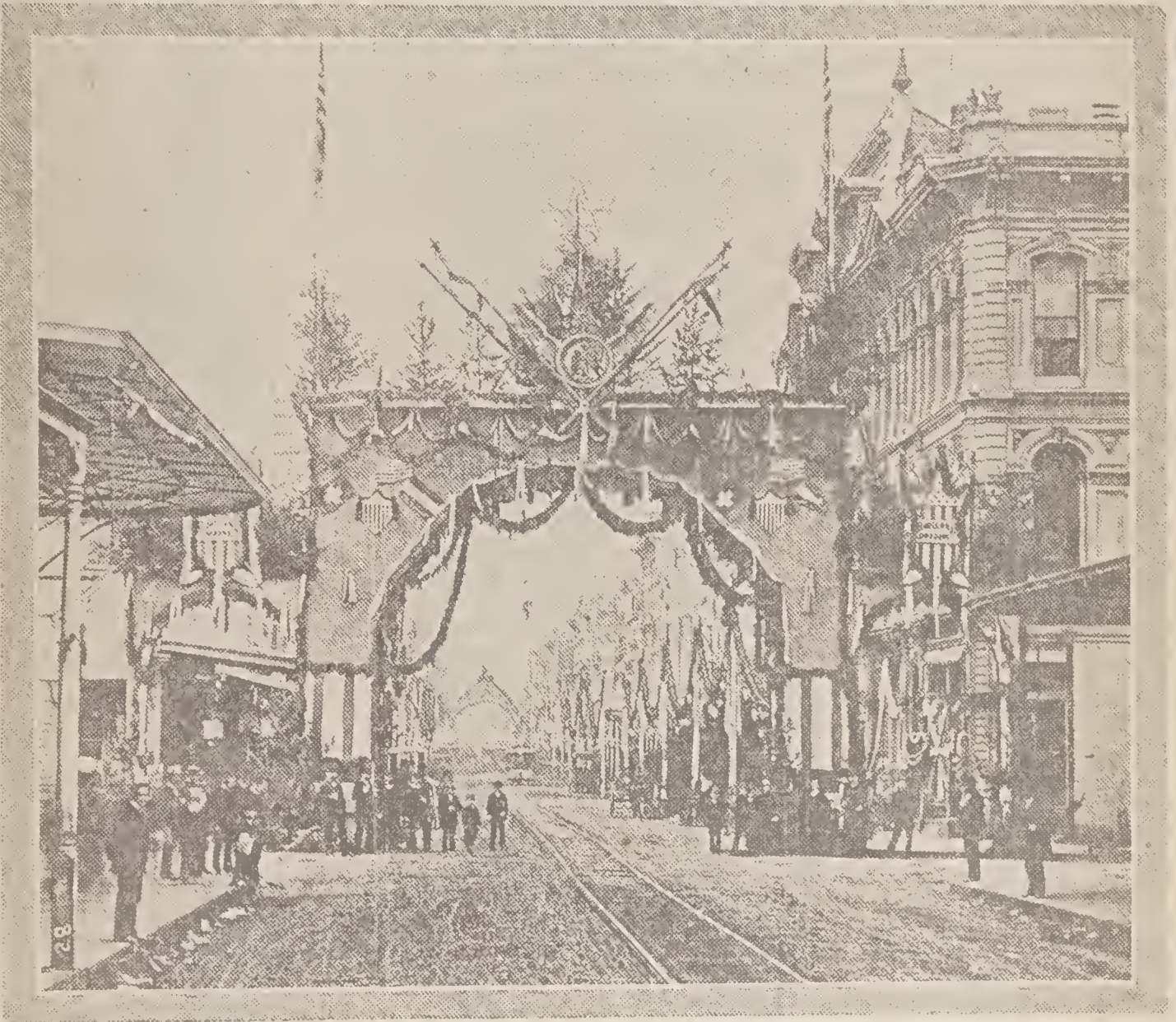
Lower, left to right—Dr. C. O. McCulloch, Dr. S. H. Dewart, Dr. John Parsons, Dr. D. T. Summerville, Dr. C. A. Lewis. Middle, left to right—Dr. D. A. Watters, Dr. J. T. Abbett, Dr. G. W. Kennedy, Dr. George F. Round, Dr. D. G. Stephens. Rear, left to right—Dr. W. T. Kerr, Dr. M. C. Wire, Dr. T. L. Jones and Dr. Hiram Gould.

DOORS ARE OPENED for the

cent- PRISON HOUSE FEARED

She testified that there was no no-
 liceable ill treatment of Greta by her
 father and step-mother, but that
 there was an undercurrent of un-
 friendliness apparent and it was evi-
 dent that the girl was not happy. She
 seemed "an outsider in her own
 home," it appeared to the witness.
 The petitioner, Mrs. Greta Moore
 Thompson, took the witness stand
 for the first time late yesterday af-
 ternoon and her direct examination
 was not concluded by adjournment.

DO YOU REMEMBER?



—Photo from Angelus Studio.

The gala celebration held in Portland the day the last spike was driven into the Northern Pacific railroad, effecting the completion of the first transcontinental line? The whole town was decorated for the occasion and thousands of visitors from surrounding states, as well as more than 100 special guests from England and Germany, watched the parade and heard the speeches.

Henry Villard and General Grant were the dominating figures of the day, and Sir Charles Russell, solicitor-general under Gladstone, made the speech for England. The golden spike was driven home on September 10, 1883 and all the guests completed their tour over the new line and celebrated in Portland on September 11.

The arch in the photograph was erected at First and Salmon streets and signified the joining by rail of Portland, Or., and Portland, Me. Looking north in First street can be seen another similar arch at Alder street. Half way between is one of the old First-street horse cars. Every building in town was gay with colorful decorations and those along the line of parade were particularly brilliant.

When the sunken garden at the corner of Washington and Nineteenth streets was a mud puddle below the raised plank roadway, and the superlative fun of rafting on the turbid wave with an old board? E. L. R.

When "Stuart," female impersonator, set the town wild at Blei's? A. G.

When Don Pritchard started his "student models" on the east side? G. P. D.

The heavy, thick gloves with fur cuffs, worn by W. K. Smith summer and winter?

When Mrs. Emily Driscoll Lowe gave a dramatic entertainment at the Burkhard hall, on the east side for the benefit of the family whose home was wrecked by the slide down Portland Heights? AMATEUR ACTOR.

COMMUNITY CHEST BUDGET IS \$648,329

allocations to Be Made to
41 Organizations.

G DECREASE IS MADE

iciency in Handling Campaign
cuts \$200,000 From First
Drive Two Years Ago.

Portland's 1923 community chest
budget is \$648,329, this sum being
combined allocations to the 41
beneficiary organizations and in-
stitutions whose chief source of sup-
port is the chest. For several weeks
at the budget committee of the
city, of which J. C. Ainsworth is
chairman, has been holding two or
three conferences daily with com-
mittees from the beneficiary insti-
tutions and the following alloca-
tions have been agreed upon:

Portland Kerr Nursery Home.....	\$ 12,000
American Jewish Relief.....	45,000
American Women's Hospitals.....	1,500
Americanization committee.....	3,000
Baby Home, Waverly.....	12,500
Boys' and Girls' Aid society.....	6,000
Boy Scouts of America.....	18,000
Empire Girls.....	3,500
Catholic charitable societies.....	35,000
Community Service (home work).....	10,000
Community Service (northwest di- vision).....	1,000
Co-operative Infant Welfare so- ciety.....	2,000
Disabled American Veterans of the World War.....	5,000
Emergency fund.....	38,000
German Jewish societies.....	45,850
Grace Crittenton Home.....	2,154
Home.....	4,000
National safety council.....	5,000
Northeast relief.....	33,000
Oregon Prisoners' Aid society.....	2,000
Pacific Protective league.....	4,000
Parents' educational bureau.....	1,000
People's institute and free dispen- sary.....	5,900
Seaside home colony.....	16,000
Portland commons.....	1,000
Portland Community Chest—	
Campaign expense.....	18,000
Operation expense.....	18,000
Reserve for shrinkage in sub- scriptions.....	35,000
Portland fruit and flower mission	3,300
Portland settlement center.....	1,600
Public welfare bureau.....	31,500
Red Cross (for disabled soldiers of Portland).....	25,000
Red Cross army.....	30,600
Young Nurse association.....	21,625
Volunteers of America.....	8,500
W. T. U. children's home.....	15,000
Women's protective division.....	500
Young girls' home.....	1,800
C. A. A.....	70,000
A. (International).....	2,500
A. (Interstate).....	7,000
A. home work.....	35,000
northwest field work.....	5,000

.....\$648,329
remarkable thing about
that it is \$200,000

LEADERS OF COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE.



Mrs. Brande



E. C. Simmons



Frank Ransome



C. A. Bigelow



S. L. Eddy



Ernest Welch



J. R. Ellison

GENERALS IN COMMAND OF COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE.

NEW INDUSTRY IS BEGUN

LOCOMOTIVE IS MANUFACTURED BY LOCAL PLANT.

Willamette Iron & Steel Works Turn Out First of Kind Made on Pacific Coast.

The advent of a new industry for Portland was inaugurated several days ago when the Willamette Iron & Steel works turned out what is declared to have been the first locomotive ever manufactured on the Pacific coast.

The locomotive, which was of the geared type suitable for logging purposes, was built for the Coos Bay Lumber company at Marshfield and was delivered to this concern on November 1.

In connection with the delivery of the first locomotive the Willamette Iron & Steel officials announced that the present programme contemplated the production of one locomotive a month, beginning January of next year. It was announced that a number of orders for

locomotives as are now being employed in the logging machinery department.

The locomotive delivered was a complete product of the local plant. The frame, trucks, tanks, cab and boiler were built in the boiler department and the engine and driving mechanism in the logging engine department. The whole was assembled in the logging engine department.

It is expected to build an addition to the plant with suitable trucks and crane facilities to be devoted exclusively to the erection of locomotives.

The company plans not only the construction of the geared locomotives, but it is also the intention as a part of the future development to build a direct rod engine locomotive also. The plant is also contemplating the handling of locomotive repair work and rebuilding.

The new venture is the result of insistent demands on the part of the logging industry of the Pacific coast for the construction of motive power nearer the operations.

LOCAL ENGINEER ASKED

Council Urged to Employ Portland Man on Bridge Designing.

DO YOU REMEMBER?



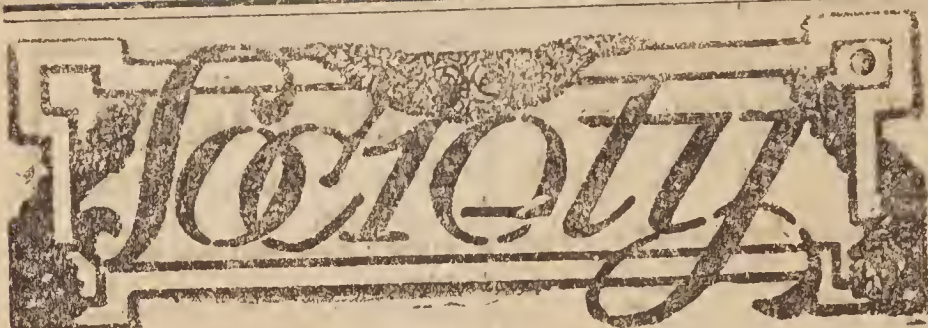
"Oregon's Grand Old Man," Judge George H. Williams? Few men, if any, have ever attained the wide prominence and deep respect in public life that he attained, and few have ever played such a role as his in the affairs of the city, state and nation. Until the last day of his life he was a bright spot in the history of Oregon, and in this respect the question, "Do you remember?" is scarcely necessary.

The photograph, lent to The Oregonian by L. H. Adams, was taken at the old Irvington race track. At the left is Al Roberts, who was United States marshal at the time. In the center is George H. Williams, and on the right is Ernest W. Crichton, then secretary and treasurer of the Columbia River & Puget Sound Navigation company, operating the well-known steamer Telephone and others.

It is a particularly characteristic picture because it shows Mr. Crichton in his favorite role, that of a story-teller, and, judging from the rare smile on Judge Williams' face, the story is a good one. Crichton was known by everyone in Portland and many remember him by the posture he assumes in the picture, one hand extended and the other in his pocket. When he wasn't telling a story he was eating pine cone nuts carried always in his coat pocket.

It was seldom that Judge Williams smiled, although he was known as a kindly and quiet man. He came to Oregon in 1853 as chief justice of Oregon territory and lived in the state until his death, April 4, 1910, about 57 years after this picture was taken. The story of his life, printed at the time of his death, eulogized him as having been in the harness 67 years.

He studied law in New York, his native state, and his remarkable ability manifested itself in his first case, which he won and which caused his opponent to invite him into partnership. He was largely instrumental in righting the affairs of the United States from the chaos of the civil war and this won for him the appointment as attorney-general of the United States by President Grant in 1871. In the same year he was made a member of the Alabama claims commission. He was mayor of Portland in later years and he also served a number of terms as United States senator.



BY MOLLY BRUNK

Mrs. Ada B. Millican, Dr. Owens-Adair and Dr. Mary Rowland were guests yesterday of Superintendent and Mrs. Harwood Hall at the Chemaka Indian Training school, Mrs. Millican going on from there to Portland, where she will remain a few days before leaving for The Dalles where she has purchased a beautiful home, expecting to locate there permanently, removing from Prineville, where her home, "The Wigwam," has been a stopping place for the greater number of tourists passing through central Oregon.

* *

At the banquet of the Business and Professional Woman's club, held in the Peacock room of the Gray-Bellie Tuesday night, Mrs. Ada B. Millican of Prineville was a most entertaining speaker, touching upon a variety of subjects, from her wonderful collection of Indian relics, Chinook jargon, to reminiscences of her girlhood in Roseburg, Or., where she had for a friend Dr. Owens-Adair, who also was present, and followed Mrs. Millican with an interesting talk of her life work. During the course of the evening she revealed the fact that the date marked her 81st birthday.

At the conclusion of her re-

marks the club went on record as favoring her new bill now before the legislature.

Covers were laid for 32, including several young women who were eligible to membership in the club.

Mrs. W. S. Kinney, who was scheduled to be a speaker, was detained at the state house by a committee meeting, but will talk before club members Friday night at 7:30 o'clock in the apartments of Miss Cornelia Marvin at the Court.

New Books

And Their Publishers

"WHITE FANG," by Jack London. If one were asked to give a condensed idea of Mr. London's latest book it might be comprehensively described in four words—the tragedy of silence. Again, he answers the call of the wild, and takes his readers into the cold white silence of the Arctic circle and tells them a tale, not of the men who have braved its dangers and answered the call for gold or glory, but of the very wild itself; the pitiful silent tragedies of the things we call beasts, but whom Mr. London has made shudderingly like the human animal.

Mr. London writes fiction, but never without a purpose, and he brings such an actuality and realism into it the reader loses all thought of its being a work of imagination, in its absorbing naturalness. While the stories are wholly unlike in plot or conception, the same thought dominates "White Fang" that made "The Sea Wolf" one of the strongest books of the times; the struggle between the strong and the weak; the cruel ferocious, inexorable law of brute strength, and the survival of the fittest at the end, through a higher power than animal domination. A good part of the story of "White Fang" is told before the little puppy-wolf-dog wobbles into it at all.

The story opens with one of Mr. London's inimitable descriptions of the frozen north, with its vast silence and utter desolation. Through it plodded two silent men, one at the back the other at the front of a sled on which was fastened an oblong box; attached to the sled were six wolfish dogs. Ever and anon arose the piercing howls of the wolf pack on their trail of meat. One dog after the other was lured from the team, and each morning found one less to haul that oblong box. That only a female wolf-dog could accomplish the work so neatly, was well recognized by the men who found themselves in this predicament without ammunition and almost at the mercy of the howling pack. It was a sharp, quick struggle, and only served to introduce the future mother of "White Fang," who was the female wolf-dog that had created the havoc.

"White Fang" saw not the light of day, but the darkness of his mother's lair many miles away from the tragedy of the white men's sled. His puppy-howling is told in a graphic manner and with the habit Mr. London has of going into that sort of detail the reader doesn't want to miss a word of it. In "White Fang" comes under the rule and dominion of his master, man, and the relations between the animal man and the animal beast the author has converted into a psychological study that is dramatic and intense. Mr. London cannot be charged with ever writing a problem story, but he has a way of presenting problems by inference, and as he goes along with the story of "White Fang," the animal man runs parallel at so many places that unconsciously the reader is solving his own problems.

"The mother of "White Fang" later proved to be the runaway property of an Indian, and was known to have the strain of wolf in her. White Fang's sire was a full-breed dog, and this is the lesson the reader might ponder on: "Had White Fang never come to the fires of man the wild would have molded him into a true wolf. But the gods have given him a different environment, and he was molded into a dog that was rather wolfish, but that was a dog and not a wolf."

White Fang's battle with the strong, his battle with the beast in men, and indeed his whole life are a powerful appeal to man, and one closes the book with a distinct feeling of wonder as to where the line of demarkation really is between man and beast. The Macmillan Co. Price, \$1.50.

read and write, and leaving her little boy to her good mother's care during the day, she started to school in company with her younger brothers and sisters. She says: "At the end of my first four months' term I had finished the third reader."

Slowly from this time she forged ahead, getting enough education to take a tiny school, and what was more stimulating, the first taste of independence that comes with being a wage-earner. The whole story of her life, as she battles with adverse circumstances, and conquers, is a tale of heroic courage and womanly devotion, that should be a lesson and an inspiration to those women of today who feel life's burdens weighing upon them.

By the time Dr. Owens-Adair's son was old enough to become a small wage-earner she had made ready to go east to procure a medical education. This meant almost social ostracism at that time, and when some years later she returned to her beloved Oregon, the first woman in the state with a medical diploma, she had no well organized wo-



Dr. Owens Adair, an Oregon Authoress.

man's medical association to welcome her, and here again and in a new field, single-handed and alone, she made the first battle for woman's recognition in the professional ranks of the state.

Aside from the intense interest of the book, it has a distinct historical value, for the writer has not confined herself to the facts and experiences of her own life, but has woven into the work incidents and biographical sketches of a host of pioneer people—some of whom have passed on; but many are still with us, whose names will be met in the book. One of the most valuable features of the work will be found in the many letters from prominent people who took active part in the strenuous times of state building in Oregon.

In the construction of the book the author has adopted a pleasing literary style, keeping her facts free from egotism and the tiresome detail which often characterizes pioneer history.

The book is well illustrated with many portraits, and is finely bound and got up in a neat, presentable style, which is especially gratifying, as it is the work of a Portland firm. Mann & Beach. Price, \$1.50.

"The Dragon-Painter"—By Mrs. Mary McNell Fenollosa. The writer of this story will be better remembered as "Sidney McCall," the pseudonym she used in her other well-known books—"Truth Dexter" and "The Breath of the Gods." Mrs. Fenollosa was born in the south, but has spent many years in Japan and the far east, so that by birth and environment she has become equipped with that knowledge and experience which are reflected in the rich warm tones of her books. In the present story she lets, in some respects over-reached her other books, particularly in the originality of her conception. But perhaps the most

"Dr. Owens-Adair, Some of Her Life"

1922
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1922

WOMAN IS APPOINTED SENATOR FOR GEORGIA

MRS. W. P. FELTON, 83, TO
FILL WATSON'S TERM.

Appointee Declares Nation Will
Be Thrilled by News; Cour-
age of Governor Praised.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 3.—(By the Associated Press.)—A woman from Georgia today won the distinction of being the first of her sex to obtain appointment to the United States senate when Mrs. W. P. Felton of Cartersville, long known as the "grand old woman of Georgia," was named by Governor Thomas W. Hardwick as senator to succeed the late Thomas E. Watson, until the November elections, when a successor will be chosen at the polls. Mrs. Felton is 87 years of age and has been prominent in state politics for nearly half a century.

Mrs. Felton has accepted the office and in expressing her gratitude for the honor declared that it will thrill the nation when the news is conveyed from the lakes to the gulf that a woman has been chosen to become a member of the United States senate.

"England borrowed an American-born woman," she said, "to accept a seat in the British parliament, but noble old Georgia experienced no need to borrow and she alone of the 48 states in the United States had a governor with courage to say so, and to confirm the saying by an executive proclamation."

Before tendering the appointment to Mrs. Felton, Governor Hardwick, through mutual friends, offered the office to Mrs. Thomas E. Watson, widow of Senator Watson, who the governor said declined it because of ill health.

Mrs. Felton was born in Dekalb county, Georgia, June 10, 1835. She was the oldest child of Charles and Eleanor (Swift) Lattimer. She was married October 11, 1853, to Dr. W. H. Felton, who died in 1909. Five children were born to this union, but only one of them, Dr. Howard E. Felton, survives.

The new United States senator was one of two Georgia women on the executive committee at the Columbian exposition in 1893. She has always taken an active and lively interest in civic affairs. In the interest of temperance she toured Georgia in 1886-87.

AY TIMES, MARSHFIELD, OREGO

NOTED WOMAN ON COOS BAY

Dr. Owens-Adair Who Is Visit- ing at Empire, Writes On Timely Topics and Pet Bill

EMPIRE CITY, Feb. 14, 1910.
To the Editor:

I have been hiding myself away for the last six weeks in this old ghostly town of empty houses, all going to decay. What a shame! What a shame!! This is the most slightly and most desirable spot for a city on this beautiful Bay and most magnificent harbor. Empire is seven miles south of Marshfield and four miles south of North Bend, both healthy growing and prosperous cities. Empire is in full view of the bar.

I saw the Czarina, on that beautiful sunshiny day as she steamed gracefully by on the placid waters of Coos Bay, on and out, to her death. I remarked that she was very deep in the water. My nephew said yes she has a big cargo of coal. A few hours when we heard that she was in distress, I stood on the sidewalk and watched her as she was driven upon that terrible North Spit with her flag of distress flying at her mast head. And with the glass we could plainly see those terrible breakers rolling over her, and sometimes they even reached the top of her smokestack. Our feelings can be better understood than expressed knowing as we did that those poor helpless men were clinging in the rigging. Sympathy was all that we could give and that was of no avail. But why have the people of Empire been compelled to desert their homes and their property. Because most of the land and the business is the property of a wealthy New York corporation who will neither sell or improve and thus effectively closing the door and shutting out business. And even now they are trying to have all their city property thrown back in to acreage to escape taxation.

But why did I come here? Well, for several reasons. The principal reason, that I might have quiet hours while preparing matter for several publications. The special one (for free distribution), will be on "Sterilization," my "pet" or "famous bill." A year ago, Governor Chamberlain chloroformed my bill but with a two years sleep it will awake with renewed strength and vigor, and I have been here preparing for its resurrection next January 1911. And I believe it will receive a full vote from our next legislature. And I expect to be there and furnish the golden pen with which the governor will christen my bill, thus making it one of Oregon's best laws. In presenting this little publication, I have given a sketch or history of the work done in Oregon and Washington—along these lines. I have so far as I could, in so small a space, given the views and opinions of the great thinkers, on this subject. Also statistics, which I believe with others, is proof beyond all question. I have quoted freely from Judge Warren W. Foster. Superior Judge of the Court of General Sessions of New York. He is one of the best, if not the best informed man in the United States on criminality. He has devoted his entire professional life to the criminal causes, with a view for his betterment. His paper "Hereditary, Criminality and its Certain Cure," in Pearsons Magazine for November, is by far the best article I have ever read on the subject. Judge Foster advocates sterilization as the only cure. He has declined a seat on the supreme bench of New York, because his heart is in his work. If the great newspapers would publish Judge Fosters' paper they would be doing a great work for humanity. I have myself, during the last twenty-five years, gone over the entire field of Judge Fosters' paper. But coming now as it does from such a source, couched in such a plain, sensible, logical and convincing manner, it carries with it great weight, and I rejoice to have the opportunity to quote from such authority. I wrote to Judge Foster and told him so. And here is his answer which I have just received, and I hasten to give it to the public for the good that it will do. It speaks for itself.

CITY OF NEW YORK, Feb. 3, '10
Dear Madam:

I have your letter of the 24th, and am complimented and pleased indeed that you have found my paper in the November Pearsons of interest and use. It will perhaps interest you to know that the State of Con-

N, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1910.

necticut has passed and has now in force a law authorizing the proper authorities of both of the State Insane Asylums and the state prisons to sterilize in proper cases, both male and female inmates, and further making it a crime for any one except the foregoing to perform vasectomy or oophorectomy. I shall be pleased to have you keep me informed of your work.

With great respect, yours truly,
WARREN W. FOSTER."
Dr. Owens-Adair, Empire City, Oregon.

Jim Bludso of The Prairie Belle.

John Hay, in "Pike County Ballads," 1871.
Well, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passel in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike;
One wife in Natchez-Under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never fluked and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed bow.

And this was all the religion he had;
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day came at last—
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For the willer bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled
out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestack fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone,
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentleman
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

Astoria Savings Bank

DEPOSITED BY

Mrs D. P. A. Owens-Adair

Astoria, Ore. Sep 30 1907

PLEASE LIST EACH CHECK SEPARATELY

Gold 5500

Silver 1850

Currency 7350

CHECKS AS FOLLOWS:

Twenty three
hundred and
fifty Dollars.

Dan Patton
Cashier

Total, \$

SEE THAT ALL CHECKS AND DRAFTS ARE ENDORSED

Mrs
Payton
Jan to Co
for she u
Jan, sh
Jan
her

Patton
Dad
no
a
Patton
Jan
Jan

Jan
Jan
Jan
Jan
Jan
Jan

with me
in this year
and I tell
you mine also!

Office of

S. Marks & Co.

Roseburg, Ogn. 188

and mother all want to
to the fair. I remained
day at Palace and one day
stayed I hope this will
pay in the enjoyment
of health is the wish
ever yours

Very Truly

Asbury

of these goats I shall keep
was your graduation dress
the same good in our
we sell at 50¢ per yard,
mind darling some day
shall have a better one,
Sweet Miss I remain

Yours

Asbury

Office of

S. Marks & Co.

Roseburg, Ogn. July 18

My dear Aggie

And enclosed list of names of the
 me to day. I was more than
 to heart from you. And I
 confess that language
 to express my feelings
 that you were through
 chases with horror.
 the confidence in
 you will get through. And it
 pleasure to me and a
 piece that you have got
 the horrors that are one
 enclosed please find
 in the Roseburg paper
 also a notice I took from
 Portland Bee, I think
 I went to Portland on the
 day at Salem. Mrs. Matthe

12, 1880

The 2 must
 names reached
 in then pleased
 I must
 facts not
 to know
 enough for
 I had all
 - face that
 it is a great
 and all faces
 we gained all
 one could
 since I had put
 papers for my
 from the
 it is hope
 the 4 stopped one
 Matthews said

S. C.

My dear
 And ever
 me to day,
 to heart for
 confess:
 to express
 that you
 Charles W
 the com
 you will find
 pleasure
 piece
 the hon.
 ever
 in the
 all a
 Port
 we
 day at Salem.

Office of

S. Marks & Co.

Roseburg, Ogn. 188

50 dollars for you & the Pal she will
 pay shortly. I rented your lot for
 one year to put lumber in at 50 dollars
 per month, that is better than
 nothing in my way home from
 Portland I had the pleasure to
 meet your good friend Mrs. Paxton
 I enjoyed a long talk with her
 I told her a good deal about
 you & that a good friend you
 are to her, she said she did not
 hear from you for a long time
 and would be pleased to hear from
 you. She lives at Portland and
 is at Albany, when you write
 to her tell her I made mention
 of her name to you for I told her
 I would do so. She is indeed a very
 interesting little lady, now here
 I am nothing of any business.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

Evil of Legal Separations Should Be Restricted by Law.

NORTH YAKIMA, Wash., May 5, 1905.—(To the Editor.)—I have watched with special interest the controversy on the divorce question, which has been going on for more than a year; first taken up by the Episcopal Church, and now generally participated in by other churches. That the frequency of divorce has brought disrepute and scandal on our Nation, is acknowledged and deplored by all. But how to prevent it, is the question. To say that God sanctions all marriages that record their vows before the pulpit, and receive the blessing of the minister, is simply absurd, as hundreds of thousands of unhappy marriages and divorces will affirm, while many happy marriages, and affectionate and honorable families, have had their origin from vows given before a Justice of the Peace, whose breath may have, at the time, savored of bad whiskey and tobacco.

I do not wish to be understood here as placing the civil ceremony on a level with the religious marriage service, which I approve, and personally prefer.

To my mind, the success of the marriage relation depends upon the disposition, education and sterling principles of the contracting parties—not upon one, but upon all; i. e., where these conditions may be made to blend, through the power of the affection—love. Then we can say: "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder." We have this illustrated, day in, and day out; especially in these times of fast living, when the electric spark seems to move the world. How long can we continue along these lines? Every day brings to light some great discovery, or the accomplishment of some startling feat—each in turn to live, to thrive, to blossom for a time; then to be crowded back, to prove its worth, or be lost in oblivion. But not so with marriage and divorce. Like the poor, they are "always with us."

As a nation we should be, and are, striving to improve the marriage relation, realizing, as we do, that the home is the foundation-stone of our Government. The essentials of a home are love, honesty, loyalty. With the American people, to decide is to act; and to act is to accomplish; and I have faith to believe that we shall find a way out of this National affliction, which seems to have become a veritable contagion—attacking rich and poor, high and low alike, and which should be met by stringent measures and remedies. A divorce no longer carries with it the stigma of disgrace that it did 30 or 40 years ago, which required a life-long struggle to overcome. The most disgraceful feature of these modern divorces is that in the majority of the cases it can be proved that one, and sometimes both of the parties, contract new engagements of marriage before having even made application for separation from the old relation. Sunday's Oregonian tells us of a courtship of three days, a marriage of three days, with a suit for divorce filed on the sixth day! The newspapers are flooded with similar cases, until they cease to shock us, proving the truth of what the poet says: "We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A halt must be called. The people will find a way to check this great evil. The churches are laboring with the question, while the courts are grinding out divorces by the thousands, and the ministers, and all others having authority, are equally busy in joining people together in "Holy matrimony" (?). The press—the great educator of the world—is performing its part by giving publicity to all sides.

As a free and independent nation, our laws must be sanctioned and upheld by public opinion; and with divorce, as with other evils, we should have stringent regulating laws; but to enforce these laws, the people must be educated up to a recognition of their value. In my opinion, we should have laws forbidding the remarriage of any divorced person under five, or ten years after their divorce was obtained. This would effectually cut off outside love-making, and future matrimonial engagements during married life. Five or ten years' probation would act as an ice-bath in cooling off a good deal of love sick, sentimental passion, and would bring many of its victims to a wholesome sense of their manhood and womanhood, and would enable them to live more upright and clean lives.

I believe in divorce, for proper cause. I do not believe that people should be forced to bear and rear children in an unholy union. Proof of the wisdom of this can be found in The Oregonian, telling of the shooting of his brutal father by the 18-year-old son, Tom Brown, in Chehalis, Wash. Such occurrences speak more powerfully than words.

MRS. OWENS-ADAIR, M. D.

HONOR DR. OWENS-ADAIR, 121

Astorian
Birthday Banquet for Her at Hotel in Paso Robles.

The Paso Robles Press published the following:

"It was an inspiration as well as a pleasure for a representative of the Press to be permitted to attend a birthday banquet tendered Wednesday in honor of the 82nd birthday of Dr. B. A. Owens-Adair, the first practicing woman physician in the Pacific northwest. The dinner was held in the dining room of the Paso Robles Hotel, and owing to the great religious and reform activity of this remarkable woman, it was attended by the most representative members of the cloth in this city. Those present included Rev. J. Vincent Jones, Rev. L. O. Bostwick, Rev. E. B. Singer, Rev. W. M. Ford, Rev. O. B. Whittemore, associate and secretary for Dr. Owens, was the master of ceremonies. Rev. Whittemore is a prominent prohibition worker and is the author of "The Saloon Keeper's Bible and It's Answer." Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Heaton, Miss Anna Jones, Mr. J. Randall, Mrs. Thompson, president of the W. C. T. U., and F. H. Vore, representing the Paso Robles Press. Rev. Whittemore explained the occasion of the dinner, and read a number of letters and telegrams of congratulation to Dr. Owens-Adair. He introduced this remarkable woman and explained briefly her work in the interests of the betterment of the race. She was responsible for the passage of the "Sterilization law" for demerit-crates and criminals in Oregon, and has made this her work for many years. She has written and worked entirely for the adoption of eugenic and hygienic laws in Oregon as well as in other states. The doctor explained the 'Sterilization' law, and also the simple operation which was required, and briefly told of the fact that it was not only painless, but took nothing away from the unfortunate who was subjected to it. It was indeed a pleasure to hear this lady, born in 1840, explain the difficulties which she encountered in her work for the good of humanity. A beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to Dr. Owens-Adair by the guests who attended the dinner. Dr. Owens-Adair and her secretary, Rev. Whittemore, will remain in Paso Robles for about two weeks."

The Astorian is in receipt of a letter from Dr. Owens-Adair in which she tells of the great pleasure that the dinner gave her.

"Really all this makes me feel like a girl again," writes the doctor. "The next day Rev. Whittemore said: 'Well, doctor, you have another big job. How are you going to answer all those congratulations?' I said, 'I'll think about it—it has been said if you want anyone to love you give them something to do for you.' I want the newspapers to love me. How could I succeed without them? So I am asking you to allow me through your paper to thank all my Clatsop county friends who sent me greetings for my eighty-second birthday, and I will say in conclusion that all such treasures shall be kept for future generations for the good of humanity."

Dr. Owens-Adair, whose home is at Warrenton but who has been visiting for the past several months at Bend, is a guest at the Hotel Portland. "I am vitally interested in the success of my marriage bill," said Dr. Owens-Adair. "The legislature gave two pages in the Official Pamphlet to tell about the bill, so I am preparing this matter for the Official Pamphlet. Everywhere I go I hear nothing but good words spoken for this bill. It does not seem as if anyone would want to oppose a bill that requires an examination of women as well as men before marriage, so as to prevent those who are physically or mentally unfit for marriage from entering matrimony and bringing into the world unfit children to be supported by the taxpayers. You remember how much criticism there was when I was working for my sterilization bill. You hear none of this criticism now, and many of the other states have adopted the Oregon law for the sterilization of the criminal insane and the physically unfit. I believe if there had been a law similar to my proposed marriage law in force in Europe for the past 50 years we should not have had the world war, with its more than 10,000,000 killed, its millions of wounded and maimed and with all its attendant train of sorrow and grief, nor should we for the next 50 years be taxed to pay the enormous cost of the war. If such a law had been in effect in Europe it would have prevented the intermarriage of royal families, and by preventing inbreeding we should not have had mad monarchs carrying their strain of insanity on to their children, who were able to involve us in world war."

The Most Determined Person I Have Ever Known

FIRST PRIZE

A Pioneer Woman Physician of the Northwest

DR. BETHENIA OWENS-ADAIR recently celebrated at Paso Robles her eighty-second birthday. She was born in Missouri, in 1840, and went with her parents across the plains by ox-team to Oregon in 1843. Educational advantages in those days were few, so Bethenia had but little schooling. Her sister Diana was married at thirteen. She waited a year longer and was fourteen when she was married. At seventeen she had to face life for herself and baby.

She determined to give her son a college education, and to devote her life to service. She took in washing. A book of some kind was always open before her. As she washed, she studied. She secured a school at ten dollars a month and board for herself and baby. She saved her money and started a millinery store. In a few years she had saved enough to send her boy to the University of California. She did nursing at nights, borrowed Gray's "Anatomy" and studied it till she almost knew it by heart. A year later she turned the business over to her sister, and went to Philadelphia to study medicine. Three years later she returned to practice medicine at Roseburg, Oregon.

In 1878 she went to the University of Michigan, where she put in sixteen hours a day attending lectures and studying. She received her diploma in 1880. Meanwhile, her son had been graduated and had received his medical degree. Six months after graduation, with her son she went to Europe and did hospital work in Glasgow, Berlin, London, and Paris. Returning to Portland she soon had a large practice.

She has lectured, and has written hundreds of articles on temperance, woman suffrage, and other reforms. For the past twenty years she has given most of her time to reform work. She it is who is the author of Oregon's sterilization law, and she is now working for a medical examination law for women as well as men. She has never lost sight of her goal, has overcome every handicap, and achieved her life's ambition of being of service to humanity.

F. L.

THE AMERICAN ISSUE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

AMERICAN ISSUE PUBLISHING COMPANY, WESTERVILLE, OHIO

ERNEST H. CHERRINGTON, EDITOR

SAMUEL J. FICKEL, MANAGING EDITOR

JACOB H. TAYLOR, NEWS EDITOR

STAFF CORRESPONDENTS:

W. E. JOHNSON, A. W. PERKINS, CORA FRANCES STODDARD

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Westerville, O., under Act of March 3, 1879

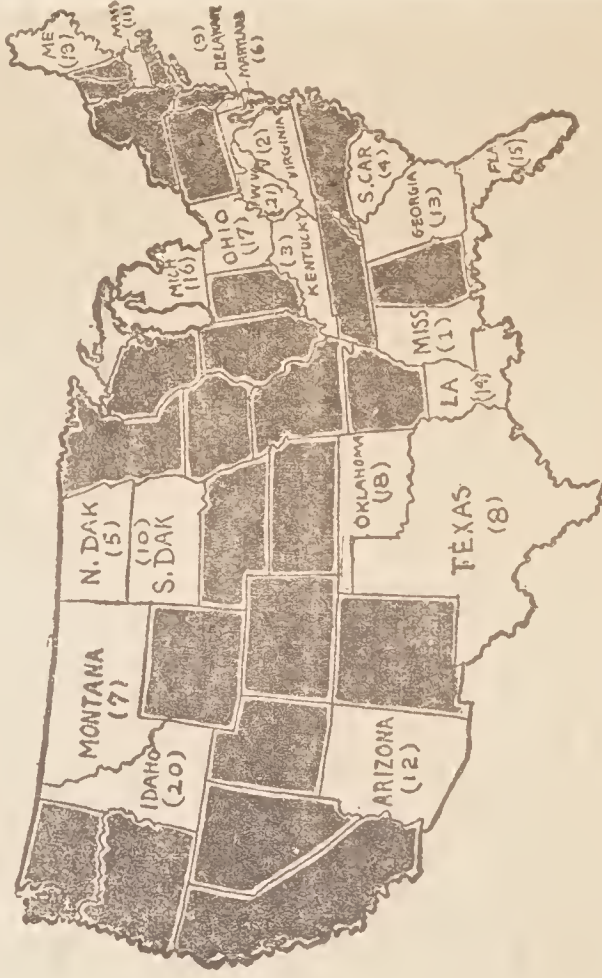
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—One Dollar and Fifty Cents a year in the United States

Notice to Postmasters: All notices of change of address should be sent to the Editor. Notices for State Editions should NOT be sent to Westerville, Ohio, but to the address of the State Editor.

SATURADAY, JANUARY 18, 1919

36 MAKE 36 WHITE 36

Total Senate Vote 607 for to 92 against, 86 per cent dry
Total House Vote 1,619 for to 365 against, 81 per cent dry



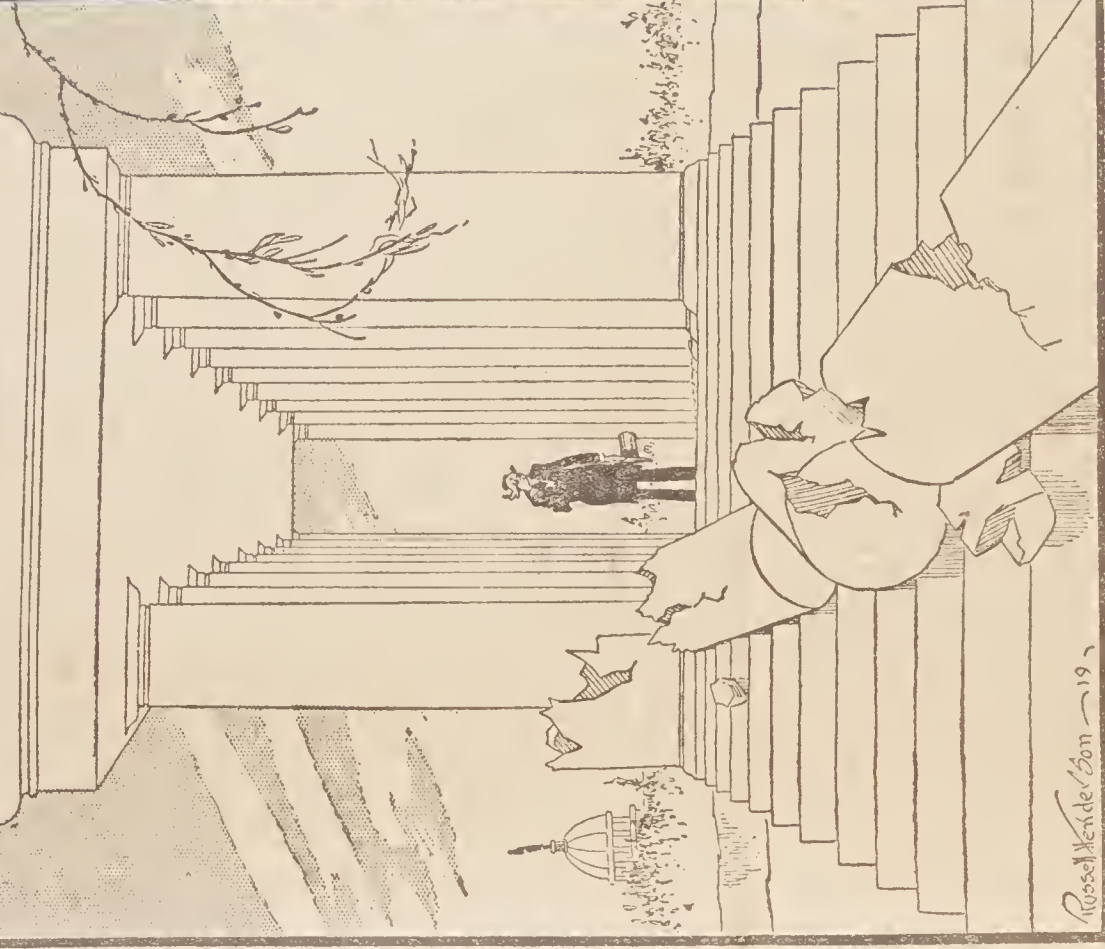
[White States Have Ratified.]

HONOR ROLL

STATES	Ratified by Senate	Ratified by House
(1) MISSISSIPPI	Jan. 8, 1918, 28 to 5	Jan. 8, 1918, 93 to 3
(2) VIRGINIA	Jan. 10, 1918, 30 to 8	Jan. 11, 1918, 84 to 13
(3) KENTUCKY	Jan. 14, 1918, 28 to 6	Jan. 14, 1918, 66 to 10
(4) SOUTH CAROLINA	Jan. 18, 1918, 28 to 6	Jan. 28, 1918, 66 to 29
(5) NORTH DAKOTA	Jan. 25, 1918, 43 to 2	Jan. 25, 1918, 96 to 10
(6) MARYLAND	Feb. 13, 1918, 18 to 7	Feb. 8, 1918, 58 to 36
(7) MONTANA	Feb. 19, 1918, 35 to 2	Feb. 18, 1918, 77 to 8
(8) TEXAS	Feb. 28, 1918, 15 to 7	Mar. 4, 1918, 72 to 30
(9) DELAWARE	Mar. 18, 1918, 13 to 3	Mar. 14, 1918, 27 to 6
(10) SOUTH DAKOTA	Mar. 19, 1918, 43 to 0	Mar. 20, 1918, 86 to 0
(11) MASSACHUSETTS	Apr. 2, 1918, 27 to 12	Mar. 26, 1918, 145 to 91
(12) ARIZONA	May 23, 1918, 17 to 0	May 24, 1918, 29 to 3
(13) GEORGIA	June 26, 1918, 34 to 2	June 26, 1918, 129 to 24
(14) LOUISIANA	Aug. 6, 1918, 21 to 20	Aug. 8, 1918, 69 to 41
(15) FLORIDA	Nov. 27, 1918, 25 to 2	Nov. 27, 1918, 61 to 3
(16) MICHIGAN	Jan. 2, 1919, 30 to 0	Jan. 2, 1919, 88 to 3
(17) OHIO	Jan. 7, 1919, 20 to 12	Jan. 7, 1919, 85 to 30
(18) OKLAHOMA	Jan. 7, 1919, 43 to 0	Jan. 7, 1919, 90 to 8
(19) MAINE	Jan. 8, 1919, 30 to 0	Jan. 8, 1919, 120 to 20
(20) WEST VIRGINIA	Jan. 8, 1919, 26 to 6	Jan. 8, 1919, 94 to 5

ROOSEVELT

AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP.



in the courts the amending article of the Constitution. They question the right of three-fourths of the states to make an amendment to the Constitution effective.

It is indeed a sad case. To an outsider it appears that lawyers are taking advantage of these booze fellows in their distress. These attorneys see profitable clients fading away with the swift approach of National Prohibition. But while there's life there's fees. Constitutionality of the Constitution has not yet been tested by them. Other amendments to the Constitution have been put in force by the approval of three-fourths of the states but nothing so sacred as booze has ever before been involved.

Those politicians who were growing fat on slush funds distributed under the old system of electing United States Senators, were mere pikers compared with the distillers for meekly submitting to the last amendment written into the Constitution. So were all the rest of the special privileges that have been hit by the amendments thus far adopted. It remains for the distillers to make the fight in defense of personal liberty and resent the dictation of three-fourths of the states to the rest of the states.

They will do it and they will do it with their little billion and some lawyers will rejoice and all right thinking people will feel sorry for them.

They ought to save their money. There's a long dry spell ahead.

False Ala



Theodore Roosevelt

Never in the annals of mankind have tributes so generous, so heartfelt, so universal been bestowed upon anyone as have been showered upon Theodore Roosevelt. Those who differed with him have vied with his warmest admirers in extolling his virtues. No one has appeared among us that possessed such versatility of genius—university student, cowboy, athlete, soldier, president, statesman, hunter, explorer, naturalist, author, orator, publicist, red-blooded American. His public career was stainless, his home life exemplary. No one doubts his sincerity or Americanism. To an eminent degree, Theodore Roosevelt had the courage of his convictions. He was richly endowed by nature with a strong mind and a clear, almost prophetic insight in public affairs. In the best sense he was a pragmatist.

The great moral reforms now sweeping the country have suffered a severe loss in his departure and civic righteousness has lost a fearless champion.

Two-Thirds Vote Defined

January 7 was a disastrous day for the wets. On that day the pivotal state of Ohio ratified the national dry amendment and Oklahoma quickly followed suit.

But the crowning disaster to the booze interests was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on what constitutes a two-thirds vote of Congress.

Chief Justice White, speaking for the high court, ruled that a two-thirds vote of Congress means a two-thirds vote of a quorum and **not necessarily a two-thirds vote of the members elected.**

A few days before the decision of the Supreme Court, United States District Judge Hollister of Cincinnati rendered an opinion on the same question and inasmuch as the court of last resort had not passed on the question, his decision will be one of the judicial landmarks in the history of court decision.

By this decision the court clears the decks of all legal obstacles to ratification. The ruling was given in connection with the Webby Kenyon law controversy involving the validity of the two-thirds vote that passed the law over the President's veto.

This case disposes of the last legal objection to the action of the states in ratifying the federal amendment.

Is the Constitution Unconstitutional?

Somebody has said that whisky is a fool.

No more substantial proof of the assertion is needed than the late exhibition of the distillers assembled in convention in Chicago last week. These fellows claim to represent one billion dollars of investment and according to newspaper reports they instructed their Chief Counsel, Levy Mayer, to go the limit in court action to prove the Constitution of the United States unconstitutional.

People are used to hearing the wet interests brand every law unconstitutional that has interfered with their business, but were hardly prepared for this exhibit of utter lack of good sense. It is really difficult to take them seriously and yet the newspaper dispatches solemnly declare that these booze makers are going to attack

False Alarm!

The distillers' declaration that if Prohibition prevails the working people of this nation will go en masse to the Berger-Steadman Socialist clement, is an insult that ought to be resented by union labor. The high moguls in the liquor trade are just now displaying anarchistic tendencies, but they are decidedly in error if they think every man who is opposed to Prohibition will revolt against the government.

Rabid pro-booze orators in various parts of the country have been advocating a nation-wide strike if Prohibition becomes effective. Some such statement is reported to have been made at a recent meeting in Baltimore and the Baltimore Sun, an ardent champion of the booze interests, vigorously opposes such doctrine.

The Sun gives the wets some sound advice. They better heed it. If the booze makers are wise they will suppress the overwhelming desire they seem to have to don a red shirt and tear across the country with a fire brand. They would have few followers in such a campaign. They better accept the situation philosophically, take a tip from August Busch and get into legitimate business and lock their doors against all lawyers.

This advice is free but it is sound.

Confiscation Argument Killed

American Issue this week is giving notice of brewer Busch's new enterprise, the manufacture of sausages and other pork products that ought to bring joy to his advertising manager's heart.

It is the kind of publicity that American Issue delights to give. It will come as good news to the tens of thousands of people who have for years bitterly opposed the brewery business because of its economic waste and the political corruption incident to it, that perhaps the **most influential brewer in America has turned pork packer.**

American Issue commends the man's enterprise. It is reported that he is enthusiastic over his new venture, that he anticipates with joy giving St. Louis another big industry, that he is employing the men who formerly worked for him making beer, that he has set his standard high, his slogan being quality rather than quantity.

He points to the fact that the former brewery plant is well equipped for the new enterprise, that his organization is ready to put his goods on the market. He expects to win.

Fine! What has become of the confiscation of property argument some brewers still harp about?

Mr. Busch's brewery converted into a packing plant is tangible evidence that the government did not confiscate Mr. Busch's property. It left him all those magnificent buildings. It took nothing away from him except the special privilege it had granted him to make intoxicating liquors and he makes a statement that shows that intangible property, valued more highly by business men than plants and machinery, the good will of customers was not injured when the government put the brewery business under the ban. He says that hotel men and restaurant and cafe owners have urged him to go into some business whereby they could continue their relationship with him.

Confiscation? Bah! The brewers themselves are proving the fallacy of the plea.

Wets will hardly point with pride to the lone three votes against ratification in the Michigan Legislature.

Confidence.

By Grace E. Hall.

It isn't the work that wearies you,
As much as it is your mind,
The way you approach the thing
you do,
Expecting a dreary grind;
If you would view it with eyes of
cheer,
As a pleasant task begun,
Like a mist in the morn it would
disappear—
And you'd smile when it was done;

The scare of things is their greatest
strain—
It drags at the nerves all day,
And fritters the strength of your
harassed brain—
Tremendous, the price you pay!
It's just the manner of taking hold
That counts in the daily round:
The mind of a man is but a mould,
Where patterns for deeds are
found.

His thoughts are levers that move
his hand,
The force that controls his life;
The scare of things, (if he'd under-
stand),
Puts all of his wits at strife.
An army moves with a splendid
force
With all of its units true—
And thoughts are generals who plan
the course
Of all of the things you do.

Ah! More of your strength you
throw away
In the scare of a task or race,
Than you would spend in a working
day,
With the hot sweat on your face.

In Other Days.

Twenty-five Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 22, 1897.
London.—British subjects are as-
sembling by thousands to honor
Queen Victoria on the 60th anniver-
sary of her accession to the throne.

An explosion of gas in the base-
ment of the postoffice rocked that
building to its foundations.

Chicago—Eugene V. Debs, elected
president of the social democracy of
America, is planning a Utopian
colony.

Fifty Years Ago.

From The Oregonian of June 22, 1872.
Washington. — Attorney - General
Williams has returned.

The canine nuisance in Portland is
becoming unbearable, unowned dogs
roving the streets without restraint.

Tueson, Ariz.—A band of Apache
Indians attacked a ranch near Camp
Crittenden and killed two men.

Boston.—Nearly 50,000 persons
gathered at the coliseum to listen
to singing by Madame Rudersdorff
in connection with the peace jub.

DANIELS ARRAIGNS DOUBLE STANDARD

Social Evil Declared Grave
Menace to Nation's Mili-
tary Efficiency.

PHYSICIANS URGED TO ACT

"There Is Only One Remedy, Con-
tinence," Says Secretary; "Can-
cer Must Be Cut Out if
We Would Live."

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—Dealing frankly
and boldly with the social evil as a
menace to the Nation's military effi-
ciency, Secretary of the Navy Daniels,
in an address here tonight before the
Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North
America, appealed to the medical pro-
fession "to end the false double stan-
dard that decreases military effective-
ness." The profession, he declared,
must share its part of the blame for the
"unpardonable prudery that endured a
festering evil rather than have it ex-
posed and eradicated."

"There is not an army in the field
whose effectiveness is not reduced by
reason of immoral disease," said Secre-
tary Daniels. "The Navy suffers like-
wise and business halts because vene-
real diseases destroy the manhood of
workmen and fighters. During the last
statistical year men of the American
Navy lost 141,378 days sickness from a
small group of absolutely preventable
cases, or rather, diseases contracted
by sin. This means that every day
throughout the year there were 456
men disabled by this disgraceful mal-
ady. Add to that number those re-
quired to care for the disabled and we
have enough men on the ineffective list
each day to man a modern battleship.
And this does not count those who
through diseases were not disabled, or
the danger of contagion to the clean
members of the crew.

Bad Condition Disclosed.

"In the Navy in 1915 there were ad-
mitted for treatment for venereal dis-
eases 112 persons in every 1000 and in
the Army 84 for every 1000, the number
in the Army having decreased from
145 to the 1000 after passage of an act
stopping the pay of all soldiers ad-
mitted for treatment for venereal dis-
eases. The new Navy law stops the pay
of men so afflicted and will probably
reduce the number to the Army ratio.
But these figures show a condition of
immorality upon the part of the mi-
nority of both arms of the service that
challenges the thought of the authori-
ties.

"In civil life the number afflicted is
quite as large, proportionately, as in
the military service. It has been
printed that Hecht, of Vienna, stated
that at one time the equivalent of three
entire Austrian divisions of 60,000 men
was under treatment for venereal dis-
ease, while the German army in Bel-
gium, representing only a small part of
the German forces, is reported during
the first five months of its occupation
to have furnished 35,000 such patients.
Canadian and Australian officers have
deplored the ravages of this disease.
The late figures from the British army
show 75,000 cases, and all other coun-
tries have also been weakened.

Foe Subtlest of All.

"Sir William Coler places these in-
fectious diseases at the top as a men-
ace in war and in peace. The time has
come to realize that this subtlest foe of
humanity must be conquered, and it
cannot be conquered by denying its ex-
istence, saying it is a necessary evil
or applying palliatives. It is deadlier
than smallpox or cancer or tubercu-
losis. A Canadian authority says: 'Its
ravages today are more terrible for
British and Canadian troops than the
war itself.'

morals only, though it must be en-
forced as the cardinal doctrine of
morals. It has come to be seen as
having its base in the great law of
nature. New truths must take the
place of ancient lies. We know now
by the testimony of science that there
is no foundation for a double standard
for the sexes. To preach it is to preach
immorality and a lowering of manhood.
The lie that has lived so long must be
driven out by the truth.

"Only God will ever know the toll
in blood and tears that this lie has
taken from the heart of the world, the
prices that the health of the race has
been made to pay for its submission to
a historic falsehood, young lives ruined,
futures cheated of promise, children
called upon to suffer for the sins of
the fathers, innocent women robbed of
the right to happy motherhood and the
virility of a nation sapped at its very
foundations.

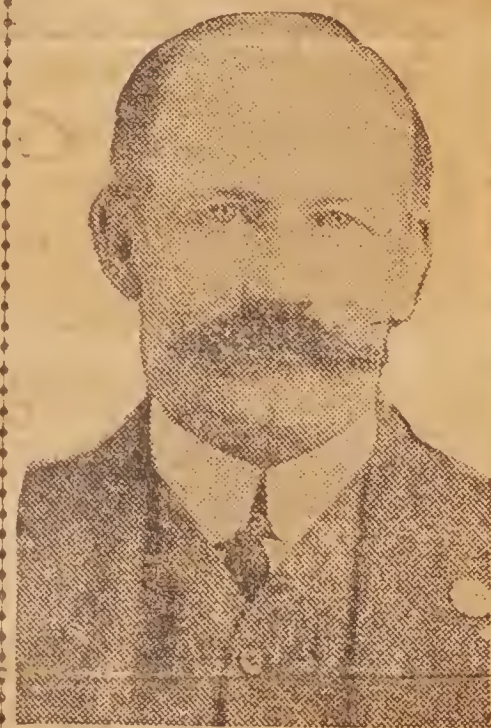
"Today as never before American
manhood must be clean. We must have
fitness. America stands in need of
every ounce of strength. We must cut
out the cancer if we would live."

RECEPTION FOR SOLDIER

THOMAS H. LOWE, CECIL POSTMAS-
TER, HONORED.

Two Hundred and Fifty Say Farewell
to 46-Year-Old Merchant Who Leaves
to Enter Canadian Army.

HEPPNER, Or., Oct. 22.—(Special.)—
Thomas H. Lowe, postmaster and gen-
eral merchant at Cecil, 30 miles north
of Heppner, was the recipient of a re-
ception and farewell party Friday even-
ing, the occasion being the eve of his



Thomas H. Lowe, Cecil Mer-
chant, Who Is to Enter Cana-
dian Army, Guest at Reception.

departure for service in the Ca-
nadian army. A special train was run
from Heppner carrying a large num-
ber of Mr. Lowe's friends from Heppn-
er, Oregon, to Cecil, and Morgan to the
train. About 250 guests were present
and a large supper was served
that evening by Mrs. Lowe and her
assistants.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowe came from
Oregon to Cecil four years ago last
and engaged in the mercantile busi-
ness at that place, where they have built
a lucrative business and made a
number of fast friends. Before coming
to America Mr. Lowe served in the B.
Army and later served as Lieut.
and Quartermaster in the Church
regiment. He resigned his commis-
sion and came to America.

Mr. Lowe is 46 years old and has
one wife and four children who will remain
in Cecil and continue the business un-
til Mr. Lowe returns. Mr. Lowe expects to
return to France at an early date.

Society

A Pioneer Worthy of The Name

Working quietly away for the past two or three weeks, at the state library, where she has access to the necessary works, is Dr. Bethenia Owens-Adair, widely known pioneer woman physician, who is writing the book, a scientific work, that may be the crowning achievement of her long and useful life. Dr. Adair who recently celebrated her eighty second birthday in Paso Robles, California, was born in Missouri in 1810 and came with her parents across the plains to Oregon, by ox team in 1843.

Her life reads like an epic tale. Briefly outlining it an article in a recent American Magazine, had the following to say, beginning with the little girl Bethenia:

Educational advantages in those days were few, so Bethenia had but little schooling. Her sister Diana was married at thirteen. She waited a year longer and was fourteen when she was married. At seventeen she had to face life for herself and baby.

She determined to give her son a college education, and to devote her life to service. She took in washing. A book of some kind was always open before her. As she washed, she studied. She secured a school at ten dollars a month and board for herself and baby. She saved her money and started a millinery store. In a few years she had saved enough to send her boy to the University of California. She did nursing at nights, borrowed Gray's "Anatomy" and studied it till she almost knew it by heart. A year later she turned her business over to her sister, and went to Philadelphia to study medicine. Three years later she returned to practice medicine at Roseburg, Oregon.

In 1878 she went to the University of Michigan, where she put in sixteen hours a day attending lectures and studying. She received her diploma in 1880. Meanwhile, her son had been graduated and had received his medical degree. Six months after graduation, with her son she went to Europe and did hospital work in Glasgow, Berlin, London and Paris. Returning to Portland she soon had a large practice.

She has lectured, and has written hundreds of articles on temperance, woman suffrage, and other reforms. For the past twenty years she has given most of her time to reform work. She it is who is the author of Oregon's sterilization law, and she is now working for a medical examination law for women as well as men. She has never lost sight of her goal, has overcome every handicap, and achieved her life's ambition of being of service to humanity.

Dr. Adair will be here until mid-September.

Prominent Visitors

OREGON STATE EQUAL SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

HONORARY PRESIDENT,

MRS. H. A. LAUGHARY,

MCMINNVILLE.

STATE PRESIDENT,

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY,

294 CLAY STREET, PORTLAND.

VICE PRESIDENT AT LARGE,

DR. ANNICE E. JEFFREYS,

SALEM.

RECORDING SECRETARY,

MRS. MARY SCHAFER WARD,

832 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

MRS. J. C. PRITCHARD,

164 GRAND AVENUE, EAST SIDE, PORTLAND.

TREASURER,

ADA CORNISH HERTSCHE,

166 NORTH EIGHTEENTH STREET, PORTLAND.

Portland, Oregon. May 10, 1896. 1896.

Dr Owens Adair,

Astoria, Oregon.

Dear Madam:-

You are cordially invited to address the First Oregon Congress of Women, to be held in this City, June 8th, 9th and 10th, under the leadership of Susan B. Anthony and the Oregon State Equal Suffrage Association.

Please let us hear from you at once, as our time for preparation

program is limited and it will be necessary to act promptly.

Come in person if possible, but if not possible, please send your paper to care of Mrs A. S. Duniway, 294 Clay Street, Portland; and it will receive due recognition.

State subject of paper in your reply. Must be upon some phase of

... program is limited and it will be necessary to act promptly.

Come in person if possible, but if not possible, please send your paper to care of Mrs A. S. Duniway, 294 Clay Street, Portland, and it will receive due recognition.

State subject of paper in your reply. Must be upon some phase of Woman's work or ambition and be limited to not less than ten or more than twenty minutes; but orations may occupy from ten minutes to one hour.

By Order of Ex. Com. O. S. E. S. A.

Abigail Scott Duniway;

President.

A. Julia Kirker,

Cor. Secretary, pro tem.





FIFTEENTH REGULAR SESSION

HUNT ALBERT
W. CONDON,
LEGISLATIVE CLERK

Jan. 13th 1887

Dr Ormonde Adams.
H.B. 57 - fixing age of
Condant is on its 3rd reading.
Dressed and find full-call.
Think the birds will pass.

Yours truly
Frederick W. Condon.

From The Astorian of May 12th, 1885.

The exercises at the Congregational church last Sunday evening were well deserving the large audience they attracted.

Mrs. J. B. Wyatt, Mrs. C. H. Page, Mrs. T. W. Eaton, and Mrs. C. Fulton, together with Mr. H. G. Smith, and the church choir, gave some splendid vocal selections, after which a thoughtful and instructive address was delivered by Mrs. Dr. Owens Adair, the lecture being a subject of warm eulogy on the part of all who heard it.

VOYAGE OF DANGER

Graphic Story of Roanoke's
Tempestuous Trip.

PERILOUS HOURS OF STORM

Dr. Owens Adair Writes Experience
of Passengers on Coasting Steam-
ship, Rudderless in Worst
Gale of the Season.

1905

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Dec. 5.—(To the Editor.)—Having been requested by a number of the passengers of the Roanoke to give The Oregonian a personal account of her late perilous trip to San Francisco, I respectfully submit the following:

At 3:15 P. M., Nov. 27, last, Captain Dunham, master of the steamship Roanoke, attempted to cross the Humboldt bar at Eureka. There was a heavy sea, and the bar was very rough. When nearly across a tremendous breaker caught the ship, driving her out of the channel, and carrying away her rudder. The captain endeavored to swing her back into the channel, but finding she would not obey her helm, he promptly backed her. At this moment the next huge on-coming breaker, gathering force as it came, struck her with a stupendous force that, combined with the skillful maneuvers of the captain, swung her completely around with her prow toward the sea. Had this mighty wave moved against instead of with his efforts, we should have inevitably been lost, as the ship, being heavily laden and entirely rudderless, would have been speedily ground to fragments on that seething, sinuous bar.

Then, with added steam, she was forced across the spit, striking it three times with a violence that made her shiver from stem to stern, and made a noise like the roar of a cannon, into deep water. Now she rent the air with piercing signals of distress and calls for aid. Meantime she was vigorously struggling, so far as was possible in her disabled condition, to escape the bar and reach the open sea. Finally she succeeded in reaching comparative safety, and soon afterward a tug from Eureka came out, losing one of her lifeboats on the bar in crossing to our assistance. She stood by all that night, in case her help should be needed. The barometer then indicated fair weather. The whole of that night was occupied by Captain Dunham and crew in rigging a jury rudder, which was put in place about 8 A. M. Between 6 and 7 Captain Dunham had dismissed the tug, directing its master to telegraph to the company at San Francisco that he would proceed under jury rudder and requesting them to dispatch a tug to meet him, which would find the Roanoke about 25 miles from shore. The new rudder broke almost immediately after its installation and was rendered useless, after which each day was employed in rigging new jury rudders, all but the last of which met the same fate as did the first.

About 10 A. M. a southeast (offshore) breeze providentially sprung up, which materially aided us in getting out to sea, for as the ship revolved in her bow pointed seaward, her full engine power was exerted to force her forward, thus in seaward's plume, "kicking" her ahead. The favorable wind helped to hold her in her course till the morning was advanced. This continued until between 8 and 9 that night, when a terrific south-
west gale set in, blowing in the face of the ship, and forcing her back into the bar.

out like an approving smile from God, upon us, and warmed us into renewed hope.

On Wednesday morning the captain had said to me at the table, "we shall be in San Francisco for Thanksgiving," for he had great faith in the jury rudder. Then under construction, but unfortunately, it was carried away almost as soon as it was in position. Nothing daunted, another was promptly begun, in the form of what is called a "log," made of two spars lashed together. This not proving a success, it was hoisted on deck and a boom lashed between two spars, and a 500-pound anchor attached. This, at last, proved the successful jury rudder which enabled us to make from four to five miles an hour. Our Thanksgiving was spent on board, where an excellent dinner was enjoyed by every passenger. While at times obliged to hold to the table to preserve equilibrium, all were only too happy to exchange deadly danger for slight discomfort.

Late in the evening the "doctored" jury rudder was lowered, and the staunch ship began to assert her normal power. Friday morning was bright and beautiful with a smooth sea, and we kept on our course rejoicing. At 3:30 Saturday morning, December 2, the tug Reliance, sent out by the owners to our assistance, arrived from San Francisco, and stood close by until after daylight, when she was attached to the stern of the Roanoke, where she acted as a rudder until we had passed through the Golden Gate, after which she came alongside the steamship and assisted her to her pier, six days from Astoria.

In conclusion, I wish to state that throughout the entire voyage we received the kindest attention from the captain, officers and crew. During all those trying hours the brave young purser went untiringly from one to the other with a smiling face and hopeful, encouraging words.

DR. OWENS ADAIR.

Astoria Thirty Years Ago

AS TAKEN FROM THE FILES OF THE MORNING
ASTORIAN OF THAT DATE.

The Sam leaves for Skipanon at 8 this morning and returns at 6 P. M.

Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair lectures at the Congregational church this evening.

A. W. Gates is back from Yaquina ay and doesn't appear very sorry about it.

Geo. W. Sanborn begins the insurance and commission business in his new building on Flavel's dock tomorrow.

The lecture at the Congregational church tonight, by Mrs. Dr. Owens-Adair, will be of importance to all parents and educators, and should command a respectable hearing. There will be no charges nor collection. All are cordially invited.

A fire at Mann's landing on the Skagit river, recently, burned a dwelling in which was \$50 belonging to the editor of the Skagit News. The report says "the origin of the fire is a mystery." Like enough. It is more a mystery how a newspaper man came to have \$50 at one time. The coming of the money should be a

sufficient warning not

n
t
a
d
l
e
6
b
5
o
t
d
es

dr
w
o
i

a
in
ju
fr
ar
ed
co
the
wa

"If as much care was taken to perpetuate
is taken to prevent the admixture of ig-
dogs- the genealogy of every one would
and displayed in his manners,

(SIGNED)

INFANT DIES UNDER KNIFE OF HASELDEN

Chicago Examiner

Operation of Death Faced Baby,
Seven Months Old, Victim of
Deformity Which Closed Nose.
Dec. 12, 1913
Parents Preferred Child Should
Die Rather Than Longer Suf-
fer Life of Hopeless Misery.

Nature and Dr. Harry J. Haiselden's knife ended the life of another defective baby yesterday, at the German-American Hospital.

This baby was seven months old, weighed eight pounds, had a double cleft palate, no upper lip, and part of the gums was attached to the nose, closing the nasal organs and forcing breathing through the mouth.

Mr. and Mrs. John Grimshaw of Lake Villa, Ill., parents of the little girl, the fourth child in the family, took the infant to Dr. Haiselden and told him to pursue whatever course he might think advisable.

OPERATION OR DEATH.

So Dr. Haiselden chanced an operation. Because of the many deformities, the baby was doomed to die, unless the operation should prove a success, and death the parents declared they would prefer to having the baby live in the condition she was in.

The operation comparatively was simple. But the baby, ill nourished and lacking in strength, could not stand it, and she died early last night.

Had the operation proved successful, the baby would have been sterilized. The parents agreed with Dr. Haiselden that this should be done before the operation was undertaken.

MOTHER LOVED HER, ANYWAY.

The father is a breeder of fine cattle, and, in giving his baby into the keeping of Dr. Haiselden, he said:

"If an animal is born with as many deformities as my baby has, it would be killed. And I know that if she should grow up she would reproach us for permitting her to live."

"I would want her if she can be made prettier," said Mrs. Grimshaw, "but she looks horrible now. Still, I don't love her any less than the other children, but I wouldn't want her to live if she is going to be sickly."

In the two other cases of defective children, both of whom were the fourth in the family, Dr. Haiselden had refused to operate.

The parents of the Grimshaw baby did not wait to see if the operation would be a success. Last night Dr. Haiselden informed them of the death of the baby.

Oakland Calif

Feb 20 '912

Dear Friend

Ans'd
01311

I hope the little stranger you
now started on the way:
Will reach the world in safety
On the appointed day

From Gods over boundless ocean
He has made his timely start
Now traveling in seclusion
So near your loving heart.

No eye has seen him
No hand has felt his touch
No ear has heard of his creator
And yet we love him much

And hope his little life-brut
Will safely reach that shore
Where we may yet have welcome
And learn to love him more

We trust still all the grace
Of body and soul and mind
May be shared thus with royal
And tribute to her hand

And hope that in your struggle
To give this world rest,
You'll gain a glorious victory
And increase your own worth

And may your life be blessed
In our common dream
Until our country is united
To meet in heaven again

A. C. H.

Charm, Aug 2, 1871.

My Dear Mrs. S. L. L.

Dear Madam,

None been
away a good part of July and
returned a few days since +
to get watch for your case but
saw nothing of it + on my
return I went to the Court
Room and was told that
your case would not be de-
cided before October.

It seems to be a case receiving
a good deal of attention + Judge
May may have an impression
about it that I have not reached +
I will see him +

I have not taken my last
water trip yet + I cannot see

it must be too late about the
bullet - I suspect I may
get along, I will be here
before then. As not so
immediately concerned in the movement
when it gets ready, he may
go this time for a few days
before we can move it again
if we find time it will be
all right.

I want to take a hand in some
movement in that land
and if this business had left
it to you. I shall watch the
movement of the land and per-
sistent interests. I hope this delay
brings success to you.

I saw Mr. Burton here the
day I was leaving it up but
he knew nothing more than
that it is not decided.

I trust you and the B.C.

we sit in the shade and
comfortable. It has been very
hot here.

The family are nearly all here.
The mother, the father, the boys,
+ wife are all here. The
mother is in a basin. After will be
home this week.

The home garden is very good.
The mother and the father are
very + that is encouraging + I
would like to see the garden
and the mother is very +
the mother is very + the mother is
still + the mother is still
trouble and the mother is
trouble + the mother is
trouble, but not in the garden
the mother is very + the mother is
the mother is very + the mother is
the mother is very + the mother is
the mother is very + the mother is

remedy" and am now better & also
 can resist Cucumbers. I wrote to
 my brother in New York in answer
 to his letter stating that his doctor
 asked me to eat less in that "diet".
 I wrote him a nice letter asking
 his doctor what "diet" meant &
 that there are 20,000 people in
 Oregon that wanted an answer & it
 is a bon & this in every case. "eat
 Cucumbers as my brother used to re-
 spond them and they won't hurt you." I
 did that very thing & so with deep notes
 &c. Man is not only wonderfully made,
 but he is a hard subject. I think
 I could "diet" on a half bushel of
 beans. The "rule" that is found in a
 road from sea George is noted. Regards to
 the car. Yours very truly
 W. H. H.



L. R. MEAD, Proprietor.

C. R. MASON, Manager.

Byron Springs, Cal. *Sept 8th 1891*

My Dear Mother -

Sunday at the Springs is like any other day, two baths, one or go without as you like - I'm indulging in a couple as usual while I'm satisfied with one & an extra dose - We got you, letter last evening & it made me feel like going to Piedmont too - such a jolly crowd as you had would make the same half & half blind at Byron stand the cliff joints to keep up with the progressives - I guess you had your hands

full in keeping the smaller
free out off trouble. But there
you enjoyed the day no doubt.
We are now talking of coming back
to civilization about Friday next
but not definitely concluded - I and
some both of us are receiving much
benefit & especially the doctor, so I
don't feel like running away now if
it is a little dull - It is curious
to find so many young men here,
out off say 30 proper at least
28 are men under 35 years old.
We have an old farmer & wife from
Dunsmuir & a similar couple from
Siskiyew; both couples are great talkers
and make us laugh often -
You haven't had a chance to put Victor
on saddle, please yet, have you?
Our papers come regularly, thanks
to Mr S - But we get no letters from
Dunsmuir yet - Cold here today, strong
northwest wind - No walks - Kiss
for Victor & yourself
Affectionately John Adams



L. R. MEAD, Proprietor.

C. R. MASON, M.D.

Byron Springs, Cal. May 9th 1891

Dear Mattie

I wrote this ^{enclosed} tentative notice to
go by evening stage at 5 P.M.
but I handed it to the doctor
to read & between us we forgot
to mail it notice were for
going this morning - I now
have no letter to answer,
so I haven't anything to
say - Tell Victor his Oauma
has just gone for a little
walk to Byron Station -
an old lady 63 & weighing 170^{lbs}
has gone with her to show her
how to walk -!! They will

probably not get back before
Jan Dec 1st so Victor will
have to wait another day for
his letter from Dan Ma -
Had an interesting letter from
Governor Chadwick dated Feb 1st
of '81 containing the good news
that Articles of Incorporation
were that day filed by a Company
to build an Extension of Union
Pacific Railway from Portland
to Astoria - Charles Francis
Adams, president of Company
also other news which will tell
you - I find I am doing a
great deal of writing from this
home for invalids - and afraid
of a "rel back" - Let us have
a few lines every day till you
know we are coming back -
With love & good wishes
Yours is Mrs Affectionately
Mummers? John Adams -



L. E. MEAD, Proprietor.

J. A. MANN, Manager.

Byron Springs Cal July 11th 1881

My dear Mattie -

This note probably
 answering your letter from Byron
 for we have concluded to
 "fitch" either tomorrow evening
 or Friday morning. So that
 you will see us for dinner
 Friday, if not sooner. -
 You need not try to meet
 us for I cannot say exactly
 what train we shall upon.
 If we go down to morning
 evening we will go to Galena
 and probably go to (Chicago, Ind)

~~from~~ next morning as Doctor
wants to get some shopping done
right away - And if we come
down Friday morning we may
go right on over to the City - But
you can say to Mrs. English
that we will accept her invi-
tation for dinner Friday Evening
& not feel to be there -

Tell Mrs. English I rec'd his
letter O.K. today for which
I am obliged - Thank you
any more letters up here.

Yours last night you see
has cured me entirely I
have got down to Byron
& back today with out
coughs - With good
nikes for all & kisses for
Victor & your self

Affectionately
John Adams

1922

This Picture brings many pleasant
Memories to me. I have many rea-
sons to remember Judge Wilbur
and Mr. Britton. I was the family
physician of Mr. Wilbur and Mr. Joseph
family his brother-in-law. They were
lovely people & were dear & at
friends for many years. I had known
the Judge for years by sight only. It was I
think about 1889, when I lived in
Astoria. I was attending a medical
meeting in Portland. I was on my
way to my sisters in the evening
on the corner near my sisters home
I saw a big man standing still
apparently waiting for some one.
I glanced up and down - no one
in sight. I slackened my heels.
He came toward me, as he came he
said, don't be afraid. I am an of-
ficer. I have been waiting here
for some time and I am sure you
are the one I want. I'm - you. Do you
yes - Well I have a suspended for you
in Dr. Jones Mal practice case, and
I am able to be on Sanford side. Judge
Lapham will take care of you. We
are sure to be there at 9 a.m. We
have been telegraphing to go
turning all day. Trip up to local
to you. The next morning I
walked in the court house. The
room was packed. The 2 big law
yers were facing each other. On
the Dr's side were a big crowd

Green, Oregon.
April 24, 1890.

Mr. Dr. Green & Son.

Dear Madam.

I notice that you are buying
natural gas at Warrenton. I don't
mean real estate agents. Though the
Country is full of that sort of gas & I
want to tell you something you may
know. Mr. William Perry whom you
knew when he lived in Clatsop
Plains also at Roseburg told me
that Indians often brought to his
house and your father too no
doubt in small cans "Barbadoes
tar" (petroleum) Americans knew
petroleum as "Barbadoes tar". They
got it from a mountain where
it ran out of the side of the

The Indians could not
tell exactly where it was, ^{but} they
said it was near the black
towards Miamook. Ben al-
camp said he could find it.
I kept at him to do so but
he never found time to go and
see to it. He sent Paul about
15 years ago. He went over
to Miamook and up the moun-
tain until he was lost and
then returned home without finding
it. The Indians reported plenty
of tart.

I have thought this I saw
Miamook could be joined with a
can, and ^{shown to} the oldest Indians
along the coast to Miamook. They
may remember where it can,
be pointed for there are Indians
living who know all about it.
They may be in the Reservation.

And I told you I was sure
 from the abstract ^{you} through
 their correspondence. I was
 not worth much then. I
 this story of Henry is true and I
 believe it, ~~that~~ I have a petition
 can be found. "I
 have you will not, why don't you
 know an agent can and could
 down and find it. Well I will
 tell you why. Five weeks ago
 to-day I was at Oaklyn, Wash-
 ington, and when about 8 o'clock
 in the morning I stepped in on
 my path and fell on my middle
 and sprained it badly. Why I did
 not break a bone I cannot tell.
 I have not walked since. I went
 to Maryland, and George and I
 up on a boat. I am doing very
 well. I can walk with the aid of
 a chair though I do not

I forgot to say we are all well
 as usual except my ears already
 a little sore

Much of the I think in the
 scene I will be out one more
 I could not talk with the Phair
 but I will be out one more
 when I get well and the season
 is suited to it I will be on hand
 with sample boxes or bottles of
 bitumen in search of the moun-
 tain or hill that contains
 the precious stuff. It is there -
 and may be it may stay there
 all summer.

I see your 'union' party is quite
 respectable. The names so far as
 I know are of all best citizens.
 Great credit is due you for the
 names. I rather think they will
 pull a good large lot. They are
 men who mean business. Give my re-
 spects to the Col. ask him if he wants to
 be a partner in a Mountain of tar. Yours truly

June 3. 1901.

*

My dear John:

I have your letter of

May 30 + endorsed Oregonian slip - which appears
to shed a gleam of hope over Astoria's future.

The House has been begun - and although I may
manage to pay for it outside of timber resources,
it will only be by borrowing - a process always
trying to me -

As to Portland Gen^l Electric, perhaps you
may write for information - but as a prospective
buyer and not as a seller - Inquire the price
of 100 lbs - + let me know the result -

I am glad to hear that you are to go into
the Nehalem, and see the timber situation
The Astorian reports large timber sales - about
2500 acres in one lot to a man, name
mentioned - from Minnesota or Wisconsin
price not stated -

I suppose every man in Astoria has tried
to sell - and no buyer is visible - The acre
of course in the first class - Laura Barker is
the purchaser of the lot - opposite the old home
on block 17. The settlement of the rate contest
is of course a favorable indication -

Yours

Edmund



North Yakima Wash.
Dec. 18-91.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year
to all. In front, a box by express with
a few Christmas presents knowing they
will be received & appreciated, it is
the best we could do this time.

The coal shippers are for Vol. and Peter
red for Mamma and the embroidery
ones for Mamma. The socks and socks
are for Peter and doll for Mamma.
Could not get a. skates for the
litter stuff but I mentioned where
there. That a pleasure it would be
for us all to eat Christmas dinner
together. But by another year we
mean to all to do so. Love with many
much love to all and kin for P. & J.
Knowing Peter will have a delightful
Christmas.

Snowing

This is the last sheet of paper in the
book, and as Hattie has only used one
side and this is our Christmas letter will
add a few words, I was called
home by telephone to see a patient
across the street, and as Hattie is
getting lunch ready will spend
the time writing, There is only a little
sickness, But am doing well, all
the way from 10⁰⁰ to 5⁰⁰ P.M. - Had
a nice operation last Saturday and
tied a big blood vessel, and took out
a tumor this week, and had a
case of Concussion of Brain
also - with my ordinary cases make
a good work, ~~also~~ a case
of poisoning in a woman taken
3 oz Bromidia - it is amazing
while home the ground covered
for Christmas, wish we could
all be together on that day - Good by
with a merry Christmas & happy New
Year to all our friends
Victor

2

The immigration of 43 was the first to bring wagons west of Fort Hall, and Thomas Owens, John Hobson (the present collector of customs at Astoria) George Summers and Holly were the first to bring wagons to Oregon.

These four sturdy pioneers were obliged owing to the near approach of winter, to leave their wagons and stock at Teller's Bluff in the charge of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the fall of 1843. They came on their westward way with their families upon a raft to Vancouver, where they left their families and continued their journey down the Columbia, in a canoe, in search of suitable homes. It went all until they reached Chinook point, where a gale of wind wrecked their canoe and left them at the mercy of many Indians who here possessed the land. Fortunately the Indians were induced to ferry them across to Astoria where they found Mr. James B. W. in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company post, and Colonel McClellan, the only white man in the town or district. By their advice Owens and party went down to Clatsop for business and returned to land to suit their wishes. They immediately started back to Vancouver after their families on their way up the Columbia, in canoes. They met Gustave Brown, James Lee and Robert Henderson.



Colonel John Odain
 (as B. C. Census 1880)
 Request the pleasure of your
 presence at their Marriage
 First Congregational Church
 corner Second and Jefferson Sts.
 on the evening of July 2^d 1882
 at five o'clock.
 Portland, Oregon

Astoria, Oct. 29th 1852

Dear Lin,

I got in on the last boat from California, and immediately applied to Welch for the money on that note of Old man Hudson. He told me that he had no money, but would pay it ⁱⁿ two or three months - The Old Gentleman ordered me to sue at this term of the Court if Welch did not pay me. My impression was that Mr Frenchard was acting as Deputy Clerk for James Strong, so I wrote the declaration, and got all my papers ready for file in a suit against Welch alone (I did not include you in the suit because you told me it should all be right if Welch did not pay) but Frenchard is not acting, as I thought, for Strong, and I now can't get out a summons, in time to have it served before

days before Court, which meets Tuesday
week.

Under this state of facts, it is hardly
necessary to run at this term, though
I will do so, if you desire it.

It is an outrage upon the people of
this County ~~not~~ to be deprived of the
convenience and advantages of a
Clerk, who will reside at their
County seat. My delay in California

was absolutely unavoidable and now
on account of my misfortune in that
respect, not my fault, I can't possibly
get a summons in time to take a
Judgment at this term of the Court.

The Clerk at this time, is doubtless
with the Court, somewhere in Lewis
or Thurston or Clark County - I don't
know where - Write to me by McKean

Launceston has resigned and the
Governor will no doubt, after he
gets things fixed his own way,
issue a proclamation ordering
an election to fill the vacancy
- Who shall we run - Suggest
some name - The name of Seth
Catlin who lives, I think, on the

County is talked of. I am in for any
 live Democrat, and want us all to
 be united. It is thought by some
 that we can write better on a man
 living in one of the other Counties, than
 they could, on a man from our
 County. Think of this, and write
 me your opinion. At all events
 let us be united.

Your friend
 Geo. S. Anderson

Please write by McKean on
 his return

G. S. A.

Thos. Owens Esq.
 Clatsop Plains

You know, that in order to take a
 Judgment at this Term of the Court
 the writ must be served ten days
 before Court.

Jas: A. Anderson

to

Thos: Moore

Dec 29. 1852-



Colonel John Olmstead
 & Mrs. (was F. A.)
 Request the pleasure of your
 presence at their Marriage
 First Congregational Church
 corner Second and Jefferson Sts.
 on the evening of July 22. 1882
 at five o'clock.
 Portland, Oregon

Albina, Sep 10th 1852

Dear Sir

Old man Henderson left
Welch's note with me for
Collection. The face of the note
Calls for \$390; And I see it
is endorsed by you. The Old
man told me to sue on it,
if it was not paid before next
Court - As I would be compelled
to sue you, as endorser, if I sue
Welch, I write this hoping you
will make Welch pay it. I
spoke to him sometime since about
the matter, and he said he had no
money - He has now, I believe
gone in partnership with a
man named Carroll in the
mill at Fort George, and I think
you might make him raise the
money - Gray's "Advertisement"
on you, in the Statesman. It
is Contemptible in the extreme

Hope you will come over, and
call on us soon

Your friend
Jno. A. Hudson

J. A. Hudson
Thos. to over,
Sept 10. 1852

A PROTEST

We, American women, citizens of the State of Oregon, protest against the proposal to impose the obligation of suffrage upon the women of this State, for the following, among other reasons:

BECAUSE.—The demand is not made by a majority of Oregon's women, but by a small minority.

BECAUSE.—We do not consider that if women were to enter the field of politics their participation in political life would be conducive to the well being of the sex or of the community at large.

BECAUSE.—The bearing of children and their intelligent upbringing should exempt women from compulsory political life.

BECAUSE.—The best energies of women are engrossed by duties and interests from which men cannot relieve them, and it is better for the community that they devote themselves to the more efficient performance of these duties than that they be diverted to new fields of activity.

BECAUSE.—Doubling the electorate would add nothing to its quality. Adding a large body of indifferent voters would only increase present difficulties.

BECAUSE.—Legislation for women and children in the so-called suffrage States does not compare favorably with that in States where there is manhood suffrage alone.

BECAUSE.—A general or extensive participation of women in political life must in time seriously modify the social unit of the family as it now exists.

OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION OPPOSED TO THE EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN.

148
A Letter to the Portland Telegram, July 22, 1912, from

Dr. Clarence True Wilson

Formerly Pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal and Centenary Churches, Portland and Now General Secretary of the National Methodist Temperance Society.

I have been charged with inconsistency in that I, a temperance advocate, should oppose woman suffrage. I have advocated both local option and prohibition for Oregon and opposed votes for women. These issues are separate and distinct, as a canvass of the votes of Oregon will show. In 1906 the voters beat the liquor dealers' measure by 10,000 majority and the woman's suffrage amendment by 11,000 majority. In 1908 the Reddy bill, a pro-liquor measure, was voted down by 14,000 majority and the suffrage amendment by 21,000 majority. In 1910 Prohibition lost by 10,000 votes and suffrage by 23,000. So anyone can see that the two questions are separate in the minds of our voters.

But as a prohibition advocate I am consistent in opposing suffrage for women, because no state has adopted woman's suffrage without setting back the temperance cause twenty-five years. I have been over these states recently and have never found a temperance man who is not disappointed at the results of votes by women. Look at Los Angeles almost voting dry two years ago with men voting, while now with women enfranchised and with two thousand more women than men voting, they have defeated prohibition by 14,000 majority. See the dry town of Pasadena, saloonless throughout its history, voting in a wet ticket with the first coming of the women into the elective franchise.

I do not account for this on the ground that women as a class are against the temperance reform, but that they are not at home in politics. I have never seen one temperance woman of the W. C. T. U. that seemed conscious that in giving votes to the members of

the W. C. T. U., men will also extend the franchise to the dissolute, the worldly, the pleasure seeker, the wives, daughters and sweet-hearts of gamblers, saloonkeepers and the owners of property used for immoral purposes. Do they think that those who are dependent upon venders to vice will not vote for the interest of their own purse? With the good woman, the home woman and even some of the temperance women staying back and refusing to be dragged into politics, what chance have we against that other combination?

As a member of the human race I decline to participate in a reform against Nature. Women are no better adapted to politics that a man is to being the mother of a family.

As a man I decline to help drag our reluctant women into the dirtiest job that I am asked to work at myself. As an American I doubt the wisdom of relieving the men from the responsibility of the civic conditions which they have made by calling into the battle the last reserve force we have in the world before those now engaged have done their best.

As an Oregonian I oppose classifying our glorious state with the freak states of the Union, when we have a higher state of civilization than any of the four that have had women's votes, and just as California and Washington are beginning to realize that they have blindly fallen into a fatal mistake. I have conversed with both men and women from California, but have found no one who was not in doubt about the wisdom of what they have done.

As a son I feel that I ought not to vote to force the elective franchise and the responsibility for all civic conditions upon our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. I respect them too much to want to hear the toast in Oregon that they gave at a banquet in Denver celebrating the triumph of woman suffrage:

"Lovely woman, once our superior, now our equal!"

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

149

Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of the Suffrage to Women

Dear Sir:--

There are over 100,000 women in Oregon. The majority do not want to vote. A small proportion in any given community is asking for the ballot. Is not that true where you live?

This is the sixth time the voters of Oregon have been asked to vote upon this question in spite of the fact that the opposition from 1900 when suffrage carried twenty-one (21) counties and lost by only 2137 has increased so that in 1910 it carried only one (1) county in Oregon and that one by five votes, the total vote being 35,270 for suffrage, the smallest vote for it since 1900, and 59,065 against, a majority of 23,795.

We, members of the Oregon State Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women, ask that you defeat this amendment this time by so great a plurality that the suffragists, both local and imported, must bow before the will of the people of Oregon, and acknowledge that the majority rules in America.

The men of this State have passed better laws for the protection of women and children than exist under a suffrage electorate in other States, and believing that we express the wishes of a great majority of the home-loving women of Oregon, we rely on you further to prevent the imposition of this burden upon them and to vote "NO" on the so-called Equal Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution of Oregon.

OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION OPPOSED TO THE EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Mrs. H. W. Corbett,
Mrs. A. E. Rockey,
Mrs. David Loring,
Mrs. J. B. Montgomery,
Mrs. W. C. Alvord,
Mrs. Gordon Voorhies,
Mrs. R. W. Lewis,
Mrs. James N. Davis,
Mrs. Alma D. Katz,
Mrs. S. T. Hamilton,
Mrs. Herbert Holman,
Mrs. C. A. Johns, Baker,
Mrs. J. H. Templeton, Prineville,
Miss Bush, Salem,
Mrs. W. I. Vawter, Medford,
Mrs. Elizabeth Yockey, Ashland,

Mrs. J. F. Bailey, President,
Miss Failing, 1st Vice-President,
Mrs. R. W. Wilbur, 2nd Vice-President,
Mrs. Wallace McCamant, Treasurer,
Miss Eleanor Gile, Secretary,

Mrs. E. H. Shepard, Hood River,
Mrs. A. J. Richardson, Joseph,
Mrs. J. M. Connell, Hillsboro,
Miss Rita Alderman, Falls City,
Mrs. M. E. McFarland, Airlie,
Mrs. F. E. Harlow, Troutdale,
Mrs. George T. Flavel, Astoria,
Mrs. W. S. McFadden, Corvallis,
Mrs. Dan O'Neill, Oregon City,
Miss Emily Loveridge,
Supt. Good Samaritan Hospital, Portland

CHAPTER XXIII

COL. JOHN ADAIR TELLS OF EARLY DAYS IN ASTORIA

When I interviewed Col. John Adair, some years ago, in Astoria, he was Astoria's pioneer resident. He came to Astoria when there were only three houses there. "I was born on July 17, 1839 at Whitehall, my grandfather's estate, near Frankfort, Kentucky," said Colonel Adair. "Being a southerner, my father loved politics. When we moved from Kentucky to Fort Harrison, Indiana, my father told my negro mammy, Aunt Connie, that he could not take her along, as there were no slaves in Indiana. Aunt Connie shook her head and said, 'Don't talk such fooli-finess. You are my master wherever we go. I'll take my worthless, no-account son Frank along to be your body servant. There's no use your trying to get along without me—you can't do it.' Aunt Connie came along with us and helped raise the family. There were thirteen children of us. In 1848 President Polk appointed my father collector of customs at Astoria. From Fort Harrison we went by steamer to Louisville, Kentucky, where we transferred to another steamboat, the *New Orleans*. At New Orleans we transferred to the *Falcon*. When we got to Chagres, at the Isthmus of Panama, cholera had broken out, so we were detained in quarantine. We had heard when we were in New Orleans, about the discovery of gold in California. After getting out of quarantine, father hired canoes with natives to pole us up the Chagres River to Cruces. This was in January, 1849. At Cruces father hired pole carriers to take us across the Isthmus. From each pole a hammock hung and four men were assigned to each hammock. They walked in mud which at times was more than knee deep. It took us three days to make forty miles. We had to wait three weeks for a boat to take us to San Francisco. When the steamer *California* came in, it was crowded with Peruvian miners on their way to the California goldfields. There were nearly 500 Americans waiting to take the boat. The boat was equipped to carry only 200 passengers. The captain hired carpenters to put in a third deck where the Peruvian gold miners slept on the deck as thick as sardines.

"When the *California* pulled out for San Francisco, though she was licensed to carry but 200 passengers, she was carrying over 1,000. Senator Gwinn, who later represented California in Congress, and his wife and daughter, were among the passengers. Lucy Gwinn later married William T. Coleman, who like myself, was born in Kentucky. His people were Welch and had come to Boston in 1671, and from there had scattered all through the South. His great-grandfather, Henry Coleman, had moved to Virginia in 1714. He fought in the Revolutionary war. Coleman's father, Napoleon Bonaparte Coleman, was born in Kentucky in 1799. He died when he was thirty-four years old. W. T. Coleman went overland

to California in 1849. He became head of the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco. John P. Gaines, governor of Oregon, was also aboard. We reached San Francisco in March 1849. The town was a succession of sand hills, tents and hastily built shack. We stayed in San Francisco six weeks and then secured passage on the brig *Valladara*. Capt. Nathaniel Crosby and Captain Flander were aboard. It took us four weeks to go from San Francisco to Astoria, where we arrived on April 3, 1849. The first man father met when he went ashore, was Col. John McClure. McClure was from New Orleans. He stayed at Astoria, where he married an Indian woman whose sister married George Winslow, a colored man. There were no uncupied houses; in fact there were only three houses there. Colonel McClure told us that we could move into a shed that he had recently built. This shed was raised on stilts. You had to go up a flight of steps to the door. The boards on the floor were loose. At about eleven o'clock the first night we were there, one of the boards of the floor was suddenly raised and my sister Betty was rolled to one side. She looked, speechless with terror, as the board was slowly raised and suddenly she saw she was looking right into an Indian's face, not over a foot from her. She gave a gasp and then a scream that woke us all and brought us to our feet. The Indian, in a very dignified manner, lowered the plank and disappeared. It was the custom of the Indians to creep under the shed and this particular Indian was curious to know who was sleeping in the shed. Next day James W. Welch told us to stay with him at his home on the hill till father could get a house built.

The three houses in town were occupied by Mr. Sutcliffe, Mr. Welch and Mr. McClure. Sutcliffe and Welch looked down on McClure because he had married an Indian woman. The Hudson's Bay Company had a store there and the fact of's name was John Welch. The first school was held near the mouth of the Columbia, where on Clatsop Plains. We had not been in Astoria long before I was sent to school. Anna and I. The school had a teacher on Clatsop Plains. I was a little chap, only ten years old and at that age I never knew Mr. Condit until two days after he remained home of my father's sister, Sally Butler, an orphan girl and she was just too good to me as Aunt Sally was. The Condit had no other than orphan boy on the plains. His name was Andrew Condit. He was ten years older than myself. Mrs. Condit said to me, when you had to go to school with Andrew, so every morning we started off on horse back to school. Thore or Brock was the teacher. I went to school for about six weeks. I picked up rowing at once, for I loved the water. When my father found out I could manage a boat, he had me come back to Astoria, to handle the boat for him. He had to row out to the wharf when they came in. He was a good politician and a mighty good captain. He simply could not learn to handle the oars. He utterly failed in that situation. Although we lived on the water for many years, father never did learn which end of the boat was the bow. One time we were at Clatsop Plains. There was a heavy southwest wind and the sail of the boat was in danger as to handle the boat. Father had the strength and I had the can-ship, so under my direction, he launched the boat and then the

water was very rough, I pulled back to Astoria, where we arrived safely. We hadn't been in Astoria long before father discovered that we were not in Astoria at all, but were located at what was known as Fort George. A man named Wilson had taken up a claim just east of Mr. Shively's claim. The claim of Wilson's was really Astoria, so father bought Wilson out for \$600. Wilson had built a long log house into which we moved. It had no chimney. Father hired a man named Jeffers to make and burn some brick and also to burn some clam shells for lime. He put up a chimney for us. This was the first brick made at Astoria.

"In 1855 Gen. Joseph Lane appointed me a cadet to the military academy at West Point. I was the first cadet to be appointed to West Point from Oregon. Immediately upon my appointment I went to Fort Vancouver, where Colonel Bonneville was in command. Among the various military men I met were Capt. U. S. Grant, Captain Augur, Captain Brunt, Lieut. Alexander Piper, Lieut. Phil Sheridan and Lieutenant Willi. One of the army officers that my father was particularly fond of was Lieut. George H. Derby. He was the author of several books about California and the West and was a great wit. He was surveying a military road from Salem to Astoria. His survey went across Saddle Mountain. Father said to him, 'Lieutenant, don't you think you could have planned your survey to avoid going over that mountain?' Lieutenant Derby said, 'I'll tell you Colonel, I went to special pains to make my road cross the summit of every mountain and hill between Salem and Astoria. I certainly couldn't afford to ride Saddle Mountain.' In the spring of 1856 I started for West Point. My father went with me to San Francisco to see that I got aboard a ship for Panama safely. I stayed two weeks in New York City. From there I went to Washington, D. C., where my uncle worked in the U. S. Treasury department. Uncle Ben was busy and couldn't take me to the White House, so his daughter introduced me to President Pierce who was exceedingly cordial and asked me all about Oregon.

"Colonel Butterfield was in charge of the military academy. Our class graduated May 6, 1861. Some of the members of my class at once resigned and went south to become officers in the Confederate Army. I was sent to Washington to report there and was assigned to have charge of President Lincoln's guard of twenty men. This involved my staying at the White House and seeing President Lincoln constantly. My people had come from Kentucky. They had been slave owners so I was very much prejudiced against President Lincoln. He was one of the biggest men physically I had ever seen. I soon realized he was also one of the biggest men mentally and morally I had ever met. Try as I could to hate Lincoln, I found it was impossible to do so. After I had been in charge of the guard for six weeks, an orderly came to me and said, 'President Lincoln wishes you to report to him.' When I entered his private office, President Lincoln was sitting with his long legs crossed, and was looking rather worried. He looked up as I entered and said, 'You are the young man from Oregon, are you not?' I said, 'I am.' 'What part of Oregon do you come from,' he asked. 'Astoria,' I replied. 'Are your father and

mother living?" he asked. "Yes sir," I said. "How many brothers and sisters have you?" was his next question. "There are eleven of us living," I said. "Have you been back to visit your people since coming to the military academy?" he asked. "No sir. I have been here four years without seeing them," I said. President Lincoln seemed to fall into a brown study. When he looked up, he said, "Your name is John Adair, is it not?" I said, "Yes sir." "John, you come from Kentucky, don't you?" Once more I said, "Yes sir." His eyes seemed to soften and he said, "As you know, I also come from Kentucky. I knew your grandfather well. He was one of the pioneers of our state. Just as your grandfather pioneered in Kentucky, so your father is pioneering in Oregon." Then he said, "John, feeling as you do, don't you think it would be a good thing for you to go out to Oregon?" I said, "Yes sir." "What military establishments are there out in Oregon?" he asked. I said, "I stayed at Fort Vancouver before reporting at West Point." President Lincoln hesitated briefly and then said, "Well John, I don't know whether I can assign you to Fort Vancouver or not. I may have to send you to the fort at The Dalles. You will probably have to fight Indians." "Send me there," I said, "I would rather fight Indians than have to fight my own people." Lincoln uncrossed his legs, stood up, and I noticed how he bowed over me—walked to where I stood, shook hands with me and said, with the saddest look that I have ever seen, "So would I John, so would I. You may go now, I'll arrange the matter for you."

THOMAS OWENS Family, crossed the plains
and settled, on Clatsop Plains 1843.

Thomas Owens , born in Taswell Co. Virginia, May 28th 1807.
died Feby. 23rd 1873, Piety Hill Shasta Co. Cal.

Sarah damron Owens , born Pike Co. Kentucky, Jan^{8th} 1818.

Diana Malissa Owens, Pike Co. Kentucky, Feb. 12th 1837.

Bethenia Angelina Owens, born , missouri, Feb. 7th 1840.

James William Fleming Owens , born Feb. 1841. Missouri.

Josiah Farrish Owens, bo rn, Clatsop Co. Oregon, Dec. 1844.
Died in Nevada 1881.

Dulcena Jane Owens, Clatsop Co. Oregon , Nov. 29th 1846.
Died Clatsop Co. Oregon, Dec. 1918.

Mary Elizabeth Owens, born Nov. 7th 1848, Clatsop Co. Oregon.
Died Jan. 10th 1894. Empire, Oregon .

Sarah Mars Owens, born Dec. 23rd 1850, Clatsop Co. Oregon.

Soloman Pierce Owens , Born Feb. 26th 1852, Clatsop Co. Oregon
Died Dec. 1st 1872, Piety Hill, Shasta Co. Cal.

Louisa Matilda Owens, born Nov. 9th 1855. Roseburg, Douglass CO
Oregon.

Lourissa Ann Owens, born, Roseburg, Douglas Co. Orgon.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized at Derby Farm, Clatsop, Or., at 1:30 P. M. Saturday afternoon, when Miss Grace Amelia Dawson, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dawson, Sr., was united in marriage to John Adair, Jr.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Alfred Bates, pastor of the Warrenton Methodist Episcopal Church, in the presence of about 25 friends and relatives of the young couple. The room was decorated with green huckleberry and salal, forming a background for the ceremony, and the ceremony was read under an arch of ferns.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served and a reception held later. Mr. and Mrs. Adair expect on their return to build a house on a beautiful tract of land at Grand View Farm, Warrenton, which was given them as a wedding present by Dr. Owens Adair, a relative of the bridegroom.

The bridegroom, who was formerly a student at the Oregon Agricultural College, is a cousin of the late Lieutenant Henry Rodney Adair, who was killed in the memorable charge at Carrizal, Mexico, last year.

4

In this beautiful Mesquite valley Mr
 Moses had extensive and splendid ranges
 for his stock. He was a great lover
 of fine horses and as early as 1855-
~~had~~ his great old horse "Jeff" was
 known throughout the Walnut valley.
 He must have been a fine horse for
 in a letter from Mr Moses to Mr John
 Hobson dated April 18th 1855 - Mr Moses says
 "I have been offered \$1800 for my horse
 Jeff but will not sell him" -

WOMEN AT THE SUPREME COURT BAR

MORE THAN A SCORE HAVE
WON DISTINCTION SINCE THE BARS WERE
LIFTED IN 1879

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13.—(Special Correspondence.)—It was expected by women lawyers of the city that at the session of the Supreme Court of the United States another woman would be admitted to that dignified body for admission to practice at its bar. But with the end of the term only a month away, the hopes are not likely of fruition, and

Victoria Conkling Whitney, of St. Louis, is the last woman admitted, having signed her name to the roll of practitioners on April 7, 1900. There are but 21 women lawyers who have the honor of admission within the roll of the highest court of the country, and the history of successive admissions is interesting. The roll of the court contains the names of many thousands of men lawyers, and the 21 women illustrate the axiom that men (and women) are created equal," with evident intention on the part of the framers of the immortal Declaration.

For many years the prejudice against women in the professions was so strong that it was not until 1879 that the bars were lifted at the Supreme Court and a Mrs. Lockwood took the oath to "defend herself according to the rules of this court and to support the Constitution of the United States." Eminently fitting was it at the mother of the bill that admitted women to practice before the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims should be the first of her sex to demand admission. On March 3, 1879, she became a practitioner, her struggles of years having at last borne fruit.

The most interesting feature of these

admissions of women is that of the Pier family, of Milwaukee, a mother and three daughters having been successively admitted to practice before the dignified body. Mrs. Kate H. Pier, the mother of this interesting family, was admitted on January 31, 1894, and her daughters, Caroline, Kate and Harriet, on January 18, 1897, and February 1, 1900, respectively, the last two on that date. Mrs. Pier is a daughter of Vermont and was born in 1845, removing to Wisconsin in 1853. In 1868 she became the wife of Colonel Colwert K. Pier, a lawyer and banker, and later took, with her daughter Kate, the law course of the University of Wisconsin, graduating with LL. B. honors in 1887. She was actively engaged in business with her husband until his death in 1895 and since then has continued his practice as well as attended to the duties of Court Commissioner, which office she has held since 1891. Her eldest daughter, Kate Hamilton Pier-Mackintosh, besides being a beautiful woman, is an extremely brilliant member of her chosen profession. She is only 35 years old, yet has won distinction in the law and has been of immense practical service to her husband, a railroad contractor. Her attainments are exceptional; she is a graduate of the Wisconsin College of Physicians and Surgeons and a member of the Milwaukee Board of Cooking School Inspectors as well as an active member of the law firm of which her mother is the head.

Caroline, the second daughter, is the wife of John H. Roomor, an attorney of Milwaukee, and an active member of the Pier firm.

Harriet was born in 1872 and is unmarried. She also is an LL. B. of the University of Wisconsin, and for several years

has spent much of her time in the forests of Northern Wisconsin caring for the interests of her mother, who owns large tracts of land there. The self-reliance of the Western American girl is typified in this young woman. Cultivated to the highest point, she donned the roughest garb and sallied forth into the wilderness, the roughest sort of life her daily portion, woodsmen alone her companions, but she cared for the interests with which she had been entrusted as well, or better, than any man could have done.

Continued Her Husband's Practice.

Many of the women lawyers who have attained to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States have made successes that will bear critical comparison with that of most of the men members of that bar. Notable among these is Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey, now of Washington, but a native of Ohio. She is the only woman dean of a law school in the world, is the 13th woman to be admitted to practice before the Supreme Court, was counsellor for the National Red Cross until its incorporation by Congress, and has succeeded in establishing for herself a reputation as a woman lawyer second to none in the world. She is a daughter of Platt R. Spencer, the inventor of the Spencerian system of penmanship, and the widow of General R. D. Mussey, whose large practice in the District of Columbia she has not only continued, but increased since his death in 1878. She established the first law school in the world, the primal object of which was the education of women in this profession, and is the author of the act which placed mothers on an equality with their fathers as the natural guardians of

their children. She is counsellor for several foreign legations at the Capital.

On the whole women who have attained the distinction of admittance to practice before the bar made famous by John Marshall, and to speak in the chamber where Webster made his imperishable reply to Hayne during the sessions there of the United States Senate, are more than worthy of the adulations of their countrymen. Without material help from the stronger sex they have hewn a way into the primeval forest of sex prejudice and erected a pyramid of sex equality that must be a lasting monument to their courage and power of brain. In the centuries that have passed it has been held that woman had but one thing to do—obey her lord and master, but in this 20th century she has attained a position. She is a property-owner, a wealth-producer, a factor by necessity in the business world, a leader in social reforms and charitable work and a strong influence in the political world. And with all these avenues opened to her she has not deserted the fireside where every woman feels her heart to call her, but for which all cannot be chosen.

Other members of the bar of the highest court in the land are: Laura de Force Gordon, of San Francisco; Ada M. Bittenbender, of Lincoln, Neb., since dead; Carrie B. Kilgore, of Philadelphia; Clara S. Foltz, of San Diego, Cal.; Lelia R. Sawtelle, of Boston; Emma M. Gillett, of Washington, D. C.; Kate Kane, of Chicago; Marilla M. Ricker, of Washington; Myra Bradwell, of Chicago; Fannie O'Linn, of Chadron, Neb.; Alice A. Minick, of Lincoln, Neb.; J. Ellen Foster, of Washington, D. C.; Catherine W. McCulloch, of Chicago; Clara L. Power, of Boston, and Mrs. Victoria C. Whitney, of St. Louis.

Morning Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.
Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co.,
135 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIER, Editor.

The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.

(By Mail.)
Daily, Sunday included, one year \$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months 4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months 2.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month 75
Daily, without Sunday, one year 6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months 3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month 60
Weekly, one year 1.00
Sunday, one year 2.00

(By Carrier.)
Daily, Sunday included, one year \$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, three months 2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month 75
Daily, without Sunday, one year 7.50
Daily, without Sunday, three months 1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month 65

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamp, coin or currency are at owner's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—1 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 17 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 33 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 49 to 64 pages, 4 cents; 65 to 80 pages, 5 cents; 81 to 96 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage double rate.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, 300 Madison Avenue, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich.; Verree & Conklin, Monadnock building, San Francisco, Cal.

FRANCE COMING INTO LINE.

France's acceptance of restrictions on use of submarines in war marks another great stride in the march to success of the Washington conference. How great a stride this is can be judged best by recalling the horror with which the world read of the massacre of non-combatants of the Lusitania after they had sailed into the war zone in confidence that no nation professing to be civilized would harm them; or the massacre of seamen escaping in boats in order that the sinking of their ships might not leave a trace; or the torpedoing of hospital ships and the murder of the wounded soldiers, their nurses and doctors—a freight that should have been sacred to all. The new rules by which the five great powers bind themselves and to which they invite all others to accede mark a literal return from barbarism to humanity in sea warfare.

By falling in line with the other powers France impressively demonstrates what tremendous moral power supports the Washington conference, nerves it to attempt what has been deemed impossible and pushes it on from victory to victory—victories of peace and good will over envy, hatred and malice among nations. The reproach with which French refusal to limit submarine fleets was met in every country where the people freely speak their minds has doubtless influenced France to show this "decent respect to the opinions of mankind." In contrast with the power of ruthless force of which its votaries secretly conspired at Potsdam in July, 1914, to whelm the world in war, the beneficent power of freedom, justice, good faith, humanity is wielded at Washington and proves resistless.

The resolution that submarines should observe the same rules of war on merchant ships as had governed surface ships before submarines came into use, led by logical sequence to the sweeping decision that their use against merchant ships

they observe the laws of maritime war. Enforcement of that decision renders such use well nigh impracticable, but nominally to permit it is to offer an incentive to set restrictions at naught in actual war. If service of submarines were confined to operations with a battle fleet or to coast defense, any submersibles found alone in the open sea would be suspect as engaged in unlawful operations and would be liable to destruction as pirates by ships of any nation, either belligerent or neutral. With the prospect that all the world would be against it, no nation would venture to repeat the performance of Germany.

By agreeing that submarines shall not operate against merchant ships France removes the unfavorable implication which the British delegates drew from its insistence on a large submarine fleet—that such a fleet would be designed against Great Britain as the greatest shipping nation. At the same time France destroys one of its strongest arguments for such a fleet by limiting its needs to the number needed for operation with a battle fleet and in coast defense. Yielding of the one point revives hope that France will come into agreement with the other powers on a ratio of limitation which will involve material reduction of the American and British fleets of submersibles. France would thereby advance the cause of reduced armament and promote that common accord which is needed in dealing with the many other difficulties that the world still faces.

CENTENARIANS IN OREGON.

The death of a resident of Corvallis at the age of 101 years reminds us that notwithstanding the hope held out by scientists, centenarians are still uncommon enough to attract attention. Yet Oregon has had its share.

Two noteworthy examples were James Blakeley, founder of the town of Brownsville, who also lived to be 101, and Mrs. Mary Wood of Hillsboro, who lived 120 years, 7 months and 11 days. Mrs. Wood, who was born in Tennessee on May 20, 1787, and died on January 1, 1908, was a pioneer of 1853, and lived near Hillsboro during nearly all her life in Oregon. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for 102 years. It is related of her that she was so ill when she arrived in Oregon at the age of 66 that she required aid to dismount from her horse, but under the beneficent influence of our climate she improved rapidly and thereafter knew not a day of illness until the end.

Mr. Blakeley also was a pioneer, having arrived in the territory with the immigration of 1846. He was a Tennessean, too, who had been a Missouri pioneer of 1838 before starting on the long trail to the Pacific coast. He was born in 1812 and died in 1913, and old-timers of the Brownsville neighborhood still remember him as a progressive citizen, an enterprising farmer and stockgrower. He saw innumerable hardships, including those of the campaign against the Indians in the Yakima war of 1855-6.

It is plain from the record in these and other cases that an active and exceedingly busy life, and even toil and deprivation, are no bar to living to be a hundred years old.

slumbered since the middle ages, active again and intensely popular. The belief then was that learning was the exclusive field of scribes and monks. In the present we seem quite content to permit our historians to read their own volumes, our geographers to pore over their own maps, and our scientists to toll without public interruption. The material benefits of their labors we deign to enjoy, but scorn to understand, and care not a fig who knows it. Perhaps this popular attitude is born of the consciousness that no layman may hope to be of the elect, in an age of complex and preponderant learning. We have no craving for the iron tonic of erudition. If Dr. Finley and Mr. Edison will contrive some way to administer it, and yet leave the individual free to pursue what he regards as personal happiness, both present and future will be more heavily in their debt.

Among Those Present—By LILLIAN TAYLOR



"East, West, Home's Best," says this oldest "schoolgirl." To prove it, she is here seen leaving Southern California, to attend the summer session at the University of Wisconsin.

"A FAIR Co-ed, Age Ninety"; "Oldest U. W. Co-ed Visits Madison"; "Still a Schoolgirl at Ninety." Who hasn't read these (and similar) captions describing America's premiere student, Mrs. A. D. Winship? And who, outside of the friends of this gentle little woman, has not seasoned these statements with the proverbial grain of salt? For it is still somewhat the fashion to discredit the idea that octogenarians can enjoy the same things that interest younger folk.

Mrs. Winship can—and does!

This much-heralded "school girl" possesses an enthusiasm for life that approximates a passion. The lure of the "Road," both literally and figuratively speaking, fascinates her. It follows, therefore, that she "hits the trail" every year; travels from California, Texas, Florida or other southern points, to attend the summer session at the University of Wisconsin. Arriving in Madison, she quietly settles herself in the Latin Quarter, enrolls for work, stands in line at the cafeterias, and otherwise enters into the ordinary student life. Remarkable, you say? But it is remarkable only when she does not come back—she has missed but one summer (1918) in the last ten years—and she travels unattended.

Old age a barrier to study?

When I looked into the beautiful blue eyes—not faded, *old* eyes, if you please, but eyes as clear as a June-day sky!—again this year, I was suddenly

convinced that this oldest co-ed will never be old. Why? Because the flame of her spirit is unquenchable! Amy Davis Winship has kept the lamp of her mind trimmed and burning, and the accumulation of years is the very least of her worries. Or rather, worry has no place in her philosophy of life.

That she established a precedent when she started to school at the age of seventy-nine, Mrs. Winship modestly concedes; but it was not to set in motion an octogenarian renaissance that she began her research. Her opportunity for study had not arrived before that time, she tells you simply; when it did come, she merely took advantage of it. And this common-sense explanation of so unusual a procedure is characteristic of the woman. She believes that keeping interested in something and eliminating worry are two of the very essential ingredients in her recipe for longevity. Having thoroughly tested out the recipe herself, she confidently recommends it to others.

"All my life I've wanted to study," she explains, her wonderful eyes flashing the fire which keeps her so alive, "to get down to the very bottom of things; so, I have gone into biology and botany; chemistry and economics; physics and philosophy; psychology and—goodness knows what all! Everything and everybody interest me. If textbooks can help me to understand humanity, well and good. But I do not confine myself to them."

As an example of her interest in the welfare of others, Mrs. Winship devoted six years of a very busy life to a class of young boys in her home town, of Racine, Wisconsin. Six evenings in each week during this period, she met with these boys, directing their reading, games, and the like.

Mrs. Winship's latest achievement is the writing of her autobiography. That the task was accomplished without the aid of a single note or record of any kind (she never kept even a diary, she told me), is further evidence that age has not impaired her faculties. Think of having a memory like that!

When I asked, with the freedom of an old friend, who made her dainty clothes, quick as a flash came the reply, "Why, I do, myself—and help my daughter make hers, besides!"

And there you are!

Head up, blue eyes forward, an example of one who has fully conquered the bugaboo of Age, and its twin-sister, Worry—page Amy Davis Winship, the Intrepid!

CENTENARIAN IS HALE AND HEARTY AT AGE OF 102



Mrs. Maria Jane Thompson, of Jackson, Tenn., at the age of 102, has the privilege of seeing her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and one great-great grandchild grow up about her. The family numbers about one hundred. Every September 25, her birthday, finds Grandma Thompson gowned in black, with a touch of old lace about the throat and hands, seated in the midst of a gorgeous array of bright gift flowers. The photograph shows Grandma Thompson, with her cake of 102 candles, on a recent birthday.

REFUGEES SAVED BY ENGLISH SUBMARINE

Romantic and Dramatic Episode in North Sea.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—“The most romantic, dramatic, and piquant episode that modern war can show,” says a naval lieutenant is describing an episode in the Heligoland fight. His letter reads:

“The Defender, having sunk an enemy, lowered a whaler to pick up her swimming survivors; before the whaler got back an enemy’s cruiser came up and chased the Defender, and thus she abandoned her whaler. Imagine their feelings; alone in an open boat without food, twenty-five miles from the nearest land, and that land the enemy’s fortress, with nothing but fog and foes around them. Suddenly a swirl alongside, and up, if you please, pops his Britannic Majesty’s submarine E-4, opens His conning tower; takes them all on board, shuts up again, dives and brings them home 250 miles away! Is not that magnificent? No novel would dare face the critics with an episode like that in it, except, perhaps, Jules Verne; and all true! Magnificent, indeed, and it is war.”

Electro-Magnetic Hand Better Than Real Thing

Associated Press

BERLIN, Jan. 11, via London.—After years of experiment, Director Klingenberg, of the General Electric company, has announced the perfection of an electro-magnetic hand, with which it is possible to grasp even the heaviest metal objects and work with them as advantageously as with human hands.

Dr. Klingenberg has evolved an unusually powerful battery, which can be carried by the operator, making it unnecessary for him to be near the electric current in order to magnetize the “hand”. The invention, it is said, can perform all the functions of the human hand and others besides. The current is regulated by a switch operated by hand or foot.

It is hoped that the invention will solve the problem of livelihood for many crippled soldiers, enabling them to engage even in trades requiring considerable manual dexterity, such as carpentry. By its use the manipulation of knife and fork and similar instruments is a bagatelle.

GOL. ADAIR DIES

Pioneer Resident of This
County Passes Away at
Age of 76 Years.

Died Nov. 20th, 1916

Colonel John Adair, pioneer resident of Clatsop county for more than 60 years, passed away early yesterday morning in this city, after a lingering illness, aged 76 years, leaving to mourn his death two brothers, William B. Adair, of Seattle; and S. D. Adair, of Portland; three sisters, Mrs. George H. Mendell, of San Francisco, and Mrs. William H. Jordan and Mrs. William M. Barker, of Portland. The deceased also leaves to mourn his death an adopted son, John Adair Jr., and Dr. Owens-Adair, his former wife, from he had been separated for several years.

S. D. Adair, a brother of the deceased, sent word from Portland yesterday that the funeral services will be held on Monday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock from the Holy Innocents' chapel in Uppertown, conducted by Rev. J. O. Vince. Interment will take place in Ocean View cemetery under the direction of E. B. Hughes, local funeral director.

Colonel Adair's death followed an illness of several months, during which time he had been confined in a local hospital. He received every attention and though he suffered little, he gradually failed in strength and during the past month was unable to recognize friends or relatives.

Colonel Adair was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1839, and spent his younger days in that state, crossing the plains to Oregon with his father, General Adair in 1849, locating in Clatsop county. Gen. Adair at that time held a commission from the federal government to establish the first customs house in Astoria.

Colonel Adair led an eventful life and was known throughout the lower Columbia country. He had been the owner of considerable real and personal property and until a few years ago was considered a wealthy man. Since locating in Clatsop county 66 years ago, the deceased had made his residence here almost continuously. He had been engaged in agriculture and dairying and at one time was engaged in the canning of salmon in this section and also on the Snake river.

Colonel Adair was a graduate of West Point and had held a commission as a captain in the regular army. He was well known especially by the older residents of this city and during his illness, many of them visited him at the hospital.

You Choose Arms News — Big Lull, 'S Awfully Dull

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART.

Written Exclusively for Universal Service.

(Copyright, 1921, by Universal Service.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6. — The saddest words to those pursuing news today are "Nothing doing." Since Mr. Hughes first dropped his shell there hasn't been a word to tell. A single word, said indiscreet-



ly, is therefore turned to columns, neatly. And journalists who came to stay remain to scoff, or go away. Poor Wells, who brought two pens he says, a sharp one for his clever days, a thick one for the dull, has suffered greatly by the lull. White, Bryan, Blythe and Repington have had enough of

Washington. Balfour is dining in New York. The dove has turned into a stork, and brought a baby armistice. So all the news today is this:

Lloyd George is coming. He is not. The Japanese are cold; they're not. The Chinese love us. Not at all; they'll join Japan to plot our fall. The British plan to first divorce the Japanese. And then, of course, to marry us, the dower to be five warships to the first wife's three. But on the other hand, perhaps we too will marry with the Japs.

To get the correspondents news place these slips in a hat and choose: "Yes," "No," "Perhaps," and "I am told." Shantung, Hankow and oil and gold; and ships and sails and sealing wax and Kato, Balfour, Hughes and Tax; and Ishii, Lansing, Tien Tsin; the Japs stay out, the Japs come in. Haw-loon, Hong Kong, Ding Ding and bosh; Manchuria, teas, balls and Poch. For cooking close the doors and space a few marines about the place. Step lightly, for all cooks know to shake the oven spoils the dough.

The diplomats of old would hide in some deserted countryside, besieged by spies on every hand and there distribute men and land. So we, with splendid arrogance, refused to lend our countenance to methods which we'd learned at last, had caused the wars of all the past. We'd show the world, we stoutly cried, that we had nothing here to hide; no past amours, no letters, not a palpitating kiss or thought. But clearly we are quite alone. Some things there are must not be known. We must remember that the nations have got to save their reputations.

SEPTEMBER 29, 1921

WAR OF '98 TERSELY TOLD IN T. R. DIARY

ENTRIES BRIEF, HISTORIC
AND MANY CRITICAL.

"Blunders of Ordnance Department" Declared to "Surpass Belief"—"No Head, No Energy."

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—A terse history of the Spanish-American war as seen through the eyes of one of its most famous participants came to light today when Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt presented the former president's war diary to the Roosevelt Memorial association.

The diary is a record of experiences and impressions made up of laconic entries, some historical, some critical.

The diary is a small pocket volume and contained notes in pencil and ink.

Some of the most characteristic entries follow:

May 6, 1898—Commissioned as lieutenant-colonel United States voluntary cavalry. Wood as colonel by choice.

May 7—The delays and stupidity of the ordnance department surpass belief. The quartermaster's department is better, but bad. The commissary department is good. There is no management whatever in the war department. Against a good nation we would be helpless.

May 21—The blunders and delays of the ordnance bureau surpass belief. They express us stuff we don't need and send us the rifles by slow freight! There is no head, no energy, no intelligence in the war department.

May 24—Quota nearly filled. It is astonishing how rapidly we have armed, mounted and drilled these men. Wood's power of work and executive capacity are wonderful.

May 30—Railway system tends to break down. Interminable delays; no proper facilities for unloading horses, to rest, water or feed, etc., etc.

June 3—Reached Tampa in morning. Railway system in wildest confusion; it took us 12 hours to get into camp with our baggage.

June 5—No words can paint the confusion. No head; a breakdown of both the railroad and military systems.

June 6—No plans; no staff officers; no instruction to us. Each officer finds out for himself and takes his chances. We are doing as well as the regular regiments. Have very light baggage.

June 8—Told to go aboard transport. Worst confusion yet. No allotment of transports; no plans; utter confusion.

June 20—Reached Santiago.

June 22—Landed.

June 23—Marched.

June 24—Fight—Las Guasimas. We drove enemy in fine shape. Lost 60 men, killed and wounded, 20 slight.

July 1—Rose at 4. Big battle. Commanded regiment. Held extreme front of firing line.

July 3—Truce at noon. Spanish fleet destroyed.

July 4—Truce. Mismanagement horrible. No head to army.

July 10—Bombardment again.

July 11—Truce again. Shifted camp a mile to extend lines. Heaviest rains yet, at night.

July 17—Surrender at Santiago.

July 18—Shifted camp to foothills. Half of men of my regiment dead or disabled by wounds or sickness.

Mrs. Roosevelt also presented the

VERY MUCH

pleased

in

09.013.001

